



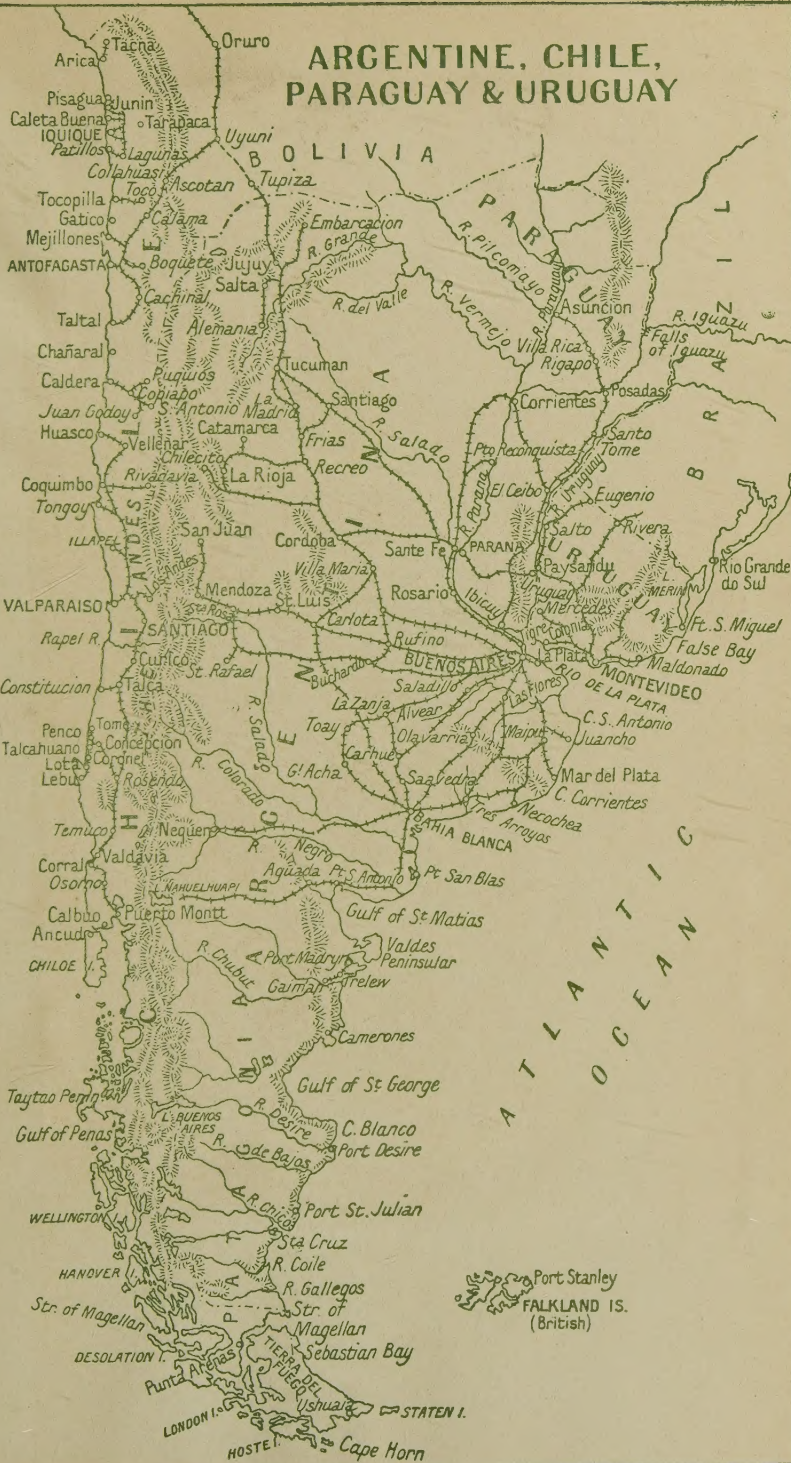
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ARGENTINE, CHILE, PARAGUAY & URUGUAY

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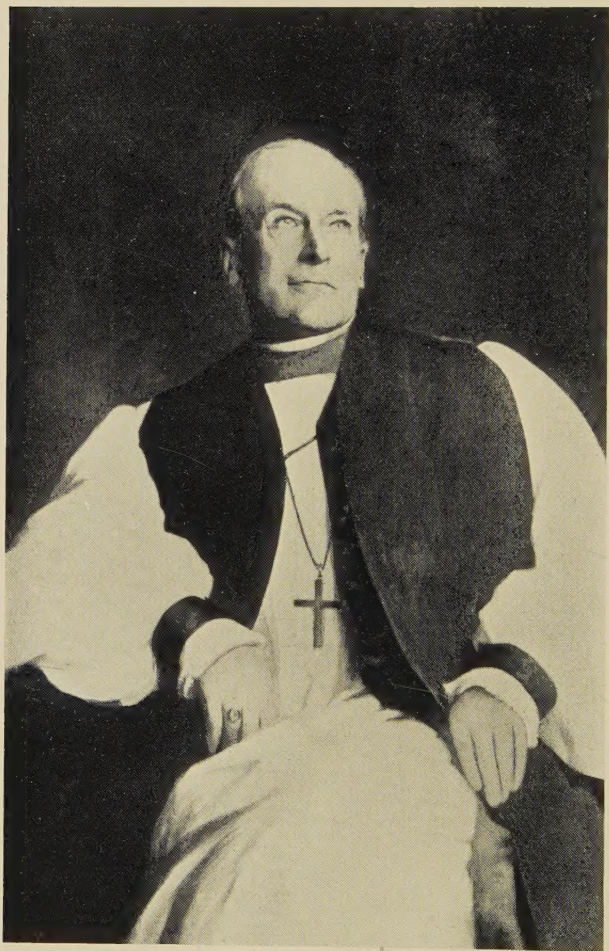
CAROLINE REDWOOD LEWIS FUND

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS IN SOUTH AMERICA



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THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP EVERY, D.D.
FROM A PORTRAIT BY GERALD KELLY, A.R.A.

Frontispiece.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS IN SOUTH AMERICA

BY

E. F. EVERY, D.D.

BISHOP IN ARGENTINE AND EASTERN SOUTH AMERICA

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conditions of profuse hospitality and convenience, which do not lend themselves exactly to unbiassed judgments. In such cases it would be almost a discourtesy not to report favourably. Again, in reports of annual meetings of public companies held at home I have often noticed fulsome praise of South American progressiveness which those who utter it must know to be unbalanced or false. Hence I make no apology for the venture of this book, whatever its obvious shortcomings and limitations. It is written under a sense of obligation, for are we not bound to try to pass on to others what we have learned ourselves? Besides, I treasure the conviction that it is possible to speak the truth without being either unduly offensive or blind to facts as they are. Whether I succeed in that or not, it is my aim to give a dispassionate and sympathetic view of this vast and important portion of the earth's surface with which I have become more or less familiar.

As far as experience of travel goes, I have met commercial travellers, of the best type too, who are as familiar as I am with all the cities both on the seaboard and in the interior, but where I have the advantage of them is that my work has taken me into all sorts of remote byways and corners where their work does not take them: to the channels of Tierra del Fuego, for example, where glaciers drop down through wooded mountains into the sea, and grass-covered mounds of mussel shells point back to generations and generations of wandering Indians of a far-off past; to the mountain passes into Bolivia, where now a railway runs, but where in my day communication was by a great charabanc down the dry bed of a river, the mules being started by an Indian throwing a piece of rock at them; or to the Amazon with its monotonous damp heat and overpowering vegetation, where West Indian negroes have been attracted to work. Indeed I might well have a chapter called "All sorts and conditions of men." Besides the English, who are my chief concern, Patagonia includes something like a bit of Scotland in the territory of Santa Cruz and a little Wales in Chubut, with a Boer colony from South Africa



YAHGAN INDIANS TO-DAY.

wedged in between them, while there are the remnants of an Australian colony in Paraguay, still alert and capable after the manner of their race, as well as the West Indian community at Pará and elsewhere on the Amazon. The field is one of extraordinary variety and interest.

It will be understood, then, why in the following pages I have said so little of the Falkland Islands, Chile and Perú, my direct connection with them having ceased as long as seventeen years ago, with the—to me—happy exception of having resumed charge during the four years of the War. But I still feel that I have the right to say something, and this introductory chapter gives me the opportunity.

How is it that the Falklands—apart from the dramatic sea fight when our big concealed cruisers dashed out of Port Stanley on the hitherto victorious Germans and wiped them from the seas—have not impressed themselves more on the imagination or patriotism of England? Wrangled and fought over with France and Spain in the past, conquered, settled, deserted, re-occupied finally after an interlude of Spanish or Argentine possession, these bleak, wind-swept islands, with a latitude corresponding to London, but a summer climate like an English March, seven thousand miles from home, remote from any other Colony or British possession, their nearest neighbours the Latin republics of the mainland, are nevertheless like nothing in the world so much as a little bit of England. As far as the people and their life are concerned, the geographical position might be reversed: Spanish America might be thousands of miles away and the British Isles on the near horizon, so little are they affected by their proximity to the Spanish-speaking world of the South. Forming, as they do, the smallest of Crown Colonies—there are but two thousand inhabitants—the only white Crown Colony, the most southerly inhabited Colony in the world, independent, paying their way, costing the Mother Country nothing, ignored and neglected, they have yet been absolutely true to the tradition of the race, planted English homes on the creeks and inlets of

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and prosperous town with a vigorous, healthy population, of whom many are immigrants. Scandinavians are so numerous that the late Queen Alexandra presented a handsome brass font to St. James's Church, the little wood and iron building which is the centre of the English Chaplaincy, which, by the way, is of the size of Great Britain and Ireland. Austrians, or rather subjects of the old Austrian Empire, are also numerous, and that this is a necessary distinction the following incident shows. During the Great War a bazaar or fête of some kind was organised to raise money for the Red Cross, and the music on the occasion was provided by an Austrian band. They explained themselves in this way: "We are really Slavs and we hate the Austrians, just as the Irish hate you!" In Magallanes, however, as this territory is called, the conditions are so exceptional that, except for flag and police and other things characteristically Chilean, one scarcely feels one is in Chile at all.

The real Chile is the vast three-thousand-mile-long strip between the Cordillera and the Pacific Ocean, extending from the rainless deserts and perennially blue seas of the North to the tempestuous, rain-swept, forest-covered mountains and channels of the far South, embracing between them the fruitful zone of the central regions, whose climate and scenery are unsurpassed. Two factors combine to give Chile its temperate climate, the vast mountain chain of the Andes, with its succession of snow-clad and often volcanic peaks, and the cool current which sets up the coast from the South. Another unusual characteristic of Chile is that its capital, Santiago, is situated inland, and hence Valparaiso, the port, is the principal commercial city and centre of the coast, whence the steamers ply North and South on their trade routes, for though there are railways, the sea remains the great highway of commerce.

The British colony in Valparaiso is old established and influential, and in some of the business streets near the port one might almost fancy oneself at home, so numerous are the names of the English firms and the typical Englishmen one meets. A feature of the commercial life on this coast, not

found on the Atlantic side, is the great importing and exporting firms who employ a large number of young men, and incidentally have a fine sense of public duty, subscribing willingly to all good causes, British and native. Formerly our people lived chiefly on the English Hill, as it was called, best ascended by lifts from the lower city, and here still stands St. Paul's Church. Engineers used to admire the strength of its roof, built specially to resist earthquakes, and it was said, half in joke, that if the church collapsed the roof would hold together and keep the people below safe as in a hen-coop. But what actually happened in the great earthquake of 1906 was better than that. While other buildings collapsed in all directions, the church stood, though the East wall fell out, leaving the stained-glass windows skeleton-like in their frames, undamaged, and by the kindly thought of the trustees was allowed to shelter a crowd of wet and bedraggled homeless refugees. The city was practically destroyed, with enormous loss of life, but this did not prevent the reckless criminal elements from starting to loot in the darkness. This was promptly checked, however, by a naval detachment from the ships; looters were shot at sight and their corpses exposed as a warning at the ends of the streets. A chapel of ease at the suburb of Viña del Mar was wrecked before it was finished and with still a heavy debt upon it.

The newly arrived chaplain's description of the earthquake is worth quoting: "First a terrible up-and-down shaking of the floor, a gradually increasing noise like the rolling of thunder, mingled with the shrieking of the servants. For a moment I sat where I was, wondering if this was a typical Valparaiso earthquake or something more. Then, as the pictures fell about me, and the ornaments and the plaster, I went out into the garden. The first two shocks lasted altogether some ten minutes. The sensation was extraordinary. The earth jumped and rocked like a ship on a heavy, choppy sea." He and others worked nobly after this, bringing children into shelter from the pouring rain, finding them clothes and food

(many were in their night-dresses), putting out fires, etc. For some days food was brought from the ships, water from springs in the hills, and shelter found for women and children in safe one-storied wooden houses, verandahs and gardens.

Chile always seemed to me a country of disasters, accidents, epidemics on a terrible scale, strikes allowed to grow to dangerous proportions and then ruthlessly crushed. I remember an instance of this at Iquique. There had been a strike on the nitrate *oficinas* (factories) in the Pampa. Of the rights and wrongs of it I know nothing, but certainly the workers lived under wretched conditions of housing, in corrugated iron shanties, which were hot by day and cold by night, and practically all meat and vegetables had to be brought up from the South by sea, as the desert produced nothing. As I write this, the reek of the bullocks even on the best passenger ships comes back to me, and how the poor, half-wild brutes were lifted up by their horns, which sometimes broke, and dropped into lighters and sometimes accidentally into the sea. But the strikers grew in number to a vast crowd, got thoroughly out of hand, and finally went down to Iquique and captured the town. Then the authorities became alarmed and sent up a gunboat, and an officer landed with bluejackets and guns. He was most patient and just, warned the crowd again and again that he must fire if they would not dismiss, but they defied him with reckless courage, one young man, for instance, baring his chest and shouting, "*Soy Chileno, tire aqui !*" ("I am Chilean, fire here !"). The fatal order therefore had to be given, and in three minutes there were over a hundred dead and dying, and the strike melted away. That was the end.

In those days the desert pampa was teeming with life, a mixed crowd of Chileans, Peruvians and Bolivians, often managed by foreigners, and naturally there was often trouble ; but it gave one a thrill of pride to know that where there were two or three young Englishmen of the public school type in charge, there was seldom trouble, and work went on smoothly, with good-will on both sides. The British on the West Coast

were decidedly of a good type and hardly numerous enough to be divided; every one knew every one else, and all sooner or later passed through Valparaiso, and the unity of the coast was reflected in the British Colony.

Two inscriptions of a very different character may be mentioned before bidding farewell to this attractive country. The first is in St. John's Church, Concepción, as being the nearest Anglican church to where the naval disaster took place on November 1st, 1914, off Coronel:

"To the glory of God and in memory of Rear-Admiral Cradock, K.C.V.O., C.B., and the officers and men under his command, who fell gloriously in the naval action off Santa Maria Island, Coronel, November 1st, 1914. 'God forbid that I should do this thing and flee away from them. If our time be come let us die manfully for our brethren, and let us not stain our honour.'—1 Macc. ix. 10."

The other is to be found on the Cerro Santa Lucía, the hill in the city of Santiago, which, in fact, attracted Pedro de Valdivia to plant the city there, and from which the most glorious sunset views of the snow-covered Andes are to be obtained. It is now a public garden, but for half a century it was used as a Protestant cemetery, and this fact is commemorated on a monument there, with the following inscription (translated):

"In memory of the *exiled from heaven and earth* who were buried in this place during the half century 1820-1872."

It is but fair to add that there is now the fullest religious toleration in Chile.

I was never able to spend much time in Perú—my visits indeed were limited to Lima and Callao—but was always impressed with its old-world charm and unique interest. Surely Perú is a remarkable country, not less so than Chile, though in a different way. Cut in two by the giant mountain chain of the Andes, with a temperate coast region and tropical interior, a modern capital and a country of Indian villages much in the same state as they were at the time of the conquest, a population with a pure white minority, with half-breeds,

foreigners, including Chinese, civilised Indians and wild savages, at once commercial and primitive, modern and ancient, showing traces everywhere of the old Inca civilisation on which, while they destroyed it, the Spanish built up their empire, Perú presents a fascinating problem. Mediæval Spain is still there in its Senate House, which was the old Hall of the Inquisition, only abolished in 1820, after being established three hundred years. Pizarro's bones are in the Cathedral and old colonial houses and bridges tell of the glories of the past. Full liberty of worship was only conceded in 1913. Formerly it was most difficult for foreigners to be married or even buried. Even in my time, to his vast amusement, some devout lady spat when an Anglican chaplain passed her in the street. The Anglo-American Church, as it is called, opened in 1886, is concealed behind the front of what appears to be an ordinary house, and it includes a school, in order to comply with the law which forbade the erection of any non-Roman Catholic place of worship, the trustees being registered as "The Anglo-American Society for Instruction and Debate."

As illustrating the remoteness and separation of the interior provinces, the Governor of Iquitos, a Peruvian port some 1,500 miles up the Amazon, would travel to his charge via Panamá and the Caribbean Sea, though a railway, perhaps the highest in the world, climbs over the Andes and drops the traveller not far from tropical forests of the interior, which rival those of the East. Yet in Lima "it never rains and never blows," and all cultivation depends on irrigation. There are contrasts and varieties unimaginable.

In view of the present peace and prosperity of Perú under its honoured President Leguía, this account of a revolutionary outbreak in the former days of which I write will be of interest. It is from the papers of the same chaplain who had such an experience in the earthquake at Valparaiso. After an earthquake, a revolution—at least his life was not dull!

"We arrived in Lima just in time for the Revolution. The general election had passed off quietly, though trouble had been

anticipated, and Lima was congratulating itself on its good fortune, when suddenly, without warning, at about 2.30 p.m. a number of men, who had quietly found their way into the various Government Offices at the Palace, attacked the guard, killing or wounding most of them with revolvers, among them the President's aide-de-camp, and at the same time they overpowered and dragged into the Plaza the President himself, one of the most enlightened Chiefs of State Perú has ever had. The leaders of this act of rebellion and murder were the two brothers Pierola and the son of a former President. The few soldiers of the guard who managed to escape the attack of Pierola and his party fled to the roof of the Palace, and from there opened fire upon all and sundry, especially upon the group who had taken the President into the Plaza and were now about to conduct him from point to point in the city to advertise their success and win sympathisers. Meanwhile a second party of revolutionists broke into another part of the Palace and overpowered Romero, the Minister of the Treasury, and compelled him, with a revolver at his head, to send a written order to Sergeant Major Paz to cease firing. Paz, who was trying to recover the Palace for the Government with two companies of infantry, refused to obey this order, and recaptured that part of the Palace, taking many revolutionists prisoners and released Romero. By this time the military depot at Chorillos had been notified and arrangements made for concerted action by the army. Unfortunately the Chief of Police had been captured on his way to headquarters and kept prisoner in his house, thus adding to the general confusion.

“While fighting was going on briskly in the neighbourhood of the Palace, and while the Government troops were gradually reconquering the Palace for its rightful owners, Leguía was being paraded about the streets by the revolutionaries. The rabble of course enjoyed the fun, and sometimes the leaders had to interfere to protect him. The idea of this stupid parade was to find a suitable place for him to sign his abdication as President, and resign the command

of the troops into the hands of the plotters. First to one place, then another, they dragged the luckless but wonderfully brave little President, urging him all the time to sign, while he as constantly refused, until at last they came to the statue of Simon Bolivar, the Liberator. Here at the foot of this historic monument for a long hour with threats and insults they strove to induce him to sign the document they had prepared, and what the end would have been it is hard to say, very possibly his murder. But the end came from different hands than those of the rebels. Suddenly a squad of twenty-four unmounted infantry fired into the thick of the crowd in front of Bolivar's statue, and it became the scene of horrible slaughter. Dead and dying conspirators and the merely curious and inquisitive lay together in a heap, and when the firing ceased, the President, luckily uninjured (the soldiers had not known he was there), was rescued by Lieutenant Gomez, who was at once promoted to a captaincy by the President with the words 'Many thanks, Captain Gomez.' This was practically the end of the revolution. The conspirators who were not killed or wounded fled for refuge. Leguía was provided with a horse and rode back at the head of the troops to the Palace. The losses were a hundred killed and another two hundred wounded, many of them men and boys and women, whose only fault was their curiosity."

Quite enough of this was seen by the writer from the window of his hotel, and at night he took the precaution of moving his bed into the sitting-room beyond. And his precaution was justified, for there were several shots fired into his quarters during the night, the reason of which turned out afterwards to be that the hall porter was a revolutionary and had been amusing himself during the afternoon by firing at the troops from the roof!

Yet Perú is not a country of frequent revolutions, and the people for the most part are quietly disposed and amenable to discipline. The captain of one of the crack coast steamers of those days told me that the secret of his success was that he

employed only Peruvians. The Chilians are a much more turbulent race. Feeling ran high then, as it has mostly done since, between the two countries over the Tacna and Arica question, and there were still bitter memories of the occupation of Lima by the victorious Chilians. The English-speaking colony in Lima and Callao, British and American, was not numerous, never more than a few hundreds, except when the Pacific Steam Navigation Company had their works at Callao, and there are other small communities at mines and oil fields, including Casapalca, 14,000 feet up in the Cordillera. Naturally, before the Panamá Canal was opened, our people would often travel home via Valparaiso, so there was more intercourse and they knew each other, and as I have remarked, there was a certain unity about the West Coast, helped no doubt by the P.S.N.C. steamers which ran from Liverpool to Callao via the Falklands and the Straits of Magellan, from the stormy seas of the far South to the perpetual calm of the North, where the Pacific Ocean is rightly named.

In an introductory chapter it is not possible to go into the work in detail, but it was of great interest, among our own countrymen both ashore and afloat, and it included a wonderful Mission to the famous Araucanian Indians, finest type on the continent, who had once successfully withstood the might of Spain. Such was the charge to which I bid farewell in 1910.

After that my sphere of work and travel lay only in the less romantic but equally absorbing republics of the Plate (*i.e.*, Argentina, Uruguay and Paraguay) and Brazil, still by far the greater part of the continent. Of these countries I naturally know more, and the pages which follow, therefore, will be chiefly occupied, though not entirely, by the problems and needs of these lands, on account of their comparative nearness and for other reasons the most important from the European point of view.

CHAPTER II

THE PRESENT POSITION

“WHAT is it like out there?” “What sort of a climate have you?”

Questions such as these—and I have often been asked them—show the necessity for some kind of background of knowledge, as that South America is a vast continent and not an island, and that conditions vary infinitely from the tropic North to bleak, wind-swept South. Sometimes I think that half the people in England never look at a map, as when they express surprise that (say) Argentina is more than nine times as big as the British Isles. Hence, in my judgment, there are certain broad facts which ought to be grasped as preliminaries.

South America is the continent of mixed races, the *average* man being a man of mixed blood, the original Spanish or Portuguese conquerors having intermarried with the primitive Indians, nor is the blend at all a bad one, a virile, hardy race being the result. That is true of most parts of the continent in relation to the type of Indian assimilated, the best being in Southern Chile. In Brazil the mulatto type is common, the Portuguese-speaking people having intermarried with the negro slaves, but here, as elsewhere, the mixture of black and white is not thought to produce good results. Another broad fact to take in—and I suppose this is why there is such a general scramble among the nations for South American trade—is that South America is the world's empty continent. Except round the capitals, the industrial part of the State of Sao Paulo, near the seaboard, or along the lines of the railways or the great navigable rivers, the population is really very scanty, and there is room for enormous development. Already there is a great immigration, principally from Southern Europe. It is said



BULLOCK-CART IN THE PROVINCE OF CORDOBA, ARGENTINA.

facing p. 14.

that in the city of Buenos Aires there are at least half a million Italians, and they form a numerous and valuable element in Sao Paulo. Then the civilisation is Latin and Roman Catholic. This type is absolutely dominant and likely to remain so, and for my part, however alien I find it to my traditions and sympathies, I am filled with admiration for that amazing Spanish race which set its mark thus indelibly on half a world. (There are large maps published called *Países de habla española*—countries of Spanish speech). This is a fact which ought to be taken into grave account by the misguided people who plan colonies of Anglo-Saxon or other Northern folk in these lands, which, it must be admitted, often attract us by their sunshine and spaciousness and healthy climate. But we shall touch again on this later; as it is, it affects our present commercial communities more than they realise.

Another fact, perhaps not usually noticed, is the proximity of new and old, the modern and primitive side by side. Capitals like Buenos Aires and Rio have all the equipment of a modern, up-to-date city, but one has not to travel far before discovering the most primitive conditions, illiterate people, mud huts, etc. Indeed, in Buenos Aires itself, alongside of Anglo-Argentine tram, motor-bus and taxi-cab, are still to be seen huge country carts, with wheels six feet high to get them through the mud holes, drawn by two or three yoke of oxen; and alongside of beautifully clean scientific dairies and milk shops, cows are still milked in the streets with calves tied to their tails, the calves' noses in leather bags to prevent them from sucking for themselves. Those are merely illustrations, but I think this combination of modernity and conservatism is really characteristic of South America, at least in the more progressive republics. Telephones are in far more general use than at home, but there are often no drains; there are numerous cars, but few good roads, poor housing conditions and a low standard of morals, and yet at the same time in the most unlikely places up country football is played, and the girls are all short-skirted and bob-haired. Naturally, conditions vary greatly in the different

republics and in different parts of the same republic. In Perú and Bolivia the majority of the population is still Indian, settled and civilised as at the time of the Conquest, but probably more unhappy and degraded ; clearly the same standards of progress are not to be looked for there as in Argentina and Brazil, which have had the advantages of great undeveloped resources and a large immigration from Europe, or in Chile, which has a more homogeneous population and is the most virile nation in South America—indeed the Chilians are called sometimes “the English of the Pacific.” Again, Paraguay, as a tropical inland republic with a large admixture of Indian blood in its people, has not the same chances as Uruguay with its excellent situation and temperate climate. Uruguay is the only republic in South America, by the way, which has no Indian population, only clear traces of their blood in its hardy, vigorous people.

Generally speaking, then, this is our background of immensity and of variety of climate and people and conditions, the fixed and primitive, and the modern and progressive, intertwined or side by side, yet the dominant Latin and Roman Catholic civilisation claiming and influencing, if not absorbing, all; Governments corrupt, especially provincial governments and municipalities, but advance achieved by means of them and in spite of them. A few years ago, until a new generation grew up in the country, it would have been true to say, “The natives govern the country, the foreigners develop it.” Against this background we have to draw our picture of things as they are, and it is with very great diffidence I attempt this, for I realise that it is possible to live a quarter of a century in a continent and still know very little about it.

What then is the present position ? What marked changes have the years brought ? This perhaps first: a greatly increased political stability. Some years ago the very first thought suggested when a South American republic was mentioned was “revolution.” These republics were supposed, and not altogether erroneously, to be in a state of chronic

revolution. Now these revolutions have all but ceased. In the last twenty-five years there has only been one revolutionary outbreak in Argentina—in 1906, if I remember right—and that was quickly suppressed, though it is true there have been political and industrial disturbances in Buenos Aires and Patagonia almost amounting to revolutions. In Brazil it was like a bolt from the blue—so utterly unexpected was it—when after years of peaceful development a revolution broke out in the modern industrial city of Sao Paulo, a revolution which the Government seemed curiously apathetic in suppressing, for it smouldered on and broke out in distant, unexpected places for several years afterwards. Chile, the most stable of republics, as it was considered, has several times been upset by its army and navy, but revolutions seem to have entirely ceased in Uruguay, where they were most frequent, and greatly diminished in Paraguay. It should be noted to the credit of these two smaller republics that, unlike Argentina and Brazil, they have always compensated those who suffered loss, perhaps especially foreigners, during revolutions, when the usual proceeding was to commandeer all the horses, and help themselves to cattle as they wanted them, violence and extravagance being the order of the day. Sometimes, it is true, there was long delay in awarding compensation. It was eight years, I believe, before the Paraguayan Government settled the claims of its last revolution. In Uruguay, I remember, the well-known “Liebig’s Extract of Meat Company” received a considerable sum in compensation for damages, the whole of which the company generously distributed among religious and charitable institutions in the country, the Anglican Church benefiting to the extent of £700. The great and powerful republics of Brazil and Argentina, on the other hand, simply repudiate all responsibility, and in both countries British subjects suffered severely, Argentina producing the whimsical argument: “You yourselves say that the King can do no wrong; so it is with us, Argentina can do no

wrong," forgetting entirely that the King's Ministers can be prosecuted.

These revolutions are no laughing matter, though undeniably elements of humour enter in, as they do into most serious situations in life. It was distinctly comic that the "whites" in old days should expect the Government who were the "reds" to take care of their houses and families in Montevideo while they went out into the country to fight them; but in Paraguay at any rate there were all the horrors of the Great War—murder, rape and robbery. The opponents behaved quite as brutally to each other as they would have done to a foreign enemy, and a great legacy of lawlessness was left behind, together with a number of criminals whom it was impossible to secure in that scantily populated country, for they could always disappear into the forests. In justice to the Paraguayans, be it said that they are quite peaceably disposed as a rule, and have no desire to fight; it is the politicians who compel them. This is well illustrated by what an engineer told me who had himself seen the following telegram which had been sent by an officer: "I have sent you sixty volunteers—mind and return the handcuffs." It should be explained that, when a revolution breaks out, the Government's first care is to secure as many recruits as possible to strengthen its forces, and enlistment is supposed to be voluntary. That, in point of fact, it is anything but voluntary is proved by this telegram.

I think that the reasons why the period of revolutions is coming to an end are mainly two. First, increased sensitiveness to the public opinion of the civilised world; claiming to be progressive States, the South American peoples are more ashamed of these methods. Secondly, greatly improved means of communication; through the extension of the telegraph and wireless installations, guarding bridges, etc., Governments are much more effective and able to nip rebellion in the bud. That revolutions have wholly ceased, is, I think, almost too much to hope, for these countries are in reality

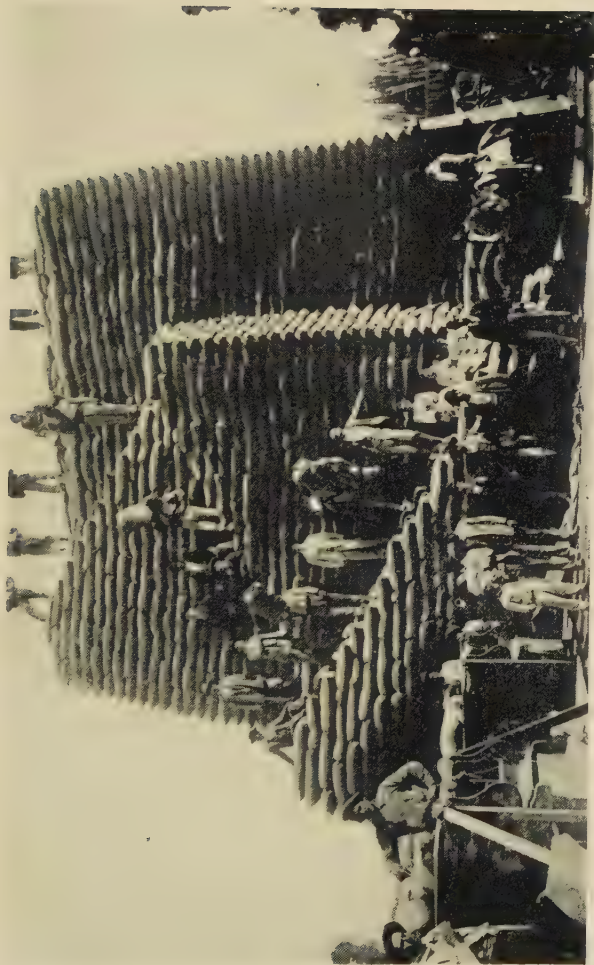
oligarchies rather than democracies. In some of them the "ins" keep in by force and fraud, the "outs" not being allowed to record their votes, turned back by soldiers perhaps at the polling booths, as has happened often enough. So the only way by which the "outs" can effect a change of Government is by force. Honest elections and an educated electorate would seem to be the only ultimate cure, and they are hardly in sight yet.

Then, as throughout the world since the Great War, the spirit of nationality has greatly developed. There is the same desire for self-expression together with an anti-foreign bias. In so far as this is a genuinely patriotic movement, it deserves our respect and sympathy, but I am afraid it is rather gravely complicated by other considerations. It must be rather galling, for instance, to a proud, high-spirited people to see their railways (of immense importance in a new, undeveloped country) managed by foreigners, especially when those foreigners (as we English do at any rate) live their own life with their own institutions, as a superior race, not consciously and deliberately as a rule, but quietly assuming what no doubt is often, though not always, the fact. I am frequently amused by hearing our people naïvely express their surprise that Argentines or Brazilians "don't like us." "Why should they?" I answer. "Imagine the positions reversed and a group of Austrians, for example, settled in England, running our institutions for us, going about as a superior race, associating only with each other, having their sports grounds, clubs, schools, churches, just as if they were in their own land—should *we* find it easy to like them?" As a matter of fact the people of the country are quite prepared to like us, if we study them a little and treat them with reasonable courtesy. But on the whole there is more respect, perhaps, than affection.

The position, as I say, however, has some unpleasant complications. Remember our formula: "The natives rule the countries, the foreigners develop them." We foreigners do that by means of our capital. The amount of British capital

invested in South America is £1,174,000,000 in public utility companies alone. Now the spirit of nationality and self-expression is apt to take the form of squeezing out the foreigner by legislation, and if not actually appropriating his capital, mulcting it and making it quite unprofitable. At least, so it appears to me, as an outsider. Our people have put their money into the country and cannot get it out again, except at a ruinous loss. We are entirely in the hands of the Governments who, to say the least of it, do not always treat us fairly. There is constant legislation with the object of increasing the number of native employees in foreign companies and decreasing the foreign. To some extent this suits our managers, for naturally great expense is involved in bringing out men from home, and, their standard of living being different, they have to be paid at a higher rate. If therefore natives can be trained to do the work as well, that is an evident economy. But none the less, the processes at work are disquieting, our liberties are being steadily restricted and numbers curtailed. After all, we are but commercial communities domiciled in foreign lands, and in spite of our apparently solid institutions the future is precarious.

Perhaps this illustrates the change as well as anything. A quarter of a century ago, when trouble was threatening on the railways in Argentina, representations would be made to the Government and, as a result, a state of siege would be proclaimed. This meant that all meetings of the men of any kind were illegal, and was obviously unjust. What wonder then if, when the men got the upper hand—radicals ousting conservatives—they used their power tyrannously and unreasonably? We sowed the wind and reaped the whirlwind, and the masters never did anything to improve the men's lot except on compulsion. Now, however, the men's unions are so well organised that it is no longer possible for the companies to bring out English drivers and mechanics except at the union rate of wages, which, though satisfactory enough for



MAIZE IN BAGS FOR TRANSPORTATION BY RAILWAY. ARGENTINA.

facing p. 20.

Southern Europeans, would be insufficient for British with their higher standards of living. So here again is an element in our community which is automatically becoming less. Moreover, now, as is recognised, it would be sheer folly to attempt to fight and break a strike ; the only results would be murder and arson. And the unions, though far from what they should be, have undoubtedly improved and become more reasonable to deal with. And lest I should have inadvertently given the contrary impression, let me state my conviction that the English managers and staff, apart from their professional qualifications, with which I am not concerned, are a public-spirited and large-hearted body of men, of whom we have every right to be proud. For the most part they have the gift of handling men sympathetically, and, whatever may be the anti-British feeling from the point of view of national self-expression, the workers have far more confidence in our justice and integrity than in that of their own Government. And with reason—on Government railways pay may be deferred for weeks or months ; on English railways it is there to the day and hour without fail, for all alike, down to the poorest employees. And that is a great British asset.

I should explain, too, that rates of wages are a question with which the Home Boards are primarily concerned, subject to the National Government, nor do I suggest that they are exceptionally heartless, but the principle that the remuneration of the worker is a first claim on profits—"life before dividends"—is far from being generally accepted as yet. Commercial companies at home are singularly obtuse at times as to the light in which their actions will appear in these lands, as when the English lawyers arranged for an amalgamation of railway companies and then sent it up to Congress for approval. Naturally, patriotic anger flamed up, an independent Government regarded this as an insult, and the result of thus inverting the right order of proceedings was endless delay and difficulty.

Increased political stability, development of national consciousness, and the immense popularity of sport, especially

football—these are certainly three characteristics of the times. The last named must by no means be omitted. There is now a Saturday half-holiday (called the “English Saturday,” by the way) and clubs abound. The game is played on Saturday afternoon and most of Sunday; it is as universally popular, and there are the same crowds and excitement, as at home. I have spoken to one who witnessed what was perhaps the first game played in a certain suburb of Buenos Aires, by Englishmen of course, and he heard the comments of some of the few Argentine spectators, “How brutal! How barbarous!” and now they are as football-mad as we are. It is a salutary madness, however, even though they have still much to learn. It is hard for Latins to keep their tempers and take a beating in a sportsmanlike spirit. But undoubtedly South Americans are the better for the boating, tennis and football which they have learned from us British.

I note also that Buenos Aires is being rebuilt almost as steadily as London, and the same is true of other great cities. There is greater attention to sanitation and comfort, and style and taste in building have improved too. On the other hand, the cost of living has increased enormously, and so has the cost of travel, together with many vexatious restrictions and conditions. But South America is not peculiar in that. In most of the countries the currency has been stabilised, which I imagine to be an advantage though it involves a considerable loss of capital. At least we know now the value of our money. The capacity for borrowing money is well maintained, and it always seems to me strange that a policy which with the individual is admittedly ruinous is not equally so with the State. When our personal income fails to meet our expenditure, we do not borrow money to make up the deficit, or if we do, we cannot go on doing so for long—the crash comes inevitably. But with South American republics it seems a settled policy, and the crash is somehow avoided. I suppose the explanation lies in their still undeveloped resources. But they discount their future heavily.

CHAPTER III

THE CLASH OF RACES

ANY visitor to Buenos Aires on a national holiday would be struck by the immense variety of the flags displayed. "Why, here are the flags of all the nations!" he would be inclined to exclaim, and he would not be far wrong.

Formerly there were no restrictions about flying flags and every one displayed his own, with the result that the blue and white of Argentina was so scarce as to give the impression of a cosmopolitan city; now there are strict regulations that no foreign flag is to be shown, unless accompanied by the national flag, and then it must be hung a few inches lower and on the side of lesser honour. Yet, even so, the impression remains that the leading nations of the world are all represented. And this is the fact, and generally true of other great capitals in the continent, though not perhaps to the same extent as in Buenos Aires, which in a sense is the metropolis of the whole continent, and the natural gateway to the vast rich plains of the interior which invite immigration and colonisation.

It is true that the leading nations of Europe and the United States are here, represented by their commercial colonies, partly transitory, partly permanent, of which more hereafter. And this "dispersion" of the European races, West as well as East, is surely characteristic of the age. It is not limited to the British, as is sometimes imagined, but there is just the same tendency among other Western races. What is true, however, is that we are the pioneers, and as the first industrial nation had a long start. Now we are but one among many and have to fight hard to keep our place. There is keen competition and rivalry. Let it be noted first, however, that the motive power behind this "dispersion" is frankly commercial. Commerce

is the dominant motive in the world today, controlling politics and international relationships. Even ambassadors are concerned with trade, and when a British man-of-war visits us, delighting our people as a breath of fresh air from home, we know that there is an ulterior motive behind it, the hope that it may lead to securing an order for a new battleship, or something of that kind. This, however, is not necessarily bad. We need not take the violent view of Papini, who talks of the "legalised thieving known as trade," and says that "the arch-fiend shows his gratitude by delivering the dominion of the world into the hands of bankers and financiers." That is surely not true, though it may have just enough truth about it to sting. Indeed, competition in Henry Ford's sense is good—competition in service, competition to supply people with the best things, each nation developing its own particular gifts and special aptitudes for the benefit of all. But it does not appear to be working out that way yet in this rough-and-tumble world, and all are trying to do more or less the same things, which means selfish rivalry always tending to sharp practice and dishonesty. The commercial morality of South America is said not to be of a high order, and certainly British prestige, though happily still great, does not stand as high as it did. This is not due, I am confident, to any general deterioration of our people—indeed, in many directions there is marked improvement—but to the keen competition and consequent difficulty in making a living, though again it must be remembered that this applies to the few rather than the many, for the great mass of our people are salaried employees and not nearly so well to do as is often imagined at home. They have come abroad in most instances just because they are not well off, but want to be, and have to work hard to make a living.

The clash of nations appears notably in this, that all have their own banks and steamship lines, British, Germans, Italians, French, Spanish, Dutch, Scandinavians, Americans. This is not by any means an exhaustive list, and I only mention

Americans last because they have come into the field comparatively late, and not because they are in any sense a negligible quantity. It is not generally realised at home how many races and languages are represented in South America ; in fact, the civilisation itself, especially on the seaboard, with certain modifications, is largely European. Of the commercial colonies of the great European powers, however, I think it is certainly true to say that the British are least numerous and most influential, or in other words, our influence is entirely out of proportion to our numbers. In Argentina a large proportion of the railways, and certainly the best, are in English hands, and admirably managed, if I may venture to say so ; there is one French company, of no very great importance, and the rest, mostly in the more barren and unproductive zones, are State-owned and State-managed. They have good tracks and rolling stock, but as politics have unfortunately become a factor in the management, they lose vast sums of money annually. But dishonesty is a characteristic evil of these republics which has to be fought everywhere and on the English railways also. In Chile almost all the railways belong to the State. A special feature of the West Coast is the commanding position of the great British importing and exporting houses. They employ a large number of young Englishmen and others, and are thoroughly public spirited and helpful, both to the institutions of the country and the local British communities. There is nothing at all corresponding to them on the East Coast. Perú is now largely under American influences. In Brazil, with two notable British exceptions, the railways are mostly managed by the State, with the usual wasteful result, but there are some efficient Brazilian companies also working in the coffee-growing districts of Sao Paulo. The Leopoldina Railway, one of the British exceptions referred to, was originally taken over as a bad debt, and made to pay—surely a monument to British commercial honesty and enterprise. The reason of this railway digression, however, is to show that in the sphere of railways our position is somewhat

unique, and there we do not clash so much with other European aspirants to South American trade.

Nor does the clash appear to be anywhere serious except in the direction which I have indicated. In the ocean carrying trade and in business in the great cities, except in rare times of boom and rapid expansion, there is not enough work for all and hence desperate competition and frequent failures. Otherwise, in the provinces and up country, it would seem to an impartial observer that different nationalities occupy the regions and do the work which suits them best. Perhaps we British are handicapped sometimes by our higher standards of living. At any rate, I think of two instances of our tramway companies passing into Italian hands. And certain trades we do not think worth our while. This was emphatically the case with the Patagonian coast trade some years ago. Our shipping companies would not touch it, for it was so difficult and unprofitable; but a German company took it in hand, patiently and laboriously built up a secure trade—and then doubled the fares! (That, by the way, has been done on the West Coast too.) And British importing houses in the Plate and Brazil have grown steadily fewer and English shops are scarce, good as they are. The natural deduction is that though we had almost a monopoly in these enterprises in the past, now they no longer suit us, and are best done by other foreigners. The number of English *estancias* or ranches, never large, in proportion to the whole, is now considerably less, and, on account of the great increase of cost, the day of individual enterprise in this industry seems to have passed and great companies have taken their place. This does not apply so much to the distant and less developed regions, but even here, large companies, sometimes British, take up great tracts of country.

The storekeepers in country districts are almost invariably foreigners or their descendants, Spanish or Italian or Basque. It would seem as if the real South American native, with his background of free life in the Pampas before the days of wire

fences, was constitutionally incapable of keeping a shop, or of any work that involved punctuality and monotony. Hence the small traders, and some large ones too, are mostly Southern Europeans. The immigration from Spain and Italy is much the largest and naturally is easily assimilated in the dominant Latin civilisation, so there is no tendency on the part of these races to form separate communities or colonies, though they are gregarious to this extent, that in most places they have their own centres and halls.

Of Northern Europeans, Germans are much the most numerous, and, as is well known, have their own colonies in Southern Brazil and Southern Chile, in which places, while conforming to the law of the country, they live their own life and maintain their nationality as at home. Servant girls from these colonies often speak only German. They are excellent colonists. Since the War a large number have settled in Paraguay, where for many years past, as also in Bolivia, the trade of the country has been largely in German hands. In the towns they have been far-sighted in providing German schools as a force towards retaining German nationality, but isolated families tend to be absorbed in a generation or two. In many parts of the country, however, I have noted that if one comes across an exceptionally neat and prosperous-looking farm it is almost sure to belong to a German or Basque; and I remember when travelling through Southern Chile being struck by the hay fields enclosed in post and rail fences with a profusion of briar roses and buttercups, a touch of old-world neatness and thoroughness in a raw new land. That was the work of German colonists.

Further, it is a remarkable fact how much land is owned by the Scotch in this great Southern Territory and how thoroughly they are at home there. Thus an owner or manager may be heard speaking to his foreman over the telephone in Gaelic, for I am told the Highland element often predominates, as is shown by the number of Hectors and Murdos. And in Tierra del Fuego, too, and Chilian Patagonia, British are well

represented, England, the predominant partner, being rather less in a hopeless minority there. On the whole, however, our national genius is not for group settlement, but individual pioneering. The Welsh had special reasons at the time for settling in Chubut, which sixty years ago was a no man's land, and the Scotch were attracted by the possibilities of the country for sheep farming, but as a rule our people come and go as it suits them. There used to be camp districts in Argentina, which were predominantly English, where now no English are to be found. When land values rose, it suited them to sell out and leave, and after all the country was not suitable for a permanent home. At Cañada de Gomez, I am told, there used to be crowds of young Englishmen to be seen at the railway station when the train came in, so populous an English centre was it; now there is not one. There are still the remnants of two small Australian colonies in Paraguay, but the young folk, as they grow up, wisely leave and seek their fortune elsewhere.

To revert to other nations, there are the well-known Baron Hirsch Colonies in Entre Rios and near Bahia Blanca, where most of the Jews do well, and pre-revolution Russian colonies in other parts, which reproduce their village life of home with some success in an alien land. As long as these self-contained colonies are small, they find no particular difficulty, for the Government is inclined to be tolerant and easy-going, as it looks forward to absorbing all alien elements in time. But I do not think the prospect is a bright one for the large, well-organised German colonies I spoke of, for a Government naturally resents a strong alien element growing up in its midst, however valuable it may be from the point of view of citizenship. And this applies particularly to what is surely the strangest colony on the continent—a Japanese colony in Southern Brazil. They are hard-working and efficient after the manner of their race, and law-abiding and prosperous, as I believe, but they hold entirely aloof from the life of the country, and it does not seem likely that Brazil can ever absorb them, nor indeed does it appear desirable that she should.

As long as the colony remains small, it does not matter, but if the Japanese become a powerful alien element within the republic, there is every prospect of trouble. For a State in the making (as all these republics are) resents the presence within its borders of an alien element which it cannot absorb.

Another condition of success, of course, is reasonable proximity to markets—in other words, a colony must not be too remote—and this is the rock on which the last and strangest of colonial experiments in South America is likely to split, I mean the Mennonites in the Chaco of Paraguay. These are an old sect of German Baptists in Canada, where in wartime they proved to be pacifists and anti-national, objecting to their children being taught English in the State schools. Hence they were troublesome citizens in Canada, but are likely to be good ones in Paraguay, where the Government have assigned them lands, but in a very remote region, and granted them exemption from military service, the right to have their own German school, and indeed everything they want, on paper. But Governments change in South America, and do not always respect the work of their predecessors. Laws here are very far from being like the laws of the Medes and Persians.

No doubt I have given the impression in this chapter, and quite rightly too, that South American States, like the United States, desire to absorb into their national life all the immigrants whom they welcome to their shores. But what then about us English? It is quite true that from this point of view we are anti-national; our ideal is precisely the opposite one, and all our institutions, from churches to athletic clubs, have this aim—namely, to retain our own nationality. But to thoughtful and sympathetic South Americans I should honestly excuse our attitude on these grounds: "We English are different from other foreigners in that we absorb badly; we lose our national virtues in the process; we shall serve you much more faithfully and efficiently if you let us remain what we are." And that I believe to be the truth. This, however, is a large question to be dealt with later.

CHAPTER IV

FUTURE DEVELOPMENTS—TENDENCIES AND FORECASTS

To forecast the future, however modestly and tentatively, it is necessary to understand something of the past. Behind the well-known Pan-American slang phrase "A. B. C." there lurks a world of stormy controversy and ambition. It is the order of precedence involved—Argentina, Brazil, Chile. Which State has really the right to the "hegemony" of South America? Is it Argentina? In the past it was undoubtedly Brazil, and in the Brazilian view the legend ought certainly to run now "B. A. C." Both countries are of enormous extent, only partially developed, and with vast natural resources. Brazil, apart from its historic past, is by far the larger, being larger indeed than the U.S.A. without Alaska, but Argentina, on the other hand, has the more temperate climate, and the level plains of its central provinces are more easily developed. So the future would seem to be with Argentina. It should be a Spanish-speaking U.S.A. of South America. For many years to come the surplus population of Southern and Central Europe may flow in there and find a home.

There are many Englishmen, and some few Argentines agree with them, who think it is a pity that when we took the country, a Spanish colony then, in 1807, we were not able to keep it, for perhaps in that case Argentina would have been saved half a century of anarchy, and the progress of the country would have been more stable and rapid. For my part I cannot agree with them: we have quite enough of the world, including the best parts of it; let other nations have their chance, and as the Anglo-Saxon type is dominant on the Northern Continent, it is but just that the brilliant Latin type should have a fair field to show what it can do in the

Southern Continent. True, a small, well-governed British Colony in Uruguay, or Tierra del Fuego in the far South, might have been stimulating as a model, and effective, too, in preserving peace and order. Incidentally the charge that we have seized the best parts of the world is the reverse of true in South America, where we appear to have secured the worst, British Guiana and the storm-swept Falklands.

But surely in Argentina the position is best as it is ; an opportunity exists there for men of predominantly Latin stock, with a background of Spanish tradition and culture, to build up something as great and wonderful as the U.S.A. Admittedly that is an unfinished experiment, and it would be easy to point out its deficiencies and failures ; nevertheless it remains a marvel of achievement and possibility, and in many ways a model to follow, especially for States in the New World whose constitutions are framed on similar lines. Argentines themselves point out that their national type is not yet formed, they have not yet assimilated the alien elements already received, and this is quite apparent if one watches one of their regiments of conscripts march by. I have myself seen every type there, from the pure-blooded Indian to the obvious European immigrant, German or Spaniard. At present the population of the cities on the Plate or seaboard is mainly European ; to find the real Argentine of mixed Spanish and Indian blood one must travel to the interior provinces, and there is every conceivable variation of type between these extremes, with a rather marked absence of the negro. There were negro slaves in Argentina just as in Brazil—a regiment of them were equipped to fight us in the days when we held Buenos Aires with a couple of regiments, a venture of impossible daring—but for some reason or other when the slaves were freed they died out or drifted away, and now they are scarcely seen. In Patagonia, too, there are scarcely any Argentines proper ; the labour in the coast towns and sheep farms is mostly Spanish and Chilian, and here and elsewhere there is an element I have not hitherto noticed—namely, Syrian.

These people are commonly called Turks, as hailing from the old Turkish Empire, and seem a generally undesirable element, being petty traders rather than workers, and putting up wretched one-roomed houses. They do nothing to raise the standards of the country, but rather the reverse. Perhaps they should not be judged too severely, having had their manhood crushed out of them by centuries of Turkish oppression.

Immigrants often have great difficulty in securing land, and even when a claim is established, without money and interest it is almost impossible to secure the title deeds. I have known families leave for Australia in desperation for this very reason. The Government Offices are so dilatory. There is another system prevalent which, speaking generally, can hardly be for the good of the country, and that is the system of working land "on shares." When an owner wants to break up the natural "camp" or grass land for agriculture, he lets it off to colonists "on shares" for so many years. They do not pay in money, but a proportion of the crop as agreed upon. And this is evidently for their benefit, if, as often happens, the crop is a failure through drought or locusts or hail, or some other reason. It is said that if a colonist has two good seasons out of five he does well. Where the system seems bad from a national point of view is that when his contract is finished the colonist moves on somewhere else; he does not make a home and strike roots in the country. And, further (as far as I can judge, and I have not heard it contradicted), his success is only achieved by his wife and family having to toil like slaves. If there is a labour bill to be paid all the profits of wheat-growing, for example, disappear, so the family have to supply the labour, as can be seen by any one passing by in a train. There may be no school near, for Argentina is behind-hand in this respect, and there is a large proportion of illiteracy, but in any case the system points to a poor standard of home life. No doubt all this will be altered in time, but there are many difficulties. I know of one

instance, by the way, in which these difficulties are being met, by an Englishman too, in a thoroughly creditable way. He selects his colonists, helps them to put up decent houses, persuades them that his interests and theirs are identical, trusts their honesty instead of watching them like a cat lest they should rob him, provides a school for the children, and, I think, arranges for the periodic visits of a priest. His wife takes the keenest interest in the people and visits them in their homes, which no doubt contributes greatly to the general atmosphere of good-will.

There are many drawbacks and difficulties in Argentina, but still its natural advantages are so great that its future seems assured. With its population of only ten million it is still an empty country full of opportunity, destined to feed the industrial millions of England and Europe for many years to come.

Brazil in area and population is actually the greatest republic. Its rivalry with Argentina is both racial and historical. Its language and background are Portuguese, and having had no wars of independence, it is naturally somewhat aloof and apart from the republics of Spanish origin. Then for so many years, having been unquestionably the premier State of South America, it must feel it hard to see itself surpassed in importance by this new rival to the South. For many years it was not considered worth while to run the Royal Mail Steamers South of Rio de Janeiro, and now Buenos Aires is the greatest port and commercial centre of the continent. Nor is it as though Brazil had been stationary while Argentina was advancing. On the contrary, there has been phenomenal development, and there also are wonderful possibilities for the future. There too are vast empty spaces crying out for population and cultivation. No doubt there are difficulties. It is not always possible to have confidence either in Government or people. In South America it seems to be specially difficult to resist the temptation to kill the goose which lays the golden eggs. Rubber was one of Brazil's most precious exports ;

the Amazon region in its virgin forests produced the finest quality known, apparently in endless profusion, and in spite of uncomfortable rumours, and more than rumours, of Eastern rubber ever increasing in quantity and improving in quality, competition was scorned and the boom continued. Nothing was done to repair the wastage of the forests or cheapen the appalling cost of production, and so the inevitable crash came, and now there seems no prospect of this trade ever becoming substantial again. Then there is the coffee industry in the South. The State of Sao Paulo is admirably adapted by nature for the cultivation of coffee, and I believe that something like three-quarters of the world's supply comes from Brazil, but Government will not let it alone. Sometimes it must be admitted their interference has been with providential good luck, but the general tendency and policy is undoubtedly to force up prices to the national advantage, as though coffee was a Brazilian monopoly, and this has been done already to an enormous extent. But other countries—Kenya, for example—can produce coffee, and it does not seem in the least likely that the rest of the world will consent to be permanently exploited by Brazil. It is really not impossible, then, that Brazil should herself ruin her greatest industry.

Again, the waste of public money is amazing. Some years ago it was realised by the Federal Government that something ought to be done for the drought-stricken North (for some of the States just South of the Amazon region are liable to prolonged and ruinous drought). Half a dozen irrigation schemes were started involving dams as great as the Assouan dam in Egypt. Then it happened as every one foretold, money gave out, and all the work was left half-finished. In the same way port works are begun and dropped for lack of funds, the money already spent being wasted. In one city there was a contract for drainage works, but when barely half the work was done, payments failed, and the pipes were left buried in the streets, no one being better off for the work done.

Brazil, however, is not exceptional in its corporate wastefulness, and the fact remains that the country is one of amazing variety and possibility. Quite a large proportion of land, in Goyaz and Matto Grosso, for example, is suitable for cattle raising, and indeed these industries already exist on a considerable scale. And there is an abundant supply of land for agriculture, and the forests produce a wonderful variety of hardwoods which are both valuable and beautiful. In the huge State of Minas (which means "mines") the only surviving gold mine is that of the English company of St. John del Rey, the oldest company—it has a history of more than sixty years—working the deepest mine in the world, a monument surely to British enterprise. The population of Brazil lies mostly along the seaboard, and it is remarkable that the most populous and developed State, Sao Paulo, is still mostly virgin forest, and new clearings and settlements are all the time springing up along the railways. So the openings in the less populous States may be imagined. It is to the central and southern parts of Brazil that immigration is chiefly directed, and certainly they are most suitable. There is a great difference between Northern and Southern Brazil in population as well as in climate. The black and mulatto element is much stronger in the North, though it lessens again in the towns nearer the Amazon, and this hardly forms a suitable background for European immigration. In the interior the "caboclo," or Portuguese and Indian blend, is more common. Already Brazil has received vast numbers of Italians and Central Europeans as well as the Germans and Japanese already mentioned, and no doubt it is in part owing to this immigration that the South strikes one as much more vigorous and progressive. There are, at any rate, ample spaces here for receiving Europe's congested millions. The figures are unanswerable—the population of the U.S.A. is 120 million, the population of Brazil 43 million.

Chile's claim to continental distinction rests on quite different grounds from that of Argentina or Brazil, certainly not

on extent of territory, wedged in, as it is, between the Andes and the Pacific (Is there any other country in the world which has its national map cut up into strips?). It is indeed a strange country physically, with its three zones of desert to the North, central provinces rich and fertile with a delightful climate, and South an uninhabitable waste of wet, cold, wooded mountains until we reach the Straits and Tierra del Fuego. There again we come to a new country, Punta Arenas, the most southerly city in the world, the capital of Chilian Patagonia and the centre of a healthy sheep-farming country in a setting of beauty rivalling Norway and Switzerland.

Chile is a continental power and likely to remain so, because Chilians are a strong, vigorous, homogeneous people of a definitely formed type, the Indian background of the ordinary people being of the best racially (of course, there is a pure-blooded white minority in all these countries). I should be sorry for the South American State that went to war with Chile, for Chilians are brave to recklessness. Yet it is doubtful if the nation has really prospered since the Peruvian war. If accounts of those who knew them then are to be believed, they were a poor and honest pastoral people. Now they have been corrupted by wealth. With nations, as with men, the result does not seem to be wholesome if wealth comes without working for it. When the Peruvians lost the nitrate fields to the Chilians they prophesied this would be so. "The wealth of the nitrate fields," they said, "weakened and ruined us ; it will ruin you too." And dishonesty, the curse of South America everywhere, is specially rife in Chile. The insurance rates are proof of it. The thieving on the coast steamers and from the launches in which the merchandise is stored is on a phenomenal scale. "We are a nation of robbers," confessed an ex-President, with tears in his eyes.

But to return to the nitrate. Much the same thing happened in that connection as with the rubber in Brazil. It was used very largely in the making of explosives, and to a less and more lawful extent as a fertiliser. And it appeared that Chile had

the monopoly of this source of wealth. It was but necessary to tax it and a large income was assured. It was indeed rumoured that those patient, hard-working Germans had discovered a process of making a synthetic nitrate out of air, but as a possible rival to the rich deposits of caliche in Tarapacá deserts the invention was scorned. Yet the processes were constantly improved and economies effected, until the rivalry became formidable, and at length entirely successful ; and the nitrate industry collapsed, to the displacement and misery of thousands of poor workers. It has also struck me that the working classes of Chile, being poor and uneducated and largely suppressed by force, and yet at the same time intensely vigorous and race conscious, provide a dangerously suitable ground for bolshevist propaganda. And from drink and other causes the infant mortality is great and there is little increase in the population.

Yet, at the same time, and making full allowance for all these discouraging factors, it seems impossible not to have confidence in a country of such gallant achievement and assured position. Chile, more than other countries, has won the love of Englishmen, as we have borne a leading part in its development. And there is a historic friendship with our navy. A glance at the map will show that Argentina has no port on the Pacific Ocean and Chile none on the Atlantic, hence, in the grandiloquent Latin phrase : " Argentina controls the politics of the South Atlantic Ocean and Chile those of the Pacific." And it is this fact, together with the fact that it is the most solid and vigorous nation and of oldest culture after Perú, not its possibilities of expansion, which can be but small as compared with its neighbours, which gives Chile its assured position both for the present and future.

Something should be said on the Indian question in all these countries, for all three have an aboriginal population, which, though a small minority, has still its importance in a varying degree. In all countries now, officially at any rate and often sincerely, the Indians are no longer looked upon as

enemies or pests to be exterminated, but as a factor of economic value for the country's development, and often more than that, as human beings with a right to protection and ultimate citizenship. As a rule Indians only survive in the more remote and less coveted parts of the continent, such as the great central plain West of the Paraguay River known as the Chaco. Of Brazil I cannot speak with any practical experience, but I know many are of a very primitive type and hidden away in the depths of the forests to be discovered occasionally by explorers, scientific and commercial. General Rondon has a unique influence with these people and is most anxious that they should be treated with humanity and kindness. They do not, however, seem likely to be of much importance in the development of the future. In Argentina I should imagine the case is different. In the Chaco (I do not speak of the provinces of Salta and Jujuy, which ethnologically and geographically are more like a part of Bolivia) there are still Indians in their thousands, still unspoiled by contact with a corrupt civilisation, and capable of being taught to give their labour in various ways. But they too are never likely to be more than a valuable element for labour, well worth preserving, but not an important element in the country's future; while the only prospect before that fine race, the Mapuches of Southern Chile, whose forefathers almost brought the chivalry of Spain to its knees, is to be absorbed in the dominant civilisation, as a wholesome vigorous element no doubt, if the success of Christian Missions continues, but still to be absorbed. From the point of view of future development, then, the Indian question, full of interesting problems otherwise, need not be considered seriously.

Of other countries not much can be said. Perú, as I have already remarked, is largely under American influence. Americans have secured immense mining interests there, and in any case the proximity of the country to the Panamá Canal assures it of increased commercial prosperity. Bolivia and Paraguay are handicapped by being inland republics without

a seaboard, and the former, like Perú, has a large Indian majority in its population, Indians of the settled village type who are much the same as they were at the time of the Conquest. There remains then Uruguay. This comparatively small republic, like New Zealand, has been the subject of much advanced legislation, and the nationalist and anti-foreign spirit is strong, but the results are not such as to justify any specially sanguine expectations for the future; hours of labour are limited and expenses of living increased. On the other hand, there are many excellent roads, and more school accommodation in proportion to the population than in any other republic. The Roman Catholic Church has been disestablished, but the only result of this was to bring out the latent faith and love of the religious, and an Endowment Fund for the Archbishop was quickly subscribed.

CHAPTER V

EUROPEAN AND NORTH AMERICAN INFLUENCES

THE relations between South America and Europe are racial and natural ; the relations between South America and North America are political and manufactured. That represents the position generally, though not with entire accuracy, but in all discussion on this subject the big basal fact should never be lost sight of that all the stream of movement and interest and sympathy is across the Atlantic to Europe, and particularly Southern Europe. Until a few years ago there was hardly any contact with the United States, and all trade and intercourse was naturally to the lands where the South American races had their origin, and with which fresh links were constantly being formed by emigration. The volume of the shipping which plies between Europe and Buenos Aires and Rio is enormous, and this has its moral and racial as well as its commercial significance.

In the face of this old and natural and deep-seated tie the whole conception of a Pan-American Union has to many of us a certain savour of unreality. Certainly there is no natural affinity between North and South. Such connection as there is—and it is now real and increasing—is a manufactured one. I must admit that for my part I have little sympathy for the Pan-American Union, chiefly on the ground that in days when the world is more than ever one and there is most urgent need of men of good-will to think and act in the interests of world peace and unity, it is a narrow and provincial idea to draw an imaginary line round the Americas and deal with them as though they constituted a unity in themselves, apart from the rest of the world. Further, there is the flaw that the second greatest nation in the New World, Canada, is ignored. It is

true that most of the States of America, North and South, fought with their Mother Country for their freedom, but it surely cannot be wise to stress this as a ground of fellowship, especially as afterwards they fought far more bitterly among themselves. It is also true that there is this amount of affinity between North and South that the Constitutions of the Latin republics were all based on that of the United States, for in those days it was a universal article of liberal faith that, granted free institutions, freedom would surely follow. History, however, has proved a sad disillusionment to that theory, and we have realised that for free institutions to be a success a people must be trained for freedom, which was notoriously not the case with the peoples who were liberated from the yoke of Spain, hence half their failures and tragedies.

The two possible arguments, then, for the fellowship of republics in the Pan-American Union, a common quarrel with the Mother Country and a similar political organisation, do not seem to carry us very far. Speaking frankly, the attitude of the Southern American republics towards their big brother in the North is a very curious one. There is a real admiration for the amazing energy and abundant achievement of the United States in the sphere of scientific material development, and at the same time a certain fear and suspicion of their gigantic strength, coupled with the Latin's natural misunderstanding of the Anglo-Saxon and an inclination to antipathy. (Here I think of a neat phrase of Bryce's in his excellent *South American Impressions*, when he notes that we call them *dagos* and they call us *gringos*: "Neither term has any flavour of approbation.") How far is this attitude of suspicion and dislike justified? No sensible people believe for one moment that the United States have any thought of territorial aggression. So far as annexation is concerned, the weakest of South American republics (and also Central American, I should imagine) is perfectly safe. The honour and traditional policy of the United States is entirely to be trusted. But that

there is another and more subtle danger appears to me equally clear, though South American States may not regard it as a danger at all, for habitual borrowers seldom appreciate the peril of their borrowing: I mean, peaceful penetration, the grip financial. To those of us who desire the true welfare of South America, it does seem a real peril that the vast wealth of the United States should be employed in these constant loans by way of securing avenues of trade for the future. It must tend to sap the freedom of those who receive this financial help so willingly.

The worst is now said, and I can go on to whole-hearted appreciation of much that the United States are doing for their weaker brethren in the South. English people, for whom I write, are mostly sceptical of America's having any other but a commercial motive. That is a great mistake. America's idealism is quite as genuine and marked a characteristic as her commercialism. It is true that the trade of the great Northern republic with the South, infinitesimal in volume a few years ago, is now increasing by leaps and bounds, and there is every reason to suppose that this increase will continue, for is it likely that when all the industrial nations of Europe are competing for South American business, so great a power as the United States will stand aside, or be content with a low place in the race for markets? But, apart from this, I am confident that America has a sincere sense of responsibility for its less fortunate neighbours in the South, and a quite disinterested desire to help them. The Pan-American Union (though I do not like it) is a case in point; its motives are wholly good, and all reports of its work show that it cultivates friendship and non-political social co-operation. The cost of maintenance of the Institute at Washington, where visitors from the Latin republics are welcomed with delightful courtesy, falls entirely on the United States, I believe, and indeed in all the Union's activities they give more than they receive. And it is not too much to say that great care is taken to understand the South American members, and avoid wounding racial

susceptibilities. Whether success is achieved in this I cannot say, but there can be no question of the genuineness of the effort or the feeling which prompts it.

I may mention two more reasons for South American gratitude, scientific and religious. The International Health Board, commonly called the Rockefeller Institute, has done untold good in the South American tropics. The scourge of yellow fever has been all but stamped out in Northern Brazil, considerable populations have been cured of the curse of hook worm, and this pest, and the even worse one of malaria, are being steadily fought and diminished, thanks to the work of a body of expert doctors who appear to me to be as tactful and kindly in their methods as they are skilled and keen in their profession. Then the volume of missionary effort, religious and educational, far surpasses anything that is done from England. From Pernambuco to Santiago, in the great cities and in the country too, secondary schools and colleges are to be found on a large scale, and often they are beautiful and attractive properties. Whether this work should be done at all is no doubt a matter of opinion, but to judge by the number of adherents of their churches, it certainly seems to be appreciated. And there is a Committee of Co-operation which in the religious sphere works in the same cordial spirit as the Pan-American Union in the social and secular.

Another link between South and North is that a certain proportion of Latin American students take their degree at American Universities. The number is not large, and I do not gather that they make themselves very happy or at home there as a rule, in spite of social agencies whose object it is to relieve their loneliness; in some cases, however, they thoroughly adapt themselves, and it is not unusual to meet them quite Americanised on their return.

It is safe to say, then, that the total volume of influence exercised by the United States over the republics of South America is a substantial force to be reckoned with, and much

of it is good. I should mention, by the way, that Americans are usually called "North Americans" in the Southern Continent, as South Americans say they are Americans too, and resent the name being monopolised by their Northern neighbour, and sometimes one even sees the phrase "United States of North America," possibly because Brazil's full name is "The United States of Brazil." I suppose there is something to be said for this attitude. In any case, it is strange that when the United States launched forth upon their great career, they forgot to give themselves a name.

North American influences, then, in the Southern Continent are great and growing, but European influences, being a matter of blood and language, tradition and history, are an abiding factor which will not change. Intercourse with Europe, moreover, is growing all the time. The liners of all nations are carrying greater numbers to and fro across the seas more rapidly than ever.

I propose now to say something on the difficult and delicate subject of Anglo-American relations in South America (as this seems to be part of the larger question discussed above), for I claim to have much sympathy with the difficulties on both sides, and some knowledge. Moreover, the subject is so important in its wider issues that any effort to remove misunderstanding is well worth making. In my view these two facts are undoubted, that quite a considerable amount of ill will exists, and that both sides are to blame. And behind these lies another broad fact, as I am sure it is, which is not usually recognised. Let me deal with this first.

For centuries past we British have pushed out into all parts of the world from our crowded islands. The spur of necessity has been behind us, and we have freely given of our best. On the whole we are well represented abroad, not only in India and Africa by our official classes and incomparable Civil Services, but also outside the Empire by our commercial communities—the old tradition of British honour is witness enough of that. The claim that our race is well represented

in South America may not be as true as it once was, as many people go abroad in these democratic days with little training or preparation, but it is still broadly true. Now it may be said without offence, if the reasons are stated, that this is not nearly so true of Americans. Speaking generally, and with many and happy exceptions, America is not as well represented as England by those she sends abroad. Nor is the reason far to seek, or in any way discreditable in itself. The circumstances are entirely different. Instead of being cooped up in crowded islands, America has had half a continent to develop, and the energies of the best of her sons have been more than occupied with that work. There has not been the same need to launch forth abroad, and the first who went were not always those of whom their country could be proud. Of recent years there has been great improvement, and no one who has any knowledge of America from within can doubt that they have as good human material as we have to work upon. Nevertheless, for the reasons given, it is on the whole true, and Englishmen ought to see it, that at present England is naturally better represented than America in her commercial communities abroad. That I maintain is the background of the present situation.

Then, as regards the ill-will between us, it is not serious in extent; but any small sparks of this kind may flame up so easily into a conflagration. I think my countrymen are to blame in two ways. They often seem annoyed because Americans are quite different from themselves, and they are apt to judge of a whole great people by the few possibly unsatisfactory representatives whom they see. To deal with these two points, many of our people do not seem to realise that, whatever their origin, the American people constitute a separate nationality, and have a perfect right to develop a language and customs of their own; there is no reason why they should be like us. Moreover, on the most favourable computation, not more than forty-five per cent. of them come of Anglo-Saxon stock at all, and the original type must in the

nature of the case be largely modified. I am afraid it is sheer ignorance not to know this, and yet, alas ! it is not known, or at any rate, not recognised at all widely. Then it is clearly wrong to judge of another nation by the few casual specimens whom we may happen to meet instead of their better and more representative types. We should not like to be treated in that way ourselves. We should soon cry out at the injustice of it, if we heard England condemned on account of one or two wastrel Englishmen. Clearly individuals should be judged by what they are, and nations by their best, or at all events average, types. Probably Americans are as much to blame as we are in being unnecessarily prejudiced, but it is not my object to allocate blame, only to point out how misunderstandings can be avoided by a little thought. As to another American trait, I can sympathise more readily with our people, though here again understanding of the circumstances goes a long way to remove the sting. I refer to the provincialism of so many Americans, statesmen especially, which is apt to irritate the average Englishman. It seems strange to us that citizens of so great a country, one of the leading powers of the world, should yet be so limited and provincial in their outlook and conduct ; but surely the reason is just this, that their country is so vast and its problems and interests so absorbing that it is hard for them to realise there is a bigger world outside their own. No doubt it is a fault, but after one has visited the States and had a glimpse of their immensity, it is easier to make allowance. Otherwise this incapacity for taking an intelligent outlook on international affairs is a constant source of surprise and irritation to Englishmen.

But what of our respective personal and national influence in South America ? How do British and American compare in their management of commercial enterprises and powers of dealing with the people of the country ? Frankly, I have known not a few Americans who are quite admirable in their sympathetic and tactful dealings with Latins, and in their capacity for managing men they are equal to the British at their

best, which is saying a great deal ; yet, speaking generally, I think Englishmen understand the people better and are more successful in dealing with them. As the older race and with long experience behind us, it is natural it should be so. Besides, no one suspects Englishmen of having any political axe to grind in South America, but of Americans people are not quite so sure. As I remarked before, South Americans cannot altogether get rid of their distrust of Uncle Sam and his big stick. Everything is reported in the newspapers, and the United States' blundering interferences in Mexico and Central America are well known, and naturally Americans in the Southern Continent come in for some suspicion. Certainly, as a people, English are far ahead of the Americans in their grasp of Latin mentality and the practical problems involved. For example, no English Government would have lightly rushed in, as the American Government did, to settle the Tacna-Arica dispute between Chile and Perú, for long an Alsace-Lorraine of the new world and an open sore. All who knew anything of South American republics, and certainly our British communities, knew that the attempt was foredoomed to failure. The politicians like these open questions and often do not want them settled.*

As has been said, I believe Americans have an assured future in the Southern continent, and, as many of them are already doing, they will learn to understand the Latin character better and adapt themselves accordingly, for their faults are mostly those of youth and inexperience from which we have all suffered, but at present their enterprises largely fail through over-confidence in their own principles and methods. In their own country these are so effective and produce such excellent results that they cannot realise that, among men of another race and a more backward civilisation, both ideas and practice need considerable modification. In my view at least this is

* Though this is generally true, to our astonishment and delight a settlement has been effected, thanks to the United States and the enlightened Presidents of the two countries.

the simple explanation of failures on the part of people who certainly do not lack for vigour and alert intelligence. And the same difficulty is experienced in their missions and schools. They do not find it easy (perhaps none of us do) to work cordially and sympathetically with their native staff, they are handicapped by their own good qualities.

In spite of all that has been said, however, I have noticed that in small communities, where British and Americans are thrown together in clubs and elsewhere, we usually get on very well together and are the best of friends, whereas in large communities, where both of us are numerous enough to have our own social circles and institutions, we have little contact with each other and less friendship, and perhaps even antipathy; which seems to imply that we have but to know each other better to be good friends. Certainly these two things are always needed for the international good feeling we desire—knowledge and just judgment. It will be remembered, perhaps, how in war time Owen Wister and John Buchan both devoted their genius to some purpose in interpreting each nation to the other, and both warned us not to make too much of extreme instances. Was it in one of those books the story was told of an American soldier who hoped in the next war (save us from the phrase!) he would be fighting the British? When wonderingly asked why by his visitor in hospital, he said that when his regiment was paraded in London, some Cockney spectator jeered at them, “U.S.A.—You Silly Ass!” And that was reason enough for malice and hatred and all uncharitableness. As against this may be set the legend—possibly true, I do not know—that after the war Americans had a button struck “We did it,” which naturally stung the British soldier to fury.

Yet no people can behave more handsomely and generously than the Americans on due occasion. In the *West Coast Leader*, an English paper published at Valparaiso, a remarkable article was quoted from an American writer called “The unboasting British.” It was written by an American for

Americans, and was a fine tribute to all that England had quietly done and suffered during the long years of war, without either advertising herself or even asking acknowledgment, and this was frankly contrasted with what would have been the American attitude under similar conditions. How necessary it is that we should judge of each other, not by the worst we know, but by the best.

CHAPTER VI

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS PROBLEMS

THE really most serious drawback to life in South America, and one which might well cause parents to hesitate before sending out their sons to take up positions there, is one which is hardly ever mentioned and certainly never allowed to obtrude into official speeches and panegyrics on the continent's marvellous progress, glowing future, and so forth. It is what I can only describe as the debased moral atmosphere of Spanish America.

Quite possibly many of our people are unaware of it, for we are an unimaginative race, yet it is there sure enough as a subtle pervading force, from that easy-going spirit which Mr. Kipling noticed as soon as he got on board a South American liner, to the lawlessness and infamy which underlie the charm and glamour of these Southern lands. It reminds one of the Elizabethan mariner who said the Lord hung His cross in the Southern heavens because He knew it was most needed there. This debased moral atmosphere, to those who look on the more serious side of life, is an undoubted fact, and its general result in some form or other is indifference to the Ten Commandments. Of course this does not mean that either the people of the country or the foreign commercial communities domiciled among them are all corrupt—far from it; among both may be found numerous and conspicuous instances of clean and true home life and public honour and loyalty—but it does mean that it is far easier to go wrong, and men find themselves without the support which consciously or unconsciously is to be found in a wholesome public opinion. In giving reasons for my statement, I must again caution my readers against taking too lurid a view of the situation, on the

principle that one does not get a fair impression of the dirt of a house by sweeping it all into a corner and then looking at it ; but truly the facts are serious and I think indisputable.

First as to sexual morality. Admittedly we British have nothing to boast of in this direction, yet it is generally recognised that standards are lower among Southern than Northern Europeans ; they are our superiors in courtesy and civility, but have less power of self-control. Then, not unnaturally, if we remember the fact of mixed race and the primitive conditions under which many live, and the little respect there is for law, of which more presently, this racial failing is at its worst in South America. In spite of periodical cleanings up in the great cities (it is the impulsive way of the authorities to swing from one extreme to the other), vice is generally easy and little reckoned of, and up-country cohabitation is common. Conditions of course vary in different countries. In Paraguay, the majority of the population is said to be unmarried, but in the case of such a primitive people that does not imply the same depth of moral degradation as it would in an Anglo-Saxon land. No useful purpose will be served by dwelling upon this subject, but the following may be taken to illustrate the straw which shows which way the wind blows. A chaplain of wide experience, since dead, who often used his medical knowledge for treating the young Englishmen in his charge and had their confidence to a remarkable extent, assured me that one of their troubles was that the native doctors would persist in prescribing for them as though they were guilty of illicit practices, when as a fact they were entirely innocent. So usual was the practice that the doctors could not believe their protestations. And no doubt an enormous proportion of the population is syphilitic in a greater or less degree. This particular illustration is to the credit of our young men, and happily their case is not in the least rare, but still it will be readily understood how in such a moral atmosphere it is more than easy to go astray.

Next, a strong constituent element in the prevalent debased

morality, and one which it is easier to speak of, is dishonesty. Here, I think, is a telling illustration. During the War a certain British firm allowed almost all its young British employees to volunteer, filling up their places temporarily with natives (it must be understood I do not use this word in an opprobrious sense, but simply as meaning the men of the country) and doing much extra work themselves, but the result was that there was constant trouble with the cash. But that is not all. My informant, one of the heads of this firm, was talking to a cultured native friend, one whom he knew intimately, and to whom he could speak freely, and telling him of the trial which he would soon have to face in sending his children home to school. "But why should you do that?" his friend asked. "We have excellent schools in this country, equal to many which you have at home." "Yes, you have," he answered, "but there are other reasons," and he told him of his firm's experience, and that there was a certain moral taint which he desired his children to escape. "Ah! yes," was the reply, "they would rob, they would; I see your point." He quite admitted the facts. There is constant peculation among tram conductors and railway guards. Some years ago on the State railways of one republic a secret company was actually formed among the employees for the forgery and sale of tickets, and it flourished for some time before it was discovered.

I once asked the manager of a large sheep farm if he suffered much from theft, and his reply was: "If I had all the sheep and cattle that have been stolen in my time, I should be a rich man today."

It is not possible to obtain characters for domestic servants, and they are frequently dishonest. And sometimes there is no sense of shame. An English lady saw a girl, who came to her house with some message, pick up a tea-spoon which was on the floor with her toes (!) and secrete it in her dress, thinking she was unobserved. When she left, the lady called her back with the question: "Where is that spoon?" "Here it

is," she answered, and gave it back as if nothing had happened. But that was a primitive half-Indian girl up-country. Town servants are often as well trained and capable as those at home.

An Englishman ordered some fountain pens from home. The box arrived, but no pens inside. When he went down to the post office to enquire, he found the clerks writing with his pens ! but he could do nothing.

Fraudulent bankruptcy is common. A Brazilian once said to a friend of mine : " Ah ! you English business men are wonderful with your order and method and punctuality ; we cannot come near you. But there is one thing we are much better at than you are. We know how to fail." And they do, and not Brazilians only for that matter, with much profit to themselves.

In municipalities scandals are frequent. At the end of some official's term of office, instead of the surplus due, the treasury is found empty and the work, for which the taxes were collected, undone. And the city will be gaily illuminated for a festival while the unfortunate dustmen and labourers remain unpaid. Then the corruption of justice and venality of officials must contribute largely to the general debasement of morality. Outside the Supreme Court, which is usually incorrupt, there are few officials who cannot be bought—not openly as a matter of bargain or agreement, that would be considered most offensive, but delicately and tactfully through some subordinate secretary. But often the bribery (if that is the right word for it) is simply to induce the official to do his plain duty. I remember my astonishment when travelling with a certain well-known ex-President, to hear an Englishman remark (both have been long since dead) what large sums of money that man had cost him. When I asked him what he meant, he explained that various important verdicts which had been given in his favour were not valid until they had obtained the President's signature, and this the President abstained from giving until, of course in a delicate and in-

direct way, he considered himself adequately remunerated, and that was how Presidents and other officials grew rich.

Employers seldom think it worth while to prosecute a man for dishonesty ; it would probably cost more than it is worth. In one republic the prosecutor has to pay for the keep of the prisoner, if condemned to gaol ; in another no adequate funds are provided, so the gaoler (in country districts) lets him go. Even murderers are not detained in gaol for long as a rule, and often through interest their trial is postponed indefinitely, and then they are quietly released. In cities like Buenos Aires the police are extraordinarily brave and well disciplined, but I do not know that householders would inform them when they shut up and leave their homes. And in the provinces, at any rate, the police are frequently recruited from the gaols. I know one small town where firewood is scarce and expensive. In that town the police have never been known to buy firewood for their barracks, but they have frequently been discovered in their neighbours' yards at night where firewood is stacked, searching for thieves, so they say ! In a certain port a " dago " fireman deserted, and shortly reappeared as a uniformed policeman to harass his old shipmates and finally imprison the captain. It reads like a Gilbert and Sullivan comedy, but it is true. When the police catch criminals, they usually try to make them confess, and often with good result, but one shrinks from saying much as to how it is done. There are many very brutal types of criminal. Murders are frequent ; in many districts men are at large who are known to have committed many murders. Englishmen suffer like others, and perhaps more than others, because we are foreigners, and often employers of labour, and a man who has been dismissed quite justly may take an opportunity of murdering his ex-employer in revenge. There are far too many instances of this. One who had been through the War most regretfully dismissed a man for sheer incompetence. He had him up to his office and explained matters to him. Then he made a mistake. He turned round to go instead of first ordering the man to leave

the office, and the cowardly brute instantly emptied his revolver into his back. Another prominent Englishman was half murdered by a madman, and then so dogged by him afterwards that he had to leave the country. And when at last the man was caught, the authorities unaccountably let him go. Another peculiarly brutal case, in which no Englishman was involved, was that of an Argentine officer, who, because the booking clerk refused to give him his ticket out of his turn at a railway station, considered that his uniform was insulted and deliberately murdered him with his revolver through the pigeon-hole. There is no death penalty in South America; some of us think it would be better if there were.

But here again let me warn my readers against carrying away a false picture of the whole. In spite of all these serious happenings we are quite happy and at home; we are free and unmolested for the most part, and on friendly terms with our neighbours. As a rule we have no cause for anxiety, and certainly do not go about in terror of our lives. As in all countries of great distances and scanty population, safety depends more upon the general disposition of the people than on law, and in South America this disposition is not usually dangerous or evil. And this much should be said in palliation of official corruption: that in many cases officials are miserably underpaid and more or less expected to use their position for making money. If they did not do so, they would starve. Hence employers often give subsidies to local officials and well-timed presents, not by way of bribing them to do wrong, but helping them to do right. And it would be hard to condemn this practice. On the other hand, bank managers and others often find it necessary to refuse presents, as otherwise they would be expected to act contrary to their better judgment or even plain duty for friendship's sake. It cannot be argued that it is a satisfactory state of things.

And it may be mentioned here, in order to help people at home to understand the position, that the law in South American republics is based on the Napoleonic Code, and its

basal assumption is the exact opposite of ours. In England a man is reckoned to be innocent unless he is proved to be guilty ; in South America he is reckoned to be guilty unless he is proved to be innocent. And from these opposite principles follow widely divergent streams of practice. For instance, if the driver of a tramcar collides with a vehicle or upsets a foot passenger, he has been known not infrequently to bolt for the nearest shelter and disappear, because, guilty or innocent, he will be arrested and put in gaol. Or if a man is found lying wounded in the street, passers-by dare not pick him up and help him, as the police would instantly arrest them on suspicion of being implicated in the trouble. And many lives have been lost in the case of men who have fallen into the docks, for when rescued the police will not allow anyone to apply artificial respiration until the proper official comes, and then it is too late. For this, of course, inefficiency and red tape are to blame ; it is not a question of corruption or malice. There are a few admirably managed prisons, but in too many there is overcrowding and reckless herding together of old offenders with the young and innocent who may simply be awaiting their trial. In Buenos Aires a man's trial may be delayed for weeks or months, simply because there are not enough judges. It is true that the law has this saving grace, that time spent in prison before trial counts double, so that if a man has been a month awaiting his trial and is then condemned to two months' imprisonment, he is at once set free, but that is no compensation to him if he is acquitted; he then has been in prison a month for nothing. It may be one of the results of this legal system that a law seems to be primarily regarded as a subject for evasion rather than an obligation for the common good.

Gambling is a special weakness, and a fashionable watering-place is almost necessarily furnished with facilities for indulging in it ; otherwise it would lose half its attractiveness. Lotteries are often under State management, and tickets are sold in shops and streets and train. It always seems to me an indication of the

debased moral atmosphere that they are offered to clergy just as to other people—I suppose because they buy them. Until lately lotteries were the only way in which poor people were encouraged to spend their money, but now savings banks have been started with excellent results.

Cruelty to animals is still bad, in spite of much improvement in cities like Buenos Aires. From this point of view electric traction, now usual in all cities, has proved the greatest boon, for tram horses used to be worked on the terrible maxim: “It is cheaper to wear them out than to take care of them.” Before the Transandine Railway was completed there was a service of mules from one railhead to the other, and it was afterwards discovered that the contract for forage was cut down to such a point that the wretched animals were half-starved. A man reasoned with for ill-using a horse or ox has been known to answer with surprise. “Why, he is not a Christian!” Sometimes cruelty is meant for kindness. For example, if we English have a horse which has a broken leg or is old and diseased, our idea of kindness is to put the poor brute out of its misery; but if South Americans of the poorer class have such a wretched animal, their idea of kindness is to let it go on the high-road or elsewhere on the chance that it may recover, and sometimes of course it does. A dog was run over by a tramcar and disembowelled, but when an Englishman called for a hammer to kill it with (it was just outside a shop), the spectators were genuinely shocked. Nevertheless, cruelty to animals makes for indifference to life, including ultimately human life, and is a contributory cause in my view to the frequent stabbing and shooting and murders which we have to deplore.

Another characteristic of the country to be mentioned with special regret is the low standard of professional honour. Doctors do not lack for ability, many of them are men of brilliant attainments and often are kind-hearted and generous, but where they fail is in the sense of moral obligation, perhaps refusing to go out at night, or to leave an evening party when

sent for in some serious case. And often their charges are in no relation to the work done, but in accordance with what they think their wealthier patients can pay—in fact, a form of extortion.

The following story was told me by one of our Consuls. When an Englishman dies without family or friends, it is the custom for the Consul to wind up his estate and forward the proceeds to the nearest relation at home. If this were not done, the estate would practically vanish in legal expenses and other formalities. An Englishman, then, died worth some £150, but doctors' and lawyers' bills reduced this amount to something like £30. According to the doctor's bill, the patient had had an operation as well as a good number of visits. Another doctor looking over this bill said that he was pretty sure that that operation had never taken place, but he could say nothing in the case of a brother practitioner. A foreigner who dies thus alone is looked upon as a sort of lawful prey, and very little of his estate, if anything, reaches his friends.

To sum up, a low sexual morality, dishonesty, lawlessness, cruelty to animals, gambling, are all contributory elements in the debased moral atmosphere which unhappily is a feature of Latin America. It may be a surprise to some that I have not mentioned drink, and undoubtedly drunkenness is a serious evil in this continent as elsewhere, but not nearly to so great an extent. Those who drink to excess are comparatively few. Not that the position is satisfactory. The common wine, like everything else, is adulterated and none too healthy, and it must be specially bad for children—in fact, the Evangelical Missions always cut it out, with resulting improvement to their health—and the raw spirit made from sugar-cane is responsible for most of the quarrelling and fighting which is associated with the dances and social functions of the poorer folk.

But the great danger of the future in my view is materialism. In modern commercial development the spiritual always tends to be ignored or crowded out; and given vast spaces, scanty population, widespread illiteracy, mixed immigration, and the

expense and practical difficulty of establishing schools and churches, there is only too fair a field for it, it is almost inevitable. And the weakness of the Church of the country cannot be ignored. It may seem strange to speak of "weakness" in connection with the great Roman Catholic Church, which is so dominant a force in all Latin civilisation, and certainly an immense power in South America, but it is the fact. It may be freely admitted that it gives many proofs of life and vigour, especially in the great cities. When, for example, the State ceased to pay the Archbishop's stipend in Uruguay, the faithful promptly raised a more than sufficient Endowment Fund. And the devotion and earnestness of thousands, many of them educated and cultured people, is not to be questioned. Nor, as is so often supposed, are the congregations limited to women; crowds of men are to be found in many churches. And in Northern Brazil I have seen the worshippers kneeling past the church doors right out into the street. It is impossible not to respect such religion. Yet it must be remembered that the Roman Catholic Church varies almost indefinitely according to nationality and environment; and just as it is one thing in England and another in South America, so in South America itself it is one thing in the great centres and quite another in the remote interior. There sometimes conditions prevail which are almost incredible, as the priests from Europe know very well. The point, however, that I am chiefly concerned with is the apparent inability of the Church to use its resources for ministering to its own people. Many small towns have no church at all, and there are great tracts of country where people never see a priest. The pastoral spirit which impels a man to seek for the lost sheep until he finds it seems to be entirely lacking, and those in need are expected to come for spiritual privileges, if they want them, to those who have the divine gifts to dispense. The priest does not search for the sinner, the sinner must find out the priest. That represents the general position, so what wonder if there is neglect and apathy?

What wonder, again, if Methodist and Presbyterian and other congregations have sprung up everywhere, as they have done, and are now a power in the land? Yet it is difficult to believe that the vaguely united Evangelical Church, as it is called, with all its zeal and spirituality, will ever displace the Church which from the earliest times has been interwoven with the people's life. A Protestant Latin civilisation is all but inconceivable in the judgment of many of us, and indeed undesirable. But it is none the less tragic that a continent with such a future before it as South America promises should have for its inspiration and guidance the Roman Catholic Church as it is. Of course all Churches have to bow their heads in utter self-abasement when the comparison is drawn between what they are and ought to be; but it must be said deliberately: no other Church shows such a range of variety between true saintliness and the merest superstition, the loftiest ideals and the most degrading practice, the best and the worst. The Church *as it is* can have little power to stem the intruding tide of materialism, and in itself constitutes the greatest of moral and religious problems.

Yet it should be noted that the real native of the country, the man of mixed race, considered apart from the flood of immigration, is by no means materialistically inclined, perhaps because the works of God in nature round about him are on so majestic a scale; and even the masses in the cities, who are entirely alienated from the Church, react strongly towards spiritualism and such-like cults, a pathetically unconscious protest against the materialism which overwhelms them. Another misfortune is that South America seems to be the happy hunting-ground of strange Protestant sects, mostly from the United States, but also from England, such as the "Seventh Day Adventists," "Christian Missions," "Friends of Holiness," "Inland South American," "Independent," to quote from the official directory. Apart from their distinctive heresies, their work is often admirable; but their number and oddity naturally do not contrast favourably in the native mind



AVENUE OF IMPERIAL PALMS, RIO.

facing p. 60.

with the solid front of Rome. There are strong, well-organised American Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptist Churches, with churches and schools (primary and secondary), training colleges and other institutions, and the Y.M.C.A. is a social and religious force in the cities where it is at work. I have much sympathy too for the work of the British and Foreign and American Bible Societies, whose agents circulate the Scriptures in the most remote regions, letting in light into dark places without controversy or proselytism. And the Brazilian Episcopal Church, the Mission of our Sister Church in the United States, holds a unique position in illustrating the possibility of a reformed Episcopal Church. It has great influence in Southern Brazil.

Enough, however, has been said to show that the religious outlook is strange and difficult indeed, and that most of the religious and moral problems arise from the debased moral atmosphere, which is both the cause and result of so much that is characteristic of South American republics.

CHAPTER VII

THE BRITISH RACE IN SOUTH AMERICA—WILL THE NEXT GENERATION RETAIN ITS NATIONALITY?—EDUCATION

IN forecasting the future of our race in South America, we must remember that we have a long history behind us, at least as compared with other foreign nations. With us the question is not so much how to make ourselves a position as to secure what we have, or perhaps recover lost ground.

It was as far back as the colonial days of 1807, after that almost chance conquest of Buenos Aires by a couple of British regiments, that our merchants were stirred by the display of trophies in the London streets to make trade ventures in so promising a market. And after the reconquest, and subsequent independence achieved, both from British intrusion and the yoke of Spain, it was not long before British merchants came and settled in the city, making their permanent home there. (As is well known, "Reconquista" is still the name of one of the principal streets; and in another, "Defensa," there stands the Church of Santo Domingo, which has the captured British regimental colours hanging on its walls and British cannon balls studded, not very convincingly, it must be admitted, in the outside of its towers.) The treaty of commerce and friendship between England and the new-born republic was signed in 1825, under the auspices of that first and greatest of Consuls, Sir Woodbine Parish, and then we had no foreign rivals.

Again at Bahia in Northern Brazil, in the spacious days of the old sailing ships, it was English merchants who congregated round a seat called the "Banco Inglez" on a vacant plot of ground in the upper city which commanded a view of the blue bay and its incoming shipping. There they sat and chatted before racing off in boats to meet the ships and secure

good bargains. And indeed close by, overhanging the same bay, is the terraced British cemetery, still in use, where there are monuments to English sailors of a hundred years ago. But I fancy there were no other merchants besides the British. If there were, they were a negligible quantity. And once more on the Pacific Coast at Valparaiso the British were in a unique position with the Pacific Steam Navigation Company domiciled there under a special charter which permitted them to fly the British flag, and as merchants and traders we were without rivals.

But that state of things has long since passed away, and we are now just one of many nations competing to receive South American favours. Only we have this to the good, that we have inherited a certain prestige from the past, a reputation for honest dealing and loyalty to our pledged word, which predisposes the people of the country to trade with us, if they can do so to their own advantage—that is, if we can supply their needs at as low prices as our competitors; not an easy condition, we know, when the higher standards of living prevalent in England are remembered. Yet, as this is the age when commerce reigns supreme, it is evident that the future of our race on the continent must depend to a great extent on the volume of our trade; and until co-operation supersedes competition as a working international principle, of which there are few signs at present, it seems likely that our position will become increasingly difficult. Moreover, it is not probable that Englishmen will, as in the past, be called out to fill important posts for which men of the country are not qualified. Not only is the new spirit of nationalism against it, but by this time the leading republics produce capable men of their own in plenty for positions requiring special knowledge and experience. Indeed, it may be taken for granted that men of Latin race do not lack for brains; we Anglo-Saxons are often stupid by comparison with them, our success is more due to our moral than intellectual qualities, our steadiness and persistence in seeing things through.

With Anglo-Argentines—that is, English born in Argentina—the case is different (I speak of Argentina, because we are most numerous in that country, but conditions are the same in other republics) ; any position is possible for them, for they are Argentines by law. But law and fact do not altogether correspond, and in practice they are considerably handicapped. For, as has been pointed out, we mostly live our own life and maintain our own language and traditions, and that unfits us for taking any prominent part as Argentines in the life of the country. Many Anglo-Argentines are only Argentine in name and to all intents and purposes English of the English. Indeed it is extraordinarily difficult even for the ablest Anglo-Argentines, who have spent much time in both countries, to be true to their dual nationality and adjust their respective claims, English and Argentine. The natural and all but inevitable tendency is to gravitate to one side or the other, remain stubbornly British or, as the phrase is, “turn native,” go over altogether to the Argentine side, though as a matter of fact that is comparatively rare.

This brings us to the intensely interesting question of maintaining nationality in a foreign land. How far is this possible for any length of time? Can our domiciled commercial communities expect to maintain their nationality in the future? Is it their ultimate fate to remain British or to become absorbed? It should first be recognised that the natural tendency is to become assimilated to the country which shelters us. That is certainly the line of least resistance for the child. The untravelled, or perhaps I should say unthinking English, which would include many of the travelled, are often shocked when they hear of English-born children forgetting their mother-tongue and becoming foreign and even anti-English. But of course nothing in the world is easier. Patriotism is very largely a plant of local growth. We are attached to the country in which we are brought up ; its familiar scenes and customs appeal to us ; we love its trees and birds and flowers, not because they are better than others, but because they are those

we know ; associations of childhood gather round them, and these things form the background of our lives. How can a chaffinch's nest, or the primroses by a Northumbrian beck, appeal to a child who has never seen them ? The fact should be faced that children will naturally give their hearts to the country which rears them. Hence it follows that to implant in English-born children abroad that love of home and its traditions which loyal parents desire is a difficult and delicate business, needing the utmost tact and sympathy, especially as children soon learn that legally they belong to the country of their birth, and quickly identify themselves with it, and resent any depreciation of it. Sometimes the parents succeed too well, as when a small girl, asked her nationality by an angry school inspector who was annoyed at finding the school so English, replied, more truthfully than tactfully : " Argentine, but that is my misfortune, not my fault." Clearly, her parents had succeeded in implanting in her not only their principles but their prejudices !

Naturally, much depends on the parents' circumstances as well as on themselves, and some children are so fortunately situated as to be brought up, not only with an English home life but with such deliberately planned English surroundings and influences, that the difficulty scarcely arises, and they grow up as naturally English as their parents, perhaps not even learning to speak Spanish. But that is a mistake and may easily be resented by them in after life. On the other hand, there are too many careless parents who plan nothing for their children, and let the whole question drift, leaving them to follow their own devices. The more uneducated (but these are few) do not always know that children naturally pick up the language they hear spoken round them as easily as they eat or sleep, and when they hear them mastering the language which has been an impenetrable barrier to themselves, they look upon them as infant prodigies, and are proud to encourage their Spanish to the loss of their English. But apart from this, a working-class mother may sometimes be seen

going out shopping, with her little girl trotting beside her as an interpreter.

On the other hand, there are parents of the intolerant type, though I think these mostly belong to the past, who are so anxious to keep their children English that they punish any speaking of Spanish as a moral offence, an injustice which will surely drive the children in the very direction which the parents wish to avoid. These are extreme cases, but they all illustrate the point that the training of our English-born children in Latin lands in love of home and England, without doing injustice to Argentina, is far from easy and needs no small degree of combined resolution and sympathy. On the whole, however, I should say the result is achieved with considerable success. Wherever there is anything like an English community (I must return to this point later) our children remain distinctively English. No doubt a visitor from home would recognise some variation of type in them, but those out here who realise the circumstances would know at once that they were predominantly English, and to the people of the country there would be no doubt whatever of their British nationality. Indeed it may be asserted confidently that as a race we retain our nationality better than any other. The reason of this no doubt is our natural individualism. We English are incurable individualists, preferring to be left alone, disliking association and organisations of any kind, and this while it tends to keep us aloof and apart from each other, still makes us the best of pioneers, carrying our ideas with us to the ends of the earth, and standing by them wherever we may be. Certainly, it is the fact that in South America, in spite of our small numbers in comparison with other great European nations, we head the list in this matter of retention of nationality. After us come the Germans.

I had a curious confirmation of this from a German Ambassador many years before the Great War. He pointed out that one reason why Germany encouraged colonies in Brazil was that there they retained their German nationality. In the

United States, where Germans came up against the stronger Anglo-Saxon type of civilisation, they lost their nationality and became absorbed, but in Brazil where they met the weaker Latin type, they retained it. There they could hold their own. This estimate of the stronger Anglo-Saxon type was borne out, it will be remembered, by the experience of the Great War. In the first years there were German agitations and disturbances in many parts, but once America came into the War, fully 90 per cent. of German-Americans were loyal to the country of their adoption. And this was exactly what an American friend in an official position told me would be the case.

Let us, however, note the conditions under which this retention of nationality is practicable. I have referred to one already. There must be a community of some kind; families and individuals must exist in sufficient numbers to enable our people to associate with each other and be partly independent of the native population. This is a first necessity. Again and again I have noticed how the sturdiest British parents, in isolation—that is, in a town or country district without the society of other British families—have failed entirely to keep their children British. The forces of environment have been too much for them. There is some English speech and habit in the second generation, but in the next it disappears. Unless such families are in a position to make periodic visits to England, they really have no chance of retaining their nationality. Then, apart from numbers, the factors that count for most are religion and education, Church and school. I propose to deal with the Church later, but may mention here as strikingly relevant the curious fact that members of our community, who have so far lost their nationality as infinitely to prefer Spanish as the language of their daily life, still desire to have their ministrations of religion in English. Even when we are in a position to minister to them in Spanish, which I admit is not often, for clergy have less opportunity than most people of thoroughly acquiring the language, still,

for old associations' sake or possibly pride of race, they prefer the familiar service in the English tongue.

Passing on to the subject of education, it is found in practice that when British children attend the schools of the country, and often there are no other, they tend to be assimilated much more rapidly. It is natural enough that it should be so, but it makes us all the more anxious to provide and maintain our own schools. And that is a work of colossal difficulty. Everything is against us: the nationalist spirit which resents alien elements and desires to absorb all the children of the country, the educational laws which quite rightly insist on the Spanish language and patriotism, the almost prohibitive cost of providing suitable buildings and bringing out teachers from home, the comparative scarcity of scholars which makes it difficult to secure numbers large enough to pay (it must be remembered that even where most numerous we are but a tiny minority), our constantly changing population, and the casual behaviour of parents who are perhaps affected by their environment more than they know. I know indeed of no circumstances which are in our favour educationally, except that Argentines are good-natured and tolerant.

In 1927, thanks to the good offices of the British Ambassador, one of H.M. inspectors of schools visited Argentina and reported on our British schools. His sympathetic personality and expert knowledge made him welcome everywhere, and I have seldom known greater public interest aroused than by his report. And this he prefaced with his declared conviction that our system of education was on the whole, with certain notable exceptions, expensive and inefficient. Hence I am afraid it may be taken for granted that the general level of English education in Argentina is lower than at home. Indeed, it could hardly fail to be so if the list of difficulties which I have enumerated is taken seriously. But what I am also concerned to point out with regard to H.M. inspector's Report is that there is no "system" at all. British communities abroad know no systems and indeed seldom work

together, except under the spur of a tremendous necessity like the War, or the inspiration of a royal visit. The fact is, our communities themselves (though I use the term for convenience' sake) are not, strictly speaking, communities, in that they have little sense of corporate responsibility or genius for common action; they are rather unrelated groups of individuals and families with little natural cohesion. It is necessary to understand this, when we think of English education. There never has been any "system" of English schools, and it is hard to see how there can be, though the British Society in the Argentine Republic is making valiant efforts in this direction. A school system implies an organised public opinion with power of corporate action, and these conditions do not at present exist.

As a fact the educational need is met, in so far as it is met, in characteristically British fashion, by individual and sometimes group enterprise. And on the whole, when the difficulties are taken into account, and in spite of the comparative inefficiency and actual expense complained of, I venture to think that a creditable measure of success is achieved. Not only are there conspicuous successes like St. George's College, Quilmes, the only school on the Continent which corresponds at all to an English public school, and whose old boys have a reputation in four republics, but even where there is overlapping, and schools are poorly equipped and insufficiently staffed, and a precarious source of income to their principals, still they co-operate to some extent, and where they compete, compete fairly and according to observed rules, and in their total result constitute a fine force towards preserving nationality. The Boy Scout and Girl Guide Movements are linked with the schools, and any one who is present at a rally on the ground of some English Club or in Prince George's Hall, named after our King when he visited Buenos Aires as a midshipman, can only gain the happiest impression of the British boyhood and girlhood of this foreign land. It is so obvious that it has not deteriorated seriously from the parent stock.

If we may not be positively proud of our schools, which, like other things British, have usually sprung into being as the need of the moment demanded, and after no preconceived plan, we have certainly no reason to be ashamed of them. For while loyal to the laws of Argentina and obeying the regulations of the national code of education, and teaching the Spanish language according to requirement, they nevertheless stand for English ideals and conduct in every possible way, and we should be badly off indeed without them. It is largely a result of their work that we have folk of the third and fourth generation in the country still thoroughly English, and it is a fairly common occurrence to ask a boy or girl : " When did you come out from home ?" or : " What school were you at in England ?" and to receive the reply : " I have never been home," so effectively has English nationality been preserved.

In this direction then it does not seem as if we need have much fear as to the future of our race in South America. We shall not be absorbed. Yet, as I have insisted, this is only true of the greater centres of population where our people live together in reasonable numbers. Elsewhere, alas ! as in Patagonia, where often there are large isolated families scattered over vast areas, education of any sort remains an unsolved problem. The sheep farmers can afford to send their children to good boarding schools, but for shepherds and others the cost of the most modest boarding school is prohibitive, and neither postal facilities, nor the parents' leisure nor education, make such a system as the Parents' Educational Union practicable. I am afraid such families should not be in the country at all. They would be far better off, from the national point of view, at home or in one of the Dominions. But there again the cost of passages would be prohibitive.

There is one clear principle upon which children can be kept English, even under the most difficult circumstances, and it only needs watchfulness and persistence on the parents' part, but yet it is often ignored—I mean, to make the rule that English should be the language of the home. By all means

let Spanish be used at other times ; let there be no foolish restrictions on that point ; it is a duty we owe to the country to know its language. But let English be the language spoken in the English home, both between parents and children and children with each other. That simple rule, honestly acted upon, in a spirit of good-will, works wonders in maintaining that English character which so strangely goes with the language. It is a pity that it should ever be forgotten. In the peculiar circumstances of our communities domiciled in these lands, it is in no depreciation of the noble Spanish language to say that with us English is the language which needs to be taken care of ; the Spanish can take care of itself.

CHAPTER VIII

THE BRITISH RACE IN SOUTH AMERICA (*continued*)—ITS FUTURE —MIXED MARRIAGES—DIVORCE

MIXED marriages are in general a source of weakness to the race, for as our men, and especially our young men, are both far more numerous in these countries than our women and girls, and for other reasons, such marriages in the great majority of cases take place between the English man and the South American woman, and it is only natural and indeed right that the children should follow the mother's customs and speech. The cases in which English women marry Argentine or other South American men, though they occur, are comparatively few. Our men who marry native wives (again it will be understood that I do not use the term "native" in any offensive sense) are usually, not always, lost to the community, at least as far as social life is concerned; and when this does not happen it is pathetic to realise that when some well-known and prominent figure, loyal to his Church and race, passes from among us, his name will survive only among those whom we never see or meet; for the British community it has disappeared. I have known not a few typical Englishmen of the best type whose name has vanished from among us, though elsewhere and in quite an honourable way it may survive.

It is worth noting that in some exceptional cases, I suppose when the Englishman is really a strong character, the wife of the country comes over to his side, learns to speak English well, orders her home in English fashion, brings up her family English, and in a word becomes one of ourselves. And in cases where such women are received into the Anglican Church I have known them become extraordinarily devout and helpful members and excellent mothers. In this type of mixed

marriage the religious difficulty has disappeared. But in most cases, as is well known, not only the question of race but religion is involved, thus touching two basal elements in human nature ; and where there is a difference between man and wife both in race and religion, the rift is sensibly widened, at least where religion is at all real. In all the South American republics civil marriage is obligatory and the State recognises no other, but something more than the bare legal contract is desired by Christian people. In Argentina any one may be married except "those already married, parents with children, brothers with sisters, fathers-in-law with daughters-in-law, mothers-in-law with sons-in-law, girls under twelve years of age, boys under fourteen years of age, homicides who have killed a former wife or husband, and insane persons." This is hardly a satisfactory substitute for a Christian marriage ; the civil contract with which almost any one can comply has to be raised to a higher level by the Church's benediction ; but "Which Church?" is then the question, and a most thorny question too on account of the exclusive attitude assumed by the Roman Catholic Church. No service but their own is recognised. Anglicans or others who avail themselves of it have to submit absolutely. All children born of the marriage must be brought up in the Roman Catholic Faith. Even if the mother is the Anglican, she must sign away her liberties and undertake that her children shall be brought up in a faith which she herself cannot conscientiously hold. I find it quite possible to sympathise with the man at such a time, who, very much in love naturally wants to give the bride all she desires, especially as she ought to have chief care of the children. But it is very difficult to respect English women who are careless or cowardly enough to surrender to such pressure. Yet, unfortunately, it is what happens.

But as a matter of fact in a great many cases the demands of the Roman Catholic Church are looked upon as merely formal and nominal, and the pledges are not given seriously. It is tacitly assumed, and not without reason, that the rights thus

drastically asserted will not be acted upon, and that after all parents will do very much as they please. It is impossible to defend this attitude, as it saps the very springs of honour and truth, but it agrees well enough with the temper of the country, which is still strangely mediæval in this, that it demands a correct position theoretically, while tolerant of large divergences in practice. As long as authority is duly recognised, it may be assumed that it will not be very strictly enforced. It is not resented, but rather expected, that those who dislike the pledges required should comply with their letter and evade their spirit. And for this unsatisfactory reason the evils of mixed marriages often work out less seriously than we should expect.

The worst result, from the religious point of view, and perhaps the commonest, is what I may call a "compromise of indifference." The Protestant husband objects to his Roman Catholic wife going to confession, which of course is obligatory in her Church, with the result that she becomes a slack Roman Catholic, while he on his part, by way of compromise or following suit, ceases to attend his own place of worship, if ever he was a worshipper. Hence there is indifference on both sides as to the things which matter most. And that is the atmosphere in which the children are brought up. They are practically without religion. Sometimes there is a tacit understanding that when they grow up they shall choose for themselves, which of course ultimately is a necessity for all of us, but what a handicap with which to start life's battle, to be deliberately excluded from their highest inheritance! Surely of all delusions this is the saddest and most cruel, that children should be left to choose their religion for themselves. As well expect them, from their earliest years, to be best judges of their own food and clothing. This compromise of indifference must weaken the grit of the children born of mixed marriages, and if they still belong to it, tend to detach them from the local British community. It would be far better, as I have maintained, that they should be brought up as practising Roman Catholics.

But when all is said and done, mixed marriages do not constitute a serious factor as detracting from the prospects of our race in South America ; and as the number of English women increases, and with all the English social life which we find in great centres like Buenos Aires, and the corresponding opportunities afforded for our people meeting each other, the number of these mixed marriages is likely to diminish still further in the future.

Really, a more important question—which I have necessarily touched upon from time to time, but hardly, I think, examined at any length—is, “How far is our race affected for the worse by its environment ?” And my answer to that question would be that it certainly is affected, apart from exceptional instances, as it could not fail to be, but not to any serious extent, and that there may be gain as well as loss. This shows itself in various ways, such as speech, and I have already pointed out how strangely speech and character seem linked together. Our children born in the country or who come out to it quite young, frequently speak with an unmistakable foreign accent. That is in itself a trifle ; and sometimes quite amusing when they go further than that, and thinking in Spanish, translate into English, as when they greet one in passing with “Good-bye” instead of “How do you do ?” for the Spanish “*Adios*” covers both. It is, however, more serious when we realise, as we must, that with this trait there goes a lower standard of truthfulness. Where there is much contact with native children, I am afraid this is all but inevitable, for South American parents normally view truthfulness through other eyes than ours, and are amused or pleased at their children’s falsehoods as indications of their smartness, being, in Kipling’s phrase, somewhat economical of the truth themselves. Dentists, for instance, say that they have trouble with their clients pretending to be in acute pain in order to secure earlier attention out of their right turn, and it is the commonest thing for the police to promise a suspect that he shall not be punished if he confesses, without the slightest intention of keeping the

promise. Besides, native children "know the worst too young," and for these reasons most British parents will strain every nerve that their children should not go to the otherwise excellent free native school, preferring an English school for which they have to pay, even though it be not too efficient. Again, I have heard from principals of our schools that sometimes they find it extraordinarily difficult to find boys and girls among their seniors to make good monitors or prefects. So often the sense of moral responsibility seems to be lacking. They incline to be either petty tyrants, fussily important, or slack and untrustworthy. I do not say that these faults are not met and corrected, I think they are, with some success; but the fact that they exist marks a declension from our valued traditional type. Moreover, those fresh from home, whose perceptions upon such points are keener, will notice that many who have been born in the country, or mixed much with natives, pick up their manners, and gesticulate, and use their hands when they are speaking. Again, not a serious defect, but it points to the Anglo-Saxon type being affected by its environment.

I remember once, long before the War, meeting an Austrian Consul, a great friend of the English and a thorough sportsman, who told me how he had been all over the world and everywhere he found Englishmen the same, exactly as they were in England, absolutely true to type, until he came to Argentina, and there to his surprise he found them different. The explanation of that probably is that there is no other part of the world, outside the British Empire, where we are settled among civilised peoples in such numbers as in South America, and that their civilisation is not so different from our own but that we can associate with and be influenced by them. But he was right in his observation that the type was affected. Again, I am afraid that the expression *palabra de Ingles* ("word of an Englishman") as a synonym for word of honour is not used as much as formerly, for the reason (we can hardly avoid the conclusion) that it is not as true as it once was. Many of the

pioneers, I imagine, were a rough crowd, wild and turbulent and hard drinking (there is a proverb about that too), but they did keep their word. Now there are too many scandals and failures among English, as among others. Not but what we are still expected to be more truthful than others. Some years ago, when there was a panic about influenza, a native doctor got into trouble with his own people for accepting an English captain's word that there was no influenza on board his ship. "Surely I could believe an English captain," he said to a friend who told me the story; "now, if it had been one of my own countrymen, I should not have been quite so sure."

All such influences as environment, tradition, atmosphere, etc., affect people more than they know, but I do not think that there is any evidence to show that the standards of morals (in the narrower sense of the word) have generally declined in our communities. The majority of our families reveal their sensitiveness to the question in their anxiety to give their children the advantages of an education at home, though unfortunately this is becoming increasingly difficult on account of the high cost of ocean passages and the schools themselves. It is true that men of known vicious lives are tolerated in our society, but I do not know that this is any worse than at home. Nor does the fact that there is no divorce appear to affect the question of mixed marriages among us. In any case public opinion and indeed the law is notoriously lax. One of our chaplains found out that a certain man had committed bigamy, so he thought it his duty to inform the civil registrar of the details, but that official merely shrugged his shoulders—no action was taken. When I say there is no divorce law in these Roman Catholic countries, there is one exception which should be noted as affecting us sadly. Uruguay in its ambition to be advanced and up to date now makes provision for easy divorce, and this is actually advertised in the English papers in Buenos Aires. Thus, as in the U.S.A., those who desire divorce flock to those States where the lax law provides it, so here people cross the Plate in considerable numbers, including

some English, to obtain divorce at Montevideo, though there is some legal difficulty about their status when they return, for divorce is not yet legally recognised in Argentina. But here again conditions at home are so far from being ideal that one would hesitate to say that more degraded views on marriage are prevalent among our people here.

It seems only fair to note what may be said on the other side when I am insisting that we are so wonderfully successful in retaining our nationality, which implies being true to the best national ideals ; yet I do not think that what has been said seriously affects that contention. The type is affected by environment, as it must be, but it is not spoiled. Indeed it is quite possible to discern here and there a new type evolving in which the best English and Argentine characteristics are blended with the happiest results, marking a true step forward. I can think of Englishmen, born in the country and brought up in it, who, while retaining all their sturdy British uprightness and conscientious spirit of hard work, yet in dealing with the people show a sympathetic manner and a frank spirit of comradeship which wins all hearts to them. And there is a type of woman who is distinctly apart from her English or Argentine sister, and embodying the virtues of both. In character she is as loyal and true as the best English woman, which is saying a great deal, while she has the ability and sympathy of the Argentine, and as for manner and appearance, it is as though she had added a certain undefinable Latin grace to the charm of her Anglo-Saxon simplicity. She may be of pure English race domiciled in the country, or there may be an admixture of Spanish blood, but the result is in certain cases as I have described. Where, from the nature of the case, the foreign-born tend to fall below the standards of the home stock, it seems only fair to point out that there may be triumphant exceptions in the opposite direction. Besides, in no case is all good on the one side. The great Spanish race has its virtues.

I have yet to deal with the immense influence of the Church in maintaining national character, but meanwhile let it be clearly

understood that as commercial groups and individuals settled in South American republics and engaged in special enterprises, we have everything against us, race, tradition, religion and environment. Our real position is that of strangers and sojourners in foreign lands, and to attempt to plant British colonies in the remote unoccupied spaces of the interior, as has been done in the past and is sometimes still attempted now, is in my view nothing else but criminal folly.

CHAPTER IX

THE BEGINNINGS OF RELIGIOUS ENTERPRISE—DIVERSE ELEMENTS

Two streams of entirely different tendency meet in the origin of our Church life in South America, the freelance and the official, the great-hearted missionary of burning zeal, if somewhat unbalanced judgment, and the conventional and respectable churches under Consular control—Captain Allen Gardiner on the one hand, hero and martyr, and on the other the “seven churches,” only in their number and lukewarmness, I imagine, like any of those of the Apocalypse.

Curiously enough, however, the actual historical origin of the Anglican Church in South America, so far as its human material is concerned, is the seven Consular Chaplaincies of Rio de Janeiro, Bahia and Pernambuco in Brazil, Montevideo in Uruguay, Buenos Aires in Argentina, Valparaiso in Chile, and Lima in Perú, seven churches in five republics on an Atlantic and Pacific seaboard of, say, five thousand miles, though Lima is actually a few miles from its port. Two of these churches have already held their centenaries, Christ Church, Rio, and St. John's, Buenos Aires, while the S.A.M.S., or “Patagonian Mission” as it was first called, only started at Brighton in 1844, so the seniority is with the local churches.

The point I am concerned with now, however, is the amazing contrast of the two types of religion represented. If the one was quixotic and irregular in its origin (though it soon shed these faults later), the other was respectable and conventional to the last degree. I have no wish to belittle the better side of our national Christianity of those days. It means something, I admit, that the Foreign Office looked upon it as a duty to see that British commercial communities abroad had the

support of the Church. There is a fine tacit assumption there, that character cannot be maintained without religion. Yet it is difficult to imagine anything worse in principle or more unwholesome in practice than the system of the Consular Chaplaincy. Briefly, this was to supplement local contributions with a Government grant equal in amount, say, up to £800, but should the local people subscribe more than their £400, the Government grant was correspondingly less. So the system definitely discouraged generosity. People shrank before all things from giving too much, as it always seems a fixed principle with civilised communities to extract the utmost possible from Government. And in the same way it destroyed initiative, for the small Committee of Management was nominated, and the Consul was ex-officio Chairman, whatever religion he might profess personally. Hence men's interests were limited to the maintenance of the church, which they regarded simply as their own proprietary chapel. The Chaplains were clergy of the Church of England who received their licence from the Bishop of London. They served for a term of years, at the end of which they were entitled to receive a pension. Except for their licence they had no connection with any bishop, and were entirely without supervision. In those days, when church-going was a matter of decent tradition and social observance, the system probably justified itself to some extent, and in some cases no doubt the financial help was really needed, but on the whole the result was a formal low-grade type of religion, official and lifeless, as one would expect from the title of the instructions issued to H.M. Consuls: "Regulations for the Management of British Church Affairs at Foreign Ports and Places." Such State religion would be worlds away from the evangelical fervour which drove men across the seas to bring the gospel to savages in unknown lands; yet of such diverse elements was our Church in South America ultimately moulded.

It was, however, some time before the two streams met, and we must first follow the fortunes of Captain Allen Gardiner,

who brought to the service of the Kingdom of God the splendid traditions of the Navy to which he belonged. It is indeed a fascinating story and well worthy of a place in that "Romance of Missions" to which our eyes have been opened in recent years. Whose fault is it, one wonders, that for so long these thrilling enterprises should have been labelled "dull"? At any rate it was the last thing he was in his life and work. A firebrand, a fanatic perhaps, impossible to reason with or follow, but not dull. And he lit a fire which has never been put out. It must be remembered that in those days, when the official Church was all but asleep as regards its duty to give the gospel to the heathen world, this work was largely undertaken by godly laymen who felt themselves directly moved and called to it. The Spirit fell upon them and there was an end of it. They had their Bibles to fall back upon for warrant and inspiration, but as for churchmanship, that was hardly to be looked for under the circumstances. And hence a host of irregularities and rash adventures, and, in the light of after knowledge, useless experiments. But it was the sleeping Church which was to blame more than the individual whose soul was afire with God.

Allen Gardiner was born of religious parents in 1794 and always showed an adventurous disposition. He was just the boy for the Navy, and at thirteen went to the Naval College at Portsmouth for two years and then to sea. And he soon saw service. He was in H.M.S. *Phæbe* when she fought and captured the American frigate *Essex* off Valparaiso, and was chosen to be one of the officers to navigate the battered prize on the long dangerous voyage to Plymouth harbour—no easy task, but it was done. This was his first acquaintance with South America. After this his career as a sailor was long and adventurous, and he served on all the seven seas. In character he was much like other young men in those days, though perhaps he judged himself too harshly. He never entirely lapsed into unbelief, but certainly gave up all habits of Bible reading and prayer. Comradeship and the excitement of life

were too much for him. Yet he was pulled up short at times by one thing or another, as when he tells how once he went to a bookseller's shop, but was ashamed to ask for the Bible he wanted. How we can imagine his walking up and down the street, waiting for a quiet opportunity of entering the shop when there were no other customers! Loss of health (it was but temporary) seems, however, to have been the occasion which brought him to the turning-point in real earnest, and his whole-souled devotion is shown by this confession, which he wrote at sea in 1822: "What reward shall I make to the Lord for so early, so unmerited a display of His goodness?" (referring to the teaching he had received in childhood). "After years of ingratitude, unbelief, blasphemy and rebellion, have I at last been melted? Alas! how slow, how reluctant, I have been to admit the heavenly guest who stood knocking without! Nor had He ever been received, had not He Himself prepared the way." About this time he thought of giving up the Navy and taking Holy Orders, and indeed he made definite application to this end, but was refused. He quite believed, however, that the refusal was for the best, and applied to himself St. Paul's rule: "Let every man wherein he is called, therein abide with God."

In 1834 his wife died, and then he definitely gave himself up to missionary work for life, resolving characteristically to seek for openings where no attempt had yet been made. "Africa was the country to which his thoughts were first directed, that mysterious continent which had so long been a little world of slavery, rapine and blood, a home for pirates, the grave of enterprising travellers and noble-minded missionaries. It seemed to him as if a black thunder-cloud had settled on that unhappy country leaving only two little sparks of light on the South and West!" (Memoir by J. W. Marsh, 1857). And he went and saw Dingaan, the Zulu chieftain, face to face, but the Indunas had no fancy for the gospel, and he had to leave disappointed of his hope. And then this amazing man went off to New Guinea and the Islands of the Archipelago and other

remote and dangerous places, often accompanied by the second wife whom he had married and his children—wanderings through which we cannot follow him. He finally concentrated his attention on South America, and in 1838 went with his family to Rio de Janeiro, and thence to Buenos Aires and across the Pampa to Mendoza at the foot of the Andes. Crossing the Cordillera there, for two years or more he made every effort to evangelise the Mapuche or Araucanian Indians of Southern Chile (whom we have already noted as the finest indigenous race on the continent), but failing entirely, he conceived the idea of a Mission in Tierra del Fuego from the British base of the Falkland Islands. And this plan he more or less carried out. He took his family to the Falklands and there chartered a small schooner in which he succeeded in visiting Oazey Harbour. There he found a party of a hundred Indians who were so friendly that he was confident a Mission could be started among them. The next step was to return home and organise the Mission. And this he did, founding the Patagonian Missionary Society at Brighton on July 4th, 1844, as no existing Society could be found to undertake the work. But it was a long time before the plan was actually carried out. There were still many failures to come before the supreme failure, if failure it was, for in Missions disaster and death do sometimes spell success at last. But that is to anticipate.

Four years were taken up in three expeditions, the first a preliminary expedition to Oazey Harbour, where the position became complicated owing to a temporary Chilian occupation ; an adventurous expedition to the desert of Atacama and Bolivia which lasted about two years ; and a second reconnoitring party to Tierra del Fuego, which also resulted in failure. Captain Gardiner and his party were taken out by s.s. *Chymene* to Picton Island, but they found the natives so thievish and untrustworthy that they continued the voyage to Perú in the same ship, and he ultimately returned to Southampton via Panamá. He came to the conclusion now that the only hope of success lay in a Mission afloat, where their

stores would be safe. Otherwise, they would be robbed and starve. Nevertheless, tragically enough, that was exactly what ultimately happened. Scarcity of funds prevented him from acquiring a sailing ship, so he took a passage in the barque *Ocean Queen* bound from Liverpool to San Francisco, taking with him two well-built little launches, *Pioneer* and *Speedwell*, with three Cornish fishermen, a carpenter and two others, all devout and splendid men.

It seems there was never a word of complaint among them even as they died of starvation. There were accidents and mismanagement, loss of stores, no proper provision for their renewal, no powder for their guns, scurvy, sickness, starvation, death. Captain Gardiner had decided to wait at Spaniard Harbour for relief which never came. They had taken refuge there to escape from the natives who became increasingly hostile as they realised their helplessness, threatening their lives as well as robbing them of their goods. So they perished, hiding from the very people whom they had come out to save. Could any failure be more pathetic?

So ends the first chapter of the story of the South American Missionary Society in this continent, which I have said constitutes one side of our Church life in these lands. And the next chapter is scarcely less tragic. To the honour of our Church and race be it said that when the tardy relief expedition at length discovered, and in due time reported, the disaster, there was no thought at all of giving up the Mission. "With God's help the Mission shall be maintained," was the Secretary of the Society's notice to *The Times*, and truly enough two years afterwards, in 1854, a schooner named the *Allen Gardiner* sailed with two missionaries for Tierra del Fuego, but leaving the missionaries at Keppel Island in the Falklands, as the base of future operations. The new plan was to bring Fuegian lads and other over to the Mission Station at Keppel to be evangelised and trained, and then take them back to influence their own people, the schooner maintaining connection meanwhile between them and their homes; and up to a certain

point the plan worked well. But in 1859 occurred the second crushing disaster, as a bolt from the blue. Cordial relations had been established with the Fuegians, and it was thought that real progress was being made; yet one morning when all the party but one were ashore, unarmed and without any suspicion of danger, at Woollya, Navarin Island, the natives fell upon them and massacred them, only one escaping to tell the tale.

Then indeed it was thought by friends in Buenos Aires that the Mission was blotted out for ever. But again, this was not to be. In 1862 another party was sent out under Rev. W. H. Stirling and the work was resumed with vigour. Under Messrs. Bridges and Bartlett the work at Keppel flourished. And before long the time came when Mr. Stirling again made the gallant venture and this time succeeded, in that he set up a tiny wooden house at Ushuaia and for six months lived alone among the natives. Surely a heroic figure, "God's lonely sentinel," as he once called himself. That was in 1869, and the next move in his life reads indeed like a romance—from a hut twenty feet by ten in Tierra del Fuego to Westminster Abbey to be consecrated first Bishop of the Falkland Islands. And in him the marriage, so to speak, between these two utterly diverse elements in the Church, the missionary and the parochial, the free and the official, was consummated; for from the base of the Falklands he was given jurisdiction over Atlantic and Pacific Coast lines, including the seven churches. Did ever diocese have a stranger beginning or was moulded out of more varied elements? It was stated, probably with truth, that his new charge involved him in thirty thousand miles of travel, in every variety of climate, from the Equator to Cape Horn.

But to continue the story of this Mission, for just now we are concerned with the past, the origins of the first diocese and early days generally, it continued to flourish for some years. If the decade in which Bishop Stirling was the prominent figure is rightly summed up as a time of working and waiting, the third decade, 1870-1879, saw considerable results and may be called



DARWIN HARBOUR, FALKLAND ISLANDS.

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“first fruits.” The Rev. T. Bridges mastered the Yangan language in a wonderful way and acquired great influence. Thirty-six converts were baptised at one time. The missionaries still had the field to themselves. There were no European or South American settlers as yet. It was at this time that Charles Darwin was so much impressed by what he saw of the changed character of the natives that he became a regular subscriber to the Society’s funds. His words are well worth quoting : “The success of the Tierra del Fuego Mission charms me, as I always prophesied utter failure,” and again : “I certainly should have predicted that not all the missionaries in the world could have done what has been done.” The next decade, 1880-1889, may well be called one of trial, as the natives began to die off rapidly from the impact of a tainted civilisation with its accompaniments of disease and drink. After the establishment of an Argentine Convict Station at Ushuaia, the remnants of the Mission were moved to Tekenika in the Murray Narrows further South. There I once visited them for a few hours many years ago, while the Argentine transport, by the Captain’s kindness, lay off till morning. From there the Mission took a new lease of life for a few years through being moved to a better site on Navarin Island, where I also visited them. But few children survived and the little population dwindled so rapidly that the Station had to be closed, and now there is no missionary work in the far South. A last witness, however, that this Mission was not in vain may be quoted from the Admiralty charts : “A great change has been effected in the character of the natives generally, and the Yahgan natives from Cape San Diego to Cape Horn, and thence to Brecknock Peninsula, can be trusted.”

The point to be noted is that at the time of Bishop Stirling’s consecration and for some years afterwards the missionary work of the South, especially as linked with the Falklands through Keppel Island, was of real importance, and it was from the South the Bishop would work his way up both coasts, sometimes by the *Allen Gardiner*. Afterwards the centres of

missionary interest were in Paraguay and Chile, and as at the same time the English greatly increased in Argentina, Buenos Aires became the natural centre rather than the Falkland Islands. Also, as time went on, through the withdrawal of Government aid, the Consular Churches lost their peculiar character and others sprang into being on a voluntary basis, and the new Missions too, though still heroic efforts, notably in the Paraguayan Chaco, were worked on more normal lines in the light gained by experience, so that now the dividing line is less marked, and there is plenty of sympathy between the two types of work, pastoral and missionary.

But in their origin, as has been told, they were diverse indeed and sharply contrasted, and it is no mean witness to the statesmanlike gifts of Bishop Stirling that in his unique episcopate of thirty years he was able to build up out of these strangely scattered and varied elements a loyal and united diocese.

CHAPTER X

THE BISHOP—THE DIOCESE

AT this point, between the story of origin and that of growth, it may really be well, even at the risk of appearing extravagantly egoistic, to explain the vast difference there is between a bishop's position abroad in a diocese of continental magnitude, such as this, and in the ordinary compact and concentrated diocese at home. It is not so much that the one is easier or more difficult than the other—from different points of view it is both—but it is so absolutely different.

At home the diocese exists with its machinery and ordered life, whether the bishop is there or not, even in the vacancy of a see. Here it seems as if there could be no diocese at all without the bishop, for he makes it, and apart from him it has no coherent existence; in a sense he is the diocese—in this sense, that the people cannot all know each other, for they are too remote and scattered, but he can know them all, and interest them in each other, and make them feel that they belong to the same body. Nor is there anyone else who can do this; he is the one living link. The Archdeacons could do the same thing in a more limited way, if they were free, but they have settled charges like other chaplains, so have only a reduced opportunity. In a real and practical way, then, the unity of the Church, as involving some sort of society and fellowship, is bound up with the bishop. He can and ought to be immensely important as the source and ground of any common life that is possible. For me, although travelling involves time and money, it is perfectly easy to know clergy and laity intimately, simply because they are so few. What a diocesan bishop at home makes heroic efforts to achieve—and then it remains an impossibility, for what one man can know several

heard of the man's existence, and he came and went as he pleased on his own initiative. The explanation is that my friend, the questioner, has come out from home, where it is impossible for a bishop really to know his clergy, and it is, therefore, scarcely expected of him. But this kind of ignorance is rather a handicap where numbers are few and every one counts.

I come back, however, to my point that it is good to be free, to get to know our people far and wide, to initiate, to find out needs and possibilities, to organise worship where there is none, and even sometimes start building schemes, for, if the bishop did not do these things, they simply would not be done at all. I think I could point to quite half a dozen instances where the Church has been planted in permanent form, where without such initiation and encouragement nothing would have been done, or it would have been done very badly. For, coming from home, as they do, where their inheritance is ready made, in spiritual things people are mostly as sheep without a shepherd, and the first thing needed is to win their confidence. And this is well worth the time and trouble.

Perhaps I can explain this best by a reference to the constitutions of the settled and self-supporting Chaplaincies. Here quite properly, as I think, the people have the right of appointing their own chaplains, subject of course to the bishop's licence, which out of England is very much of a reality. There is no law compelling me to appoint a man who is wholly unsuitable even though he has not committed a crime. But more than that, through the Diocesan Synod, the Chaplaincies have voluntarily pledged themselves, in order to avoid risk of disagreement, to consult the bishop beforehand before making an appointment, and as they know he knows their circumstances and has their welfare at heart, and they are acquainted with few clergy themselves, and are aware, moreover, how unsatisfactory advertising may be, they usually ask me in the first instance if I can suggest a suitable man. This is what happened then in one case. I knew an excellent man who

otherwise for various good reasons would have been leaving the diocese, but who was distinctly of different views ecclesiastically from the chaplains to whom the congregation had been accustomed in the past. By invitation I met the Church Council, explained to them quite frankly what the position was, his undoubted qualifications, together with the one objection which they might consider prohibitive, but I was not myself afraid of, and left them to decide. Result, within twenty minutes he was elected unanimously, and the appointment has abundantly justified itself.

How infinitely better such procedure is than many a similar appointment at home by an outside patron, which results only in bitter feelings and an empty church! It is fair, however, to remember that local church tradition here is less stereotyped, and indifference rather than prejudice is our chief enemy. But it shows how much can be done by good-will and (here is the point) good-will is impossible without personal knowledge, and in a scattered diocese overseas a bishop's contact with his people is much more personal than official.

Another point of difference is that the Home Societies count for a great deal abroad, and the bishop must be in close touch with them for the sake of smooth working and the avoidance of misunderstanding. These Societies are curiously characteristic of our Church, and there is much to be said for them as long as they work as they do now in a spirit of understanding sympathy, not as rivals but as supplementing each other. Like-minded people work best together in groups, and in any case they exist and we need them. There would be little or no missionary work in the diocese, for example, were it not for the South American Missionary Society, whose heroic beginnings I have just been chronicling, and the volume of their work now is more important than ever it was. But whereas a bishop at home might attend one of their meetings and speak cordially about work of which he knew nothing and have no further obligation in the matter, it falls to my lot to keep in close touch with their policy and development, for the bishop on

the spot is deeply concerned with the character of the workers sent out, the gospel they preach and the Church they build up. And it is the same with other Societies. Here again the unity of the work depends almost entirely on the bishop. The all-important Missions to the heathens must fit in with the unity of the diocese as well as be a unity in themselves, loyal to the Home Committee which is responsible for its workers. And again this is largely a matter of personal knowledge and sympathy. It may be said that principle, not personality, should be the power which adjusts these relationships, and I suppose that is so; but, after all, principles only become intelligible through persons. The prominence of this personal element seems unavoidable in this scattered work abroad.

Yet another point of difference between the foreign bishop and the home diocesan is that, again for the sake of the unity of the work and building up a living Church, he must often just fill gaps, act as a spare chaplain, spend a vast amount of time doing what another might do almost as well—only there is no one else to do it. I notice, by the way, that Mr. Roland Allen, who is so seriously concerned with the shortage of clergy and a way to remedy it, assumes that in our communities abroad there are always godly laymen earning their own living, who might be ordained, if bishops were as sensible as they should be. But as far as the circumstances in this diocese are concerned, in Kipling's phrase he is the incarnation of the virtues labouring under a delusion, there are not even those who could or would act as lay readers; the prevalent Christianity is of far too low grade a type, far from the Apostolic model.

But to resume: it is not time wasted that the bishop should himself sometimes step into the breach and travel twenty-four hours or more on a dusty train to provide a single quarterly service to thirty or forty people assembled in some school or hall made church-like for the occasion, for in this way and no other can they realise that they are part of the whole Church. I say "sometimes," but perhaps more often than not the

bishop may be rightly employed in this way, and incidentally Presbyterians and others, though holding naturally to their own allegiance, are drawn into fellowship and worship with us, which makes for unity too ; and that, as Bishop Westcott said, may come about first at the circumference rather than the centre. While if it seems that a great deal of time is occupied in achieving very little, I may mention that not indeed in cars or on horseback, but certainly in trains and steamers, welcome opportunity can be secured for undisturbed reading which may not be possible at headquarters.

This filling of gaps, however, involving two or three days' absence from headquarters, is only a very small matter compared with the long tours of two to six weeks or more, which are necessary to cover a diocese of this continental extent. They will be dealt with in their place, but here I just note that the principle is the same whether at home or abroad ; it is for a bishop to get round and know his diocese, whether it be the size of a county or a continent. The difference is in the numbers and circumstances. And I conclude by reiterating that these are profoundly different abroad, not necessarily harder, not necessarily easier, but different. The bishop is comparatively free and untrammelled, and the work is largely what he makes it ; he is all the more responsible because so much depends upon him personally, but given health and strength he has wonderful opportunities of drawing people together, and winning their confidence, and building up that unity and loyalty without which the Church, as an institution, is a meaningless name. He is really necessary for its existence. It is humiliating but true, practically as well as doctrinally, that without the bishop there can be no Church.

CHAPTER XI

GROWTH UP TO THE BEGINNING OF THE CENTURY

THE little Cathedral of Christ Church, Port Stanley, in the Falkland Islands, has now a notable east window commemorating its heroic first bishop, of which the artist writes : "Below the figure of St. Nicholas, the Patron of all those 'who go down to the sea in ships and occupy their business in great waters,' is a picture of the three-masted schooner *Allen Gardiner* in which Bishop Stirling sailed out from home with his family, and in the border is a picture of the hut which was his first home in Tierra del Fuego. Also in the background is a view of Cape Horn which has certainly never before been portrayed in stained glass." The bishop died at home in 1923 after resigning the see in 1900, having then completed an episcopate of thirty years.

So ended a remarkable life of no less than ninety-four years, but we go back now to 1869 and the old-world South America, so remote from present conditions, with which he was confronted then, on the principle that we must understand something of the past if we are to grasp the significance of the present. But what a change from the romance and peril of those early days in the storm-swept South to the commercial life of cities, from the wildest of Indians to work among conservative respectable English ! The missionary heart of the man must have indeed felt it a pang to leave that adventurous life. Not that the change came all at once. It was only gradually, as I have explained, that the centre of activity shifted from Tierra del Fuego to the Plate, and for some years to come the bishop on board the *Allen Gardiner* was a familiar figure in his old haunts and also on the Patagonian Coast and elsewhere. Moreover, time could fairly be devoted to these

regions, for outside the Consular Chaplaincies, which it must be remembered were singularly unexpansive and self-centred institutions, there was little in the North just then to claim his attention. There was, however, very soon to be a great change for the better, thanks to the energy of the South American Missionary Society, which in those early days before the local Church had realised itself, so to speak, was the only progressive religious force on the continent, and, moreover, had the bishop himself as its representative, the bishopric being originally started and maintained by the Society.

It was an unfamiliar world to those who know these countries now. In Uruguay, so modern and developed, with its pedigree stock and scientific farming, most of the travelling was done on horseback or by diligence, often a painful experience, as the roads, being in a state of nature, were a foot deep in dust in summer, and with mud in winter. Moreover, the enduring little *criollo* horses were often shamefully treated, for they could be purchased for £1 each, or its equivalent. The country was then only beginning to be enclosed by wire fences, and though these did their part in suppressing revolutions, their immediate result upon the stock was cruel, for in the periodic droughts cattle died in thousands from sheer starvation, not being able, as before, to run before the winter storms or find grass elsewhere, and their bodies would be found in masses piled up against the fences. In Paraguay the results of the war were still very apparent, and it was indeed then "the land of women," for the women learned to do all the work, as the men had been almost entirely destroyed. It was wonderful how such a small, weak nation could have held out for five years against the combined forces of Brazil, Argentina and Uruguay; and it was only beaten at last by being annihilated. At Asunción, which is of course a far older city than Buenos Aires and boasts the first railway on the continent, there were still signs of a more advanced civilisation; all had not been destroyed. And I have myself seen something very like the following :

“Leaving Asunción at noon we stopped again at 2.30 p.m. off the village of Villeta, to load oranges. The vessel was moored alongside the bank and a couple of planks run out to the shore. Under some sheds an enormous pile of oranges had been collected. A number of young women then filled their baskets and placing them on their heads, walked along the plank and passed them to others. . . . The work was done with speed, and in a few hours nearly half a million oranges were shipped. The way these poor girls worked for more than six hours, without a spell of rest, was a sight to be remembered ; they never ceased passing to and fro along the plank . . . all were dressed alike, clean, white chemise, and a white cloth over their shoulders, feet bare, and every one of them with a cigar in her mouth. Never an angry word did I hear, but all good-natured—a laughing, merry throng. The only refreshment they took was an orange now and then.”

The observant sailor, Admiral Kennedy, from whom I quote here and elsewhere, had a mixed but probably perfectly correct impression of Buenos Aires in the late eighties. “It is a delightful city to pass a week or so in ; there are two good clubs, which are always open to naval officers, and a pleasant English community. . . . The city is laid out chess-board fashion, and many of the houses are magnificently appointed, with beautiful gardens. On the other hand, the paving of the streets is a disgrace to any civilised city, holes in which a bullock could be buried being common. The tram system is perfect, but the tram horses are brutally treated. The city is infested with swindlers and adventurers of every nationality ; as the Argentine republic has no extradition treaty with other nations, it is natural that these gentry should accumulate there.”

Nor, passing on to Brazil, has he any great opinion of Rio, apart from its glorious scenery : “The city is in my opinion very disappointing, the streets narrow, ill-paved and evil-smelling ; but the environs are charming, and a ride on a tram-car always refreshing. No one thinks of walking in Brazil ; everybody goes by tram, or ‘bond,’ as it is called there.

What they did before trams were introduced, I can't think." And he is a true Englishman in hating slavery: "During my earliest visits to Rio (he says) slavery was in full swing, all the coffee-estates being worked by slaves, who were often brutally ill-treated. Brazilian families kept slaves in their houses at Rio and frequently treated them most cruelly, the women being the worst offenders in this respect." But here is a point in Rio's favour: "The tramway system is the best in the world; only mules are used, most beautiful animals, and they are well fed and kindly treated, in marked contrast to the wretched tram-horses of Buenos Aires and Montevideo."

At Bahia—the reader will note we are travelling North to have a glimpse of the whole coast—he was impressed, as we should be now, at the blackness of the city: "There are many more blacks and mulattoes in Bahia than in Rio, and some of them appear to be possessed of considerable property. One fat old negress, who sat opposite to me in the tram, had no less than eight large diamond rings on her fingers, all real, besides diamond earrings, brooches and bracelets." (But we should not see that.) And here naturally he returns to the slave question and declares that though private individuals—namely, owners—must suffer, it was high time that slavery should be abolished. "I heard of many atrocities committed, often by women in good position, calling themselves ladies. One creature of this kind, a Brazilian, used to send out a poor old female slave to sell starch, and if she failed to dispose of her stock she was flogged; and to give additional sting to the punishment, this fiend used to make the old woman's son do the flogging."

At Pernambuco he notes the prevalent lawlessness and also the comparative ease with which British merchants prospered in those days. "Law and order are not much regarded in Brazil, and there is but little protection for life and property, owing to the ease with which robbers and murderers can escape. A short time before our arrival at Pernambuco, an inspector of police was shot down and killed in a tramcar, in the presence of some English ladies; and although the ruffian who com-

mitted the deed was well known, he was at large, and likely to remain so." As to the merchants, though times were far from good, they lived in beautiful country houses at a short distance from the town, and came in to their offices early, say at 7 a.m., leaving again about 4 p.m. But German competition had already begun.

And this may introduce us to the West Coast, for Mr. Scott Elliot, the historian of Chile, has something very apt to say on that point. At Valparaíso British traders had practically a monopoly for years, and then as elsewhere came a strong German invasion. "The young Englishman is considered essentially a schoolboy. His real life consists in lawn-tennis, cricket or polo. The office work corresponds to 'lessons.' He will indeed do his duty by his employer more or less conscientiously in office hours, and he is not lacking in ability or strength, but the idea of working at business matters in his own time would appear to him preposterous and ridiculous. In most cases he does not trouble to learn Spanish or understand Chilians. Why should he bother when all his friends are English?"

The young German, on the other hand, when he appeared on the scene, was a keen, ambitious, hard-working and abstemious man of business, and his intention was to get on. Quite possibly he was not equal to the Englishman in either mental powers or physical strength, but such brains as he had he used.

On the West Coast, during the period we have under review, there were two terrible happenings, the Chilian and Peruvian War in 1881 and the Chilian Civil War in 1891. The first was notable principally for two things. It was the first war in which ironclads played a part, and for that reason naval experts followed it with intense interest; and secondly, ending as it did with the complete collapse of Perú, and the annexation of Tacna and Arica to Chile, it bequeathed to the New World that open sore which has corresponded so long to Alsace-Lorraine. And perhaps we may add a third result, the dis-

covery of the Chilian soldier, his extraordinary valour and hardihood. Unfortunately this was marred by great brutality at times, but it is pointed out that neither Spaniards nor Araucanians were inclined to be merciful in the moment of victory, so perhaps the Chilian does but inherit their defects like their virtues. The Civil War too—it was more than a revolution—was marked by horrible slaughter on both sides, the President with the army against the Congress with the navy. In Chile, sea communication is all-important, and Balmaceda had been too much of a dictator, with the result that the Presidential party was completely vanquished, and Presidents in future were constitutionally more limited in their powers. Our historian refers to “the horrible ferocity of this fratricidal war” as well as to the destruction of property and general suffering which affected everybody. Indeed, I myself remember hearing echoes of it—of the wounded and dying, for example, ungathered for days, and then brought into Valparaíso in rough bullock carts—and yet, if a man as much as moaned, public opinion, as represented by his comrades, was against him, and he had only scorn and abuse. The most a man might do was to ask for a cigarette, and that was given him willingly enough, if any one had one. Certainly the Chilians compel our admiration for their endurance.

And if general suffering resulted in Chile, how much more must it have been the case in Perú, which was simply humbled to the dust! And here, in the light of the hard lessons of the Great War, and quite recent history, a letter written by an Englishman in Valparaíso to a friend in England in 1881 is wonderfully prophetic. It really seems as if he foresaw then what the nations are only slowly realising now:

“The imposing of a monthly war contribution on Lima is not ‘drawing’ and the Chilian Minister declines to carry out the savage alternative enjoined on him to destroy three times the value of property. The Statesmen recently arrived from Lima give a new conviction to their friends here, namely, that Perú is ruined, her people starving, her industries sus-

pended, a Government powerless. She has not the means of paying for Chilian occupation, much less of paying Chile to go. The impression now gains ground that since guano has ceased to draw loans, and nitrate has passed to Chile, Perú's wealth is a myth and fallacy, and that the sooner the Chilians clear out and leave it to its own devices, the better it will be for Chile. It is something gained to get friends here to see this, and to realise that their dreams of war indemnities and untold wealth are all 'fudge.' They will all the sooner come round to face facts and results growing out of the War ; the first of which is that as a financial adventure it is a failure, unless stringent and serious economies are at once gone into, which is in the last degree improbable."

Perú, the proud old seat of the Viceroys in the days when the Pacific Ocean was the close preserve of the King of Spain, never recovered its position, and its return to prosperity was slow and weary ; and with its suffering the English Colony suffered too. The Pacific Steam Navigation Company, for example, transferred its workshops to Valparaiso, and one reason why the Anglo-American Church, as it is called, was so long in building, was that the funds raised for this purpose in English gold were inadvertently invested in Peruvian securities, and disappeared in mere paper.

It is against this background, then, of primitive conditions, as they seem to us now, war, revolution, slavery and something like anarchy, the living Church had to be built up among people of our race and faith, and others who voluntarily associated themselves with us, and it was actually done. As we study the records of those times, we are astonished at how little our people seemed upset by these calamities. Failures there were of course, and set-backs and disastrous colonial experiments, in which many individuals went under. Mission stations started in Patagonia never gripped the nomad Indians there, and a noble missionary effort on the Amazon flourished for a while, only to be shut down at last through disaster and death. Much apparently good work was done by travelling

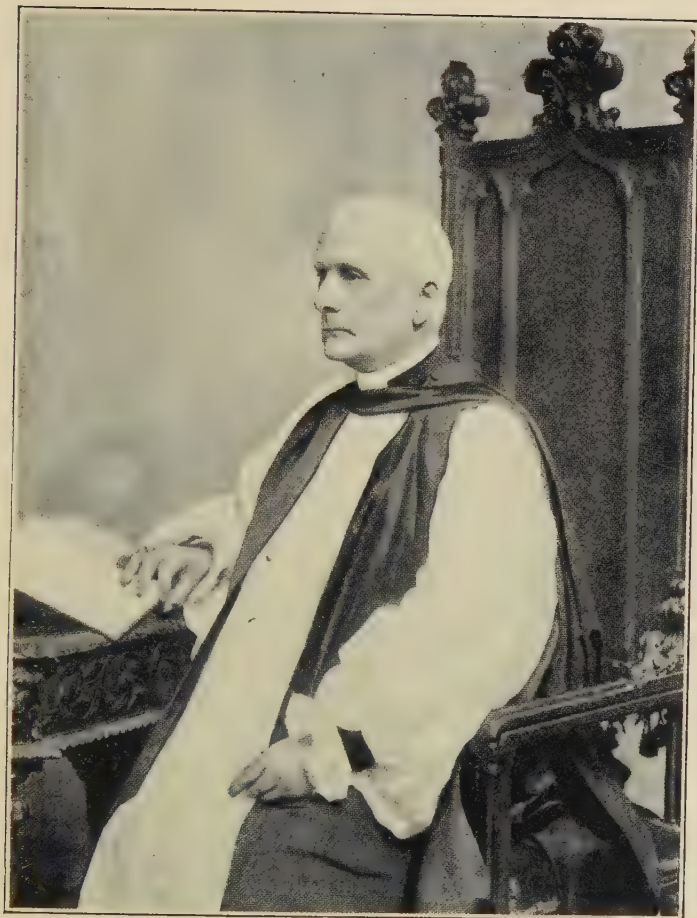
chaplains among our own people, which left no trace behind it. And yet there was solid growth and expansion represented by enduring institutions. Churches were planted in Southern Chile and in the most southerly city in the world, Punta Arenas or Sandy Point, and the Mission among the famous Araucanian Indians, started to commemorate the Jubilee Year of the South American Missionary Society, took root and grew; while in Brazil the growing city of Sao Paulo was occupied and church and chaplain established there, with work among sailors at Santos, as they were also far in the interior (as it seemed before the days of the railway), at St. John del Rey Gold Mine in Minas, a church and parsonage being built there.

But it was in the Republics of the Plate, towards the end of the period we are considering, that progress was most marked. From 1869 to 1875 political conditions were unstable and we only find one church planted in Argentina, namely in Rosario, the second city of the republic, and a most important centre to this day, and two in Uruguay (from the latter of which the British population has completely vanished, such are the vicissitudes we have to face), namely at Fray Bentos and Salto. But in the last quarter of the century, 1875 to 1900, when the influence of the bishopric had made itself more felt, or better, when the Bishop himself was more thoroughly known through his patient itinerating and affection for his people, no less than eight or nine churches, or missions, sprang into being, half of them with the help of the Society, and—this is the new feature—the other half independently, without that help. Some of these were in the Provinces and Patagonia (of which more hereafter, for it has an interest all its own), but the greater number in and about Buenos Aires. Thus, when the Bishop was consecrated in 1869, there was the one consular church of St. John the Baptist in the heart of the city; when he retired in 1900, there were five others, all but one being in the suburbs.

For by this time the English population had greatly increased, and the modern tendency was making itself felt to establish a home in fresher air and more wholesome conditions away

from the worries of the office. Whatever our people do not do abroad, they do establish homes ; and to their honour be it said that wherever they establish themselves in any numbers, they set up their own institutions also, clubs and athletic grounds, not forgetting churches. And it is within this period that the beginning of two of our most famous institutions falls ; the first has been mentioned already, St. George's College, the premier English School of the republic, and indeed of all South America, and the second, a unique educational and religious work among the Spanish-speaking people of the capital, by one whom we think of as a Dr. Barnardo of South America, Rev. W. C. Morris. I can only say here that there is no better known figure in the city or one who commands greater respect and admiration to this day.

Bishop Stirling's ministerial life, then, began among wild Indians in the desolations of Tierra del Fuego, and ended in the greatest city of South America, with a charge and corresponding influence which embraced nearly the whole continent. It is an amazing life which is commemorated so appropriately in his own tiny Cathedral in the bleak wind-swept Falklands.



THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP STIRLING.

facing p. 104.

CHAPTER XII

SECOND QUARTER-CENTURY OF GROWTH, 1902-1927

It will be noted that our last period (or roughly, quarter-century) ended with the year 1900, whereas this begins with 1902. What, then, has become of the intervening years? The fact is, that Archbishop Temple, a really great man, was nevertheless amazingly dilatory about his appointments; and these when made, as Canon Scott Holland remarked in his delightful *Personal Studies*, were often woefully disappointing. In this case that is as it may be, but all we need note for the moment is that there was an interval of nearly three years between the resignation of the first Bishop and the appointment of his successor. Indeed, it was not easy to find the man who would undertake this "somewhat troublesome post," as the Archbishop curtly described it. But at length for weal or woe the appointment was made, and the second Bishop of the most widely extended diocese in the world entered upon his work in his fortieth year.

That the church was not disorganised in any way by this long vacancy, but was still characterised by the utmost goodwill, was itself no small tribute to its late diocesan. With a handful of churches scattered over a continent, however, the prevailing spirit could hardly be other than congregational, except in Buenos Aires, where the existence of a Bishop's Council of the River Plate certainly was an indication of higher possibilities and made for common action, and after a tour of the whole diocese it became evident that its area was impossibly great, and that for efficiency's sake and in the interests of any sort of larger corporate life, it ought to be divided. This work of division, then, was definitely undertaken in 1904, but it was not actually accomplished until 1910. For, in fact,

it proved to be a matter of much greater difficulty than was anticipated. And the reasons for this, I think, are interesting.

The actual work consisted in raising a large enough sum of money to form an Endowment Fund, but the purpose of this had to be explained, which in plain words meant explaining the uses of a Bishop for leadership and for fostering a larger Church life, as money could not be raised without conviction, on the part of those expected to provide it, that it was needed and would be profitably expended. And that was where the difficulty came in. It was another instance of trouble, like blessing, coming out from home. Our people from home, apart from the curiously English trait I have noted of professed or real ignorance of all relating to their own Church, coming as they did from numerically large dioceses where few of them ever came into personal contact with a Bishop, were not honestly convinced of his usefulness, at least so it seemed to me, or at all events were inclined to regard him more as an official than anything else, the last and finishing touch of an organisation, its dignified crown and apex, rather than a practical leader of men and initiator of new work. Hence the scheme, being concerned with larger issues and benefits which to many seemed far off, did not arouse as much enthusiasm as, say, a local church or chaplaincy would have done, and more time than was anticipated was needed to see it through!

There was never any disagreement as to the lines which the proposed division should follow, for indeed they were obvious. The Andes cut the continent in two, and the Falklands, as the Scotch say, "marched" better with Chile than with Argentina. There were, however, some uneasy consciences as to whether an Anglican diocese entirely situated in South American republics might not constitute an intrusion into distinctly Roman Catholic spheres; but happily expert opinion from home did not sustain this view, partly because the jurisdiction proposed was primarily personal rather than territorial, and partly because the conditions of the New World, into which half the nations of the earth poured their surplus population,

were so obviously different from those in Europe. Also, the question of suffragan or independent Bishop for the new diocese was fully discussed, with the result that the superior utility of the latter was recognised. Nor did it matter that the Bishop should have no title, which, under the peculiar conditions of the Church of England, he could not have; for the Church of England being "established," the Archbishop consecrates under a "mandate," or permission, from the King, and the King cannot grant a title in a foreign country.

One very important change effected by the division of the diocese, and illustrating the growth of a wholesome sense of responsibility, was that the new bishopric was entirely independent of the S.A.M.S., though the work was carried out with their good-will, and with generous help from some individual members, but the actual position was, and is, that the first bishopric was the creation of the S.A.M.S. (for which all honour to them), the second the creation of the Church in South America, with certainly much help from home, a fact which indicates real progress. I am afraid that usually—at least, it is my experience—our people abroad accept Church societies' grants from home much as a matter of course and without much gratitude. They are willing to receive as long as the people at the other end are willing to give, and the delusion dies hard that our struggling Church Societies are wealthy corporations supported by a host of good old ladies who have nothing else to do with their money. Indeed, at the back of many people's minds abroad, there is the vague picture of the Church at home as a corporation possessing boundless wealth. In sad instances I have known where some representative of the Church, clerical or lay, has been dishonest, appropriating to his own use some sum of money he undertook to forward to a man's friends, the victim has said to me naïvely: "Of course the Church will make it up to me"; and I have to ask, "What do you mean by the Church? Do you mean that the chaplaincy should pay or that I should do so as Bishop? There is no 'Church' at home in a position to do these things. It is

only we out here who can do our best." The man has really never thought about it, it is only a vague impression on his mind from the background of establishment and endowment. But that is a digression, except that it helps to illustrate the difficulty of building up an independent diocese, and the genuine progress achieved by the creation of a local Endowment Fund.

As the larger work of the two (I have pointed out that it is still, in area, even after division, by far the largest diocese in the world), I was permitted to assume charge of the new diocese—the "Anglican Diocese in Argentina and Eastern South America"—and have never regretted it. But what I do regret is that the reduced Diocese of the Falkland Islands, which the division was intended equally to help, should have become so much more difficult. This is partly due to the opening of the Panamá Canal, and partly to the change of habits in our people which is going on everywhere. The diocese of the Falkland Islands is in an extraordinarily difficult position for realising its unity. The Cathedral, with the two thousand all-British population of the Islands, is all but cut off from the mainland and West Coast, since the Pacific Mail Steamers have run to Valparaiso via the Panamá Canal instead of through the Straits of Magellan, and the Bishop who is resident in Valparaiso has often to cross the continent to Montevideo in order to be able to visit the Falklands by means of a cargo steamer. Again, St. Paul's, Valparaiso, used to be the practical working centre of the West Coast, not only on account of its geographical position, but because its congregation lived round it on the "English Hill," as it was called, and was the largest and most influential on the coast. Now they have melted away to residences further afield and the hill is comparatively deserted. And again, the great and happy missionary work of the diocese among the Mapuche Indians labours under this peculiar disadvantage, that while large numbers of individuals are won through the schools, so scattered are their farms that an indigenous church seems almost an impossibility.

They resent, by the way, being called "Indians," and quite rightly prefer the term "indigenous inhabitants of Chile." At one time, it may be worth noting as a curiosity, before Bishop Stirling's death in 1923, there were no less than four living Bishops, past or present, of the Falklands, so that it could be said that no Bishop of that see had ever died. They were: Bishop Stirling, myself (transferred to Argentina, etc., in 1910), my successor, Bishop Blair, who resigned in 1914, and the present Bishop de Jersey, appointed in 1919.

The new diocese, however, justified itself, as did the creation of the original see, and in the same way, by new growth and expansion. This was conveniently summarised, when the Centenary of the Anglican Church in the River Plate was kept in 1925—which centenary coincided exactly and honourably with that of the Treaty between England and Argentina, which was the occasion of the Prince of Wales's visit: "Camp chaplaincies were established over the greater part of the republic; the Missions to Seamen planted in the great port of Buenos Aires and elsewhere; the Chaco Missions of the S.A.M.S. developed and extended with an increasing measure of diocesan support, the Allen Gardiner Memorial Homes for orphan or distressed British children, also under S.A.M.S. auspices, founded and maintained; small schools established for isolated groups of children in Paraguay and elsewhere, with marked results for good, while there was great activity in the building of churches, church halls, and institutes" (and a list of twelve of these is given).

But having noted the difficulty of organisation in the Falkland Islands diocese, I should say how much more easily circumstances lent themselves to organisation on this side. No working centre had to be sought. It existed already in St. John's, Buenos Aires. A glance at any map will show how steamships and railway lines all concentrate upon Buenos Aires. It is almost a metropolis of the continent as well as the capital of Argentina. So quite naturally the old Consular Church became the Cathedral of the new diocese, the chaplaincy

continuing as before with this new status superimposed upon it. I am not sure that the word "Pro-Cathedral" is justified, for the status is not intended to be temporary, but permanent. On the other hand, as the religion of the republic, according to the Constitution, is Roman Catholic, and there is of course a Roman Catholic Cathedral, it seemed wiser to try to avoid any possible legal difficulties by the use of this term. And certainly under the present Rector and Archdeacon it admirably fulfils its function as the Central Church and spiritual home of the whole diocese.

A few figures as to the details of the growth of Church work may be helpful. In 1902 there were nine clergy and eleven churches in Argentina, whereas twenty years after there were nineteen clergy and seventeen churches. In 1902 the Missions to Seamen Society did not exist in the diocese, but now there are five ports occupied, Buenos Aires, Rosario and Bahia Blanca in Argentina, and Santos and Rio Janeiro in Brazil. In 1902 there were no camp chaplaincies, all having lapsed for one reason or another, and outside the town chaplaincies scarcely anything was being attempted; now there is a systematic effort, both by means of camp chaplains and with the help of the town clergy, to reach all outlying towns and camp districts where there are groups of our people, and provide them with the ministrations of the Church. In 1902 in the Chaco Missions there were no confirmed Christians and little work was being done outside the Lengua tribe; now there is a flourishing Lengua Church with Council and Evangelists and a real sense of responsibility; and more than that, there is an equally flourishing Mission in the Argentine Chaco, and a living Church among the Mataco tribe, with Evangelists also and sub-stations, one of these being in the Bolivian Chaco. So that it may be said that three republics are occupied, and the influence of the Mission extends far beyond its actual organisation.

Apart from these wonderful Missions, however, which obviously require a story of their own later, and the English

work in Brazil and Paraguay, which also calls for separate treatment on account of its different conditions, it may be well to try to explain what a chaplaincy stands for in a great foreign city like Buenos Aires, for a chronicle of facts, however true, can hardly be inspiring without an interpretation of their meaning, and there is an inner life of very great significance.

Take, for example, the Pro-Cathedral. Although on account of its central position it is almost unique, the Rector seldom deals with large numbers, partly because we have no crowds in South America (and hence second-rate clergy, who may pass muster at home, are useless with us. Alas ! only first-rate men are of any use, and now it seems as if we cannot get them !), and partly because here as elsewhere families mostly move into the suburbs, as has been explained, and only on the great Church Festivals and at National Services, as on Empire Day and Remembrance Day and at popular weddings, is the church filled to overflowing. But numbers, we learn, are no gauge of influence on life, and the ordinary congregation with its varied elements drawn from far and near, regular and transitory, furnishes a great opportunity, as different from an ordinary parish church at home as it is incomparably more interesting. There is much that clergy at home rejoice in which we must lack in most cases, as boys' choirs and guilds and classes—all, in fact, that depends on numbers. But the congregation may include at any time travellers staying at hotels or from a tourist steamer, *estancieros* or their families from up-country, officers of the Mercantile Marine, sheep farmers from Patagonia, engineers from the sugar estates in the North, missionaries outward or homeward bound passing to and from the Missions, officials and distinguished visitors, both British and American ; and how infinitely important it is that when such folk attend for the perhaps rare privilege of worship, they should be conscious of being in contact with spiritual realities, how well worth while to maintain the Church, in spite of crushing difficulties, as a living centre of the Faith ! And that is what is done.

The work is on the model of home as far as possible: Sunday School, small but excellent, King's Messengers, Girls' Friendly Society (welcomed by those whose homes are far away and a real fellowship), Women's Diocesan Association, an invaluable ally, and other societies, religious and social, meeting and housed in the church hall, and other buildings, which also provide an office for the Rector and Archdeacon, and rooms for the Bishop. Moreover, hospital and general visiting, baptisms and marriages (or rather benedictions of the civil contracts), from far and near provide endless opportunities. The mother has likely enough come into a nursing home for her child's birth from some remote camp district; and so far from the bride and bridegroom coming from adjacent parishes, he may be a railway engineer up-country and she a girl from England, six thousand miles away. It must mean much to a bride under such circumstances, after the unintelligible civil ceremony in Spanish, to find her own familiar Church awaiting her with the clear and reverent services she needs.

And indeed the Church abroad is largely precious because it gives, as nothing else can, an atmosphere of home—home at least in its Christian aspects. When visiting one of the suburban churches, the thought has been often borne in upon me, how one might fancy oneself at home again—the building in Early English style, the furniture and decorations characteristically Anglican, the familiar Prayer Book Service, the typically English congregation, except perhaps for some young man in the uniform of the Argentine army, for all born out here have to serve. In such circumstances, the surrounding picture of the Spanish-built houses on the tree-bordered street, in regular, even squares, simply fades from the mind, and we almost forget we are in a foreign country. The Chaplaincy Church, with a keen priest who loves his people and especially the children, can be the most potent and subtle influence for recreating the best conditions of home. And in just the same way, the Camp or Travelling Chaplaincy may be an extraordinary influence for good. A list of centres visited, services

held, numbers of congregation, amount of collection, and perhaps number of miles travelled, though quite useful in its way, like most statistics, gives no impression of the real achievement, namely, the recall of half-forgotten things, the reminder of the spiritual aspects of life among surroundings which seem to make wholly for materialism, the renewed touch with home. Even a visit only once or twice a year, and it is sometimes less than that, with its opportunity for Holy Communion often gladly accepted, can do more than those who receive it know to maintain ideals and keep the light of faith burning.

So much, then, for the inner meaning of the growth and development I have been speaking of; I hope that what has been written may serve for some illustration of it; but in honesty it must be noted that our opportunities for expansion are strictly limited. I fancy people at home think of our work in Argentina in much the same way, and put it in much the same category, as, say, Australia or Canada. But no mental picture could be more fallacious. In the Dominions and non-Christian lands, opportunities for expansion, I understand, are simply unlimited. Without intruding on others' spheres, one of our priests might minister in some way or another to the great majority of the people he came across. But in South America he can only touch one or two per cent. at most, unless indeed he is an expert at the language, which he seldom is, having come out to work among our own people, and that for only a few years. Though it is true that there are many immigrants and others who are not Roman Catholic and who are as sheep without a shepherd who would gladly accept his ministrations could he give them. Yet though there is room for this personal work, there is little or none for the growth of institutions. The fact remains that he is commissioned for work among our own people, and both relatively and actually these are few. And great care must be exercised in launching into building schemes. The question has to be faced whether, when built, the place can be maintained (for it is often easier

on account of the enthusiasm it arouses to put up a building than to maintain it), and then whether the population it serves is likely to be reasonably permanent, and outside provincial capitals and a few other places experience shows that this is seldom the case. Hence it is really true to say—and it is a characteristic feature of our Church domiciled in Latin lands, even in the New World—that our opportunities for extension of organisation are strictly limited. Indeed, to the best of my belief, we are near the limit now. Chaplains, living agents, we certainly need badly, but except Missions to Seamen Institutes and Schools, there are few more buildings which I can think of as possible or desirable.

Perhaps also I should lay more stress on the point already mentioned, that ours is a constantly changing community. True of communities in many parts of the world, it is more true of our community in South America. I see no reason to withdraw a word of what I wrote in a pastoral letter a few years ago: “To a far greater degree, I imagine, than in the Dominions or ‘Mission Field,’ and infinitely more than at home, the constituency we have to work upon is a constantly changing quantity. While the race remains, families and individuals come and go. New centres are developed, and then, as the population shifts elsewhere, vanish again. Few wish to make their home in the country. Avowedly they only come out for a few years. And with this fluctuating population permanent institutions have to be built up. It is certainly a characteristic of the diocese that our population changes with unexampled rapidity. And this is largely true of the clergy also. It has hardly failed to be so, for the clergy, like the people, come out from home (it is only in rare cases we can provide and train our own), and, like the people, they come out for a limited number of years. If they are married men, stipends are rarely large enough to enable them to educate a family here, and they must return home; if unmarried, they often think that they can find greater scope for their energies elsewhere, and it is impossible to blame them.” But the

result is that, except for a quite invaluable band of veterans, the Bishop finds himself the one unchanging element in a small world of change, new men constantly making new beginnings and, through the old mistakes and failures, winning their way through to efficiency.

After what has been said as to the Bishop's freedom compared with a diocesan at home and power of initiative, it might be supposed that his position is one of entire independence and even autocracy, but this happily is not the case, either theoretically or in practice. As soon as the old diocese was divided, steps were taken to form a representative Diocesan Synod ; and difficult as this obviously was, for reasons of time and distance and the expenses of travel involved, still it was not found impossible, and the Synod was formed and meets every three years, and during the intervals carries on its functions by means of a Standing Committee of Clergy and Laity, without whom the Bishop does not take action in important matters. I am therefore, as far as is possible, a constitutional bishop, acting according to ancient precedent after consultation with leading clergy and laity. Further, there is always the practical check that for any effective action the good-will of the people concerned must be secured. Coercion is not to be thought of, nor are there penalties to be enforced. The accepted principle is governance with the consent of the governed, authority resting on good-will.

CHAPTER XIII

THE REVERSE SIDE—DRAWBACKS AND PERILS

As at home, we only minister to a comparatively small proportion of our people. And especially is this true in the great centres, where people fall into like-minded groups and live their own life. There it seems as if a broad line of division is formed between those who worship and those who do not. In the provinces and remote places where only an occasional service is held, for loyalty or friendship's sake many will attend who would not think of doing so in town, and the opportunity for the chaplain is correspondingly great. But that does not alter the big fact that in, for example, Buenos Aires, our people fall into two opposite camps of worshippers and non-worshippers, the latter being far the greater.

At present I think their attitude is one of indifference rather than hostility. There can be no doubt about the indifference. No one can say that there is any great keenness among the majority for the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Their position is that it may be a very good thing in its way, but it has to fit in where it can. The Church certainly does not rank first with our communities in these lands, and the clergy are often in the hard position of providing means of worship and all sorts of helps and aids for people who do not care to avail themselves of them. Our work is largely one of witness. We have to keep the light burning to the best of our power, to see that it is not extinguished in the multitudes of interests, business and sports and pleasure, which absorb our people's attention. Bishop Gilbert White hits the mark exactly and with pathetic truth in his "Lonely Priest" in the empty church in Australia :

"For some had business which they might not leave,
 And some had meant to come and have forgot,
 And some who wished it dare not yet believe,
 And some, alas! there are who love Thee not,
 And some must tarry with their wives at home,
 And some have friends to whom respect is due,
 Some say they worship when abroad they roam,
 Or shoot, or fish, or healthy sports pursue,
 And so with one accord, excuse is made,
 And I am here in church, my God, alone.

* * * * *

Forgive them, for they know not what they do,
 Nor how they wound the greatness of Thy love."

But indifference is an unsatisfactory and dangerous attitude, because unless checked and changed, experience shows that it passes surely into hostility. Not for long will the human mind tolerate what appears to it meaningless. And once the Christian Faith appears meaningless, not only does it lose its grip on men's souls, but it arouses fierce hostility. Indifference in one generation spells hostility in the next. In a former age men rejected Christian faith but retained Christian morality. That morality seemed unassailable, but it was not so. In the eternal truth of things it could not long survive separation from its source. It became meaningless in its suspended, disconnected state, and we all know how now there is bitter rebellion against it. So forty years ago I remember how in a great parish in a northern industrial town all and sundry would bring their children to be baptised, though it was a meaningless form to them, a religious act corresponding roughly to vaccination; now they do not bring them, and numbers remain unbaptised; because in so far as infant baptism was a custom without meaning, it could not continue. So indifference to worship now, unless there is a change, will become hostility to the Church later. And indeed among us it already has that result, on account of the complete secularisation of the Lord's Day in South America, in which our non-worshippers have acquiesced willingly. The good-natured crowd which devotes the whole day to sport has no intention of fighting against the Church—indeed I am very sure that

they give no thought to the matter—but nevertheless they do fight against us most effectively. For by leaving out of account the Church's hours of worship and arranging for whole-day cricket matches and tournaments, they make it exceedingly difficult for the keen young confirmees and others, who naturally do not want to be out of these things, to keep up any sort of loyalty to their Church. The worship of the Church tends almost inevitably to be crowded out. The pull of the world becomes terrifically strong. A reasonable and wholesome adjustment between spiritual refreshment and physical recreation, except for the very strongest characters, is impossible. The world triumphs over the Church almost without an effort.

And the point is, that this result is not of deliberate planning or purpose. It simply happens. And it is hard to see any gleams of hope for the future, except that, if fewer, we shall be more intense, the little band of worshippers which survives may be better Christians and indeed should be very good Christians. And further, the pity is that it does not appear to be a battle between good and evil. If it were, there would be more heart in fighting. But in the debased moral atmosphere of Latin America, these same sports and games are one of the most wholesome elements that we have. As I think some schoolmaster pointed out, they are like Christianity itself in this, that we follow them more for their own sake, for what they are in themselves, than for any rewards they offer in the way of prizes for victory. And certainly with the team spirit which they inculcate, and unselfishness and self-control, they develop some of the best moral qualities as well as promote health and physical fitness. Probably most of us can thank God for what we learned from games, even when they were in a far less developed state than they are today. Then more's the pity that the good has become the enemy of the best, and that worship of God, without which ultimately faith cannot be maintained at its highest levels as life's inspiration and energy, is relegated to an entirely secondary and subsidiary place. Deplore it or excuse it as we may, however, the fact remains

that more than in most parts of the world, on account of the secularisation of the Lord's Day, and certainly far more than at home, sport thrusts out religion, as far as its outward expression and observance are concerned, and thus militates against the Church as an institution. And in so far as all institutional religion is threatened in these days, no doubt we share in that danger.

It is easier to understand than to sympathise with the prejudice against institutional religion. For knowledge is spread over far larger areas than ever before, and the press and wireless and other agencies give the average man so many privileges that it is not unnatural that he should think it unnecessary for his spiritual welfare to frequent the old homes of worship, many of which it must be confessed are none too well equipped for their high purpose, and lack attractive power. Besides, this extension of privilege has never carried with it any corresponding sense of increased obligation. The stream of progress has run wide and shallow instead of in a few deep channels as formerly. Under such conditions of new knowledge and wider opportunity, one can understand that the temptation must be strong to break with the past and start anew, scrapping much that seemed necessary to an older generation.

Yet a little thought surely should show that, were there no warm, living centres of the Faith where those who believed in God could meet to find Him and be found by Him, both clear knowledge and glad service must inevitably decline; and as homes of worship, in Emerson's sense of "transcendent wonder," seem natural and necessary for the spiritual in man, so it is just as reasonable that religion, the highest theme in the world, should have men set apart for its study and practice and teaching, men who should be its experts. I suppose "institutional religion" covers the idea of Church and Ministry and the necessary funds for maintenance (which really need not be great and certainly should not constitute an undue burden), and it is difficult to see how, humanly speaking,

Christianity can survive without it, except in the form of attenuated opinions, which would not be Christianity. There is no justification in reason, that I can see, for any who call themselves Christian, however vaguely, to break up the old historic order of the Church which we believe to be Christ's considered plan for saving the world. For enemies of the faith it is a quite intelligible policy. And in Latin American countries, as legislation shows, there exists a great deal of hostility; churches are confiscated, priests are scorned and half starved, for there is always bitterest opposition where there has been most unquestioning submission, as by a law of reaction.

But affected as our people are by their environment, I see no sign of this prejudice against the Church as an institution. Indeed, such evidence as there is is the other way. If the Church as an institution in these countries is threatened in the future, it will only be by being associated in the popular mind with that of the country, just as in China missionaries were associated in the popular mind with traders, though they were in the country for an entirely different purpose. There is no discrimination when, as in war-time, feelings run high.

Another more insidious danger, not unknown at home, but highly accentuated in South America, is that of the Church being lightly regarded as a "charity." The scandal is not unknown in England of utilising dances and whist drives for the support of sacred causes, but it will easily be understood that in countries where moral standards are low in any case, and there are no endowments to fall back upon, and all the money needed for the support of churches and chaplains has to be raised by voluntary means, and (with of course exceptions) the rich are mean and the many poor, the temptation to raise money by questionable methods is infinitely greater. Indeed, it is a constant struggle to carry out the resolution of the Diocesan Synod, which has been affirmed again and again, that "direct giving is the right and scriptural method of raising money for Church purposes. Others means—*e.g.*, bazaars and concerts—can be employed on occasion, if suitable

to the immediate object in hand, raffles and the sale of intoxicating drinks being always excluded." It is not that our Church people are disloyal—the Women's Diocesan Association are keen in maintaining high ideals—but officials and individuals are constantly changing, and, in a widely scattered and loosely organised community it is difficult to keep such matters constantly before people's notice, and resolutions passed at headquarters in any case take a long time to percolate through the rank and file.

But the real trouble is the dead-weight of a debased public opinion. As I have remarked before, our people are affected by the spirit of the country more than they know. It was bad before, but the experience of the four years of the War made it worse. Men and women threw themselves passionately into the work of raising funds for the Red Cross, and large sums were raised with a zeal and devotion worthy of all praise. But, unfortunately, the principle was adopted that as long as the money was raised, it did not matter how. And as a great part of the money had to be extracted from the Argentines, and they are born gamblers and see no harm in it, their tastes and methods were studied, with the result that standards were still further lowered. And so it could actually happen that a *kermesse*, which was little more than a gamble, was kept open on a Sunday and ladies presided there who would normally be taking part in the most sacred Service of the Church. That is an extreme instance, but it illustrates what can happen in Spanish America, just as in quite other times, and in a far different place, I knew a prominent Churchman, and really a good fellow, who had his carriage waiting for him outside the church to drive him straight off to the races! He saw no incongruity in it, and I doubt if other people did. So war-time ideas and methods corrupted still further the temper of our people.

Once admit the principle that the end justifies the means, and endless trouble results. The question of the support of the Church drops to the lowest plane. The duplex envelope

system has been adopted and many of the faithful subscribe regularly, but they are not numerous, and churches depend largely upon the donations of those who are not interested. It is here where the danger comes in. Many give to the Church in a good-natured casual way, as they would give to a beggar in the street or subscribe to send some wastrel back to England, and others, but with the modern craze of never doing anything for nothing, will take a ticket for a concert or dance, while they decline to give direct.

And it is not hard to see that in so far as we acquiesce in these indirect and casual means of raising money for church purposes, even though necessity be our plea, we are really defeating the very ends for which we exist. Who can respect Christ's Church in the world as the Divine Society existing to witness to Him till the end of time, if it depends for its support upon odds and ends and such casual and even unwilling sources of income as would hardly satisfy a self-respecting lawn tennis club? The only result can be that the great Gospel is dragged in the mud, and those who stand for it as the one ever-fresh miracle of beauty and truth are justly despised. The financial question, then, may be our most insidious peril. Certainly in claiming a certain amount of growth and development we do not want to pose as light-hearted optimists.

CHAPTER XIV

UNITED STATES OF BRAZIL—THEIR VASTNESS AND CHARM— A POSSIBLE NEW DIOCESE

It would be a help, I think, towards grasping something of the marvel of Brazil, if people could break it up in their own minds and picture it like its Northern neighbour, as United States. For that is what it is, both officially and actually, United States of Brazil, wherein it compares favourably with the U.S.A., for strictly speaking that is no name at all, though it has won its place in the world. Possibly this is the reason of the odd phrase one still hears, chiefly among sailors, "The Brazils."

Instead, however, of being a broad even belt across a continent from East to West, Brazil is, roughly speaking, pear-shaped, stretching from North to South, and occupying even more of the Southern Continent than the U.S.A. occupy of the Northern, but with a population only about a quarter as large, and this chiefly grouped in the States along the sea-board. Then these States are of extraordinary variety, not only of climate—that is to be expected, as they reach from the equator to the temperate zone—but of size also. Some seem minute, and one wonders why they are separate States at all (though there must be some historical reason), while others, especially to the West, are of almost continental magnitude. Half Europe could be put into them. Again, there is amazing scenery, chiefly in the southern and central regions. Travellers by sea, for example, never hear of the pine forests of the State of Paraná, through which the train takes you for days together, pines strange and flat-topped by reason of the branches all curving upwards, like nothing so much as inverted umbrellas, or possibly the seven-branch candlestick of the Temple, presenting an extraordinarily stiff appearance,

as though nature was in a freakish mood, yet springing from a glorious carpet of tree-fern and bracken. And there is a port, visited only by local steamers, whence the train climbs up over unimaginable gradients through towering forest-covered crags to the capital of Curityba on the plateau. Speaking generally, the country is of an ascending scale of beauty from the South to Rio de Janeiro, where it reaches its climax, for that surely is one of the beauty spots of the earth, incomparable, indescribable. After that the scale descends, so to speak, with many exquisite interludes, and the scenery becomes flatter and tamer, culminating in the vast grey-green levels of the Amazon. The best way to take in that is to climb the water tower in Pará—it is the best vantage ground, for there are no other heights available—and from there one sees not merely the city in more or less even squares below, but what appears to be an endless ocean of forest, intersected, not by roads or railway—there is but one small railway, and roads would be grown over directly—but by a network of waterways, all connected with the mighty Amazon. They are the means of communication.

Another strange impression, gained from travel and study of the map, is that apart from the Amazon and the North—a large exception it must be admitted—so many of the rivers run the wrong way. Instead of rising in the interior and running to the coast, they rise near the coast and flow into the interior. Naturally mountain ranges along the line of the coast are the reason of this, but it is none the less remarkable that so many of the Brazilian rivers should find their outlet in the Plate. For the same reason, though Brazil's seaboard is on the Atlantic only, a captain will tell you that he has sailed round Brazil, and this is almost literally true, for he means that he has been two thousand miles up the Amazon, and say fifteen hundred up the River Paraná and Paraguay, as well as down the three thousand miles of coast, certainly most of the way round Brazil.

Other curiosities which I note are that these states of continental magnitude seem to have an imposing capital and nothing else. It seems so strangely out of proportion that



THE SUGAR LOAF, RIO DE JANEIRO.

facing p. 124.

there should be undeveloped, even unexplored country, scanty population, few roads and fewer railways, and yet a capital like Manaus with fine streets and public buildings, including a state or municipal theatre. Then who realises that there is an island about the size of Ireland, Marajó, on the Equator, at the mouth of the Amazon, and that this island, being sandy and swept by breezes, and occupied by other inhabitants such as jaguars and snakes and electric eels, is nevertheless a very fair cattle country? Yet this is so, and I am told it is a healthy place. These electric eels are peculiar, I believe, to the Amazon basin, and an old cruel way of securing them, for they are valued for food, was to drive a mob of horses into a lagoon where they were plentiful, and after they had exhausted their electricity on the poor terrified brutes, they could then easily be caught. Certainly if you even touch one of these eels, as you may do in the Botanical Gardens at Pará, you experience a sharp shock. Or again, who has ever heard that Brazil possesses probably the largest fluvial island in the world, set in the Araguaya river, one of the few clear, flowing rivers among the turbid tributaries which go to swell the Amazon? It is inhabited by a tribe of primitive Indians who live chiefly on fish. And surely in the Madera-Mamoré Brazil boasts the most remote railway in the world, some seventeen hundred miles from the sea, approachable only by river, leading from nowhere to nowhere, built in the days of the rubber boom to avoid the cataracts which so often in those regions make navigation ruinously risky or prohibitive. It forms an outlet from Bolivia into the Amazon, and so ultimately into the ocean.

Some states suffer terribly from periodic droughts, as Ceará, for example, where there is much light and sandy soil, and the population is compelled to leave and work elsewhere. I once witnessed a chaotic scene in this connection, and yet the situation was really well in hand. The steamer was anchored in the surf, and boatloads of these poor people had made themselves fast to her by lines short or long according to their distance, and many had to be got on board by

stepping from one pitching, dancing boat to another, little children and babies being passed on by hand with infinite care (for Brazilians are most kind to children), while parrots and pets and furniture followed. The children all seemed quite used to it. There was a babel of noise, but no one was alarmed. The boatmen knew their job, there was real, order beneath the apparent chaos, and all were put safely aboard at last. Other Northern states are unhealthy, at least for Europeans. The water is bad, and food supply poor, and malaria very prevalent. The people themselves are in poor condition. And indeed those who visit the remote towns and villages which are more or less isolated on the fringe of Indian or uninhabited country usually report the state of health of the inhabitants as deplorable, the people being diseased and fever-stricken, and without the means or the energy to leave for more wholesome surroundings. Naturally, the Southern states are much healthier, and the Brazilians of the interior are mostly of a hardy type, comparing favourably with those who live in the enervating damp heat of the coast.

And throughout these vast United States one uniform type of civilisation prevails, namely the Portuguese. The towns are no longer invariably in neat squares, as in the Spanish republics, but often in irregular streets as at home, and the houses have all high-pitched red-tiled roofs infinitely more pleasing than the high fronts and flat roofs of the South. Yet it must be confessed that "United" States is something of a misnomer, for North and South, owing to differences of race and circumstance, are only held together with difficulty, while in the South itself Rio strongly disapproves of S. Paulo and S. Paulo of Rio, for S. Paulo, being by far the richest state, objects to so much of its wealth going out of it, by taxation, to support Rio and the poorer North—an objection which does not exactly appeal to us as being generous or patriotic.

And what of the people themselves? For after all they constitute the principal asset of any country. Certainly Brazil



TYPICAL OLD TOWN IN NORTH BRAZIL.

facing p. 126.

does not lack for brilliant and distinguished men who would be an ornament to any country, and many as a fact have made their voices heard in the Council Chambers both of Europe and America ; professional and business men too are highly educated and capable, and a large section of the population is cultured and refined. And yet it must be confessed that the average type is low and does not give as much ground for hope, perhaps because the mulatto element is so strong. Up-country people appear to be satisfied with the poorest type of house, and families live in one or two rooms quite naturally. I remember noticing one-roomed houses in clearings in the forest where there was ample space and material, so that the reason must have been that people felt no objection to living in that way. Moreover, in the Northern cities it is no uncommon sight to see children going about naked, nothing in itself of course, but it points to primitive low standards. There may be hope in the large immigration which is taking place into Brazil, but newcomers are usually scattered among the others, and soon pick up the ways of the civilisation about them whatever it is, unless, like the Japanese colony in the South, they keep strictly together, wherein the Japanese show their wisdom. Yet on the whole it is difficult to believe that the Brazilians will rise to the opportunity of their wonderful country, unless it is true, as an Englishman of long experience in Rio once told me, that the mulatto type tends to disappear, I suppose owing to its inherent weakness, for in his lifetime he had noticed that the population was becoming steadily more white. As to this distribution of colour, I may remark how, coming to Rio from the South, I would say to myself : " How black Rio is !" for out of any ten persons in the street, six or seven would have traces, greater or less, of negro blood ; but coming from the North, Pernambuco and Bahia, I would say : " How white Rio is !" and I think that impression is a fair one ; but the mulattoes are found far and wide in the interior. There is little or no race prejudice in Brazil—black and white workmen, for example, fraternise quite frankly ;

at the same time I am assured that a coloured man could not be President, though there is nothing in the law to prevent it.

And what is the British contribution to the doubtful life of this wonderful land, for that is what I am specially concerned with? This must be noted first, that unlike the republics of the Plate and those on the West Coast, in so far as I can speak of them, our race is found very little in the country generally, but is centralised in the great cities. Thus we have really to think of our commercial communities in the federal and state capitals on the seaboard and one or two other centres. But though the number of these centres is few, the distances between them are immense, and this is a factor which must be taken into account. Nevertheless, as the same companies are found in almost all these cities and there is constant promotion and change among their employees, with the necessary accompaniment of communication and intercourse, there is much more natural unity than might be supposed. Our people have friends in other cities than that in which they happen to be living, and Rio is in some sense a centre for all. The vast Amazon region we have to think of is a problem somewhat apart, for now, owing to the collapse of the rubber trade and the fall in value of the *milreis*, so few Englishmen can be employed, and its remoteness and bewildering size and, from our point of view, small population put it rather in a category by itself. And perhaps one may say the same of the far South, namely the most southerly states, for there too the centres are small and our people few, and the ports off the track of the great ocean liners which do so much to link up the communities at their ports of regular call. But excepting the two extremes North and South, we have simply to deal with Rio de Janeiro, the federal capital, Sao Paulo, Santos, and Morro Velho, all of which can easily be reached in a day's journey—for here we are in central Brazil, where railway communications are well developed and distances not so vast as to be prohibitive—and, a very different story, Bahia and Pernambuco in the North, only to be reached

by sea and involving voyages of from two to five days. In all there are eight churches to be served, including two at Rio itself. Or, to put the case in another way, an area as great as the whole of the U.S.A. forms a numerically small Archdeaconry of the Anglican Church. And yet I think it should be another diocese ! But of this later.

Meanwhile I confess that, with certain exceptions, the importance of these churches as institutions is not in the least realised. Our communities are frankly commercial and sport-loving, and spare very little of their time for things spiritual. In fairness it must be admitted that life in the tropics is a hard strain. There is a constant pressure in the perpetual heat which makes action of any sort a weariness, and it is mostly the spur of necessity which drives people to their daily work, and unless in former days at home men and women have found worship a joy, there is little in Brazil to stimulate a sense of duty with regard to it. The pull is all against any exertion which can be avoided, and there are distances and other difficulties. Yet it is disastrous that of the fifty British left out of the former three hundred at Pará, only two or three should care to worship, together with some faithful West Indians, especially when the history of the Church is remembered, and those who do worship are not always the Christians they seem to be, as when a kindly official commits suicide and the community is not specially shocked, but thinks it rather plucky of him than otherwise. It seems as if even the Christian conscience can die in these lands.

But so much the more reason for bravely maintaining the Church as an institution in spite of all the slackness and indifference. And thank God there is ground for encouragement. If life is necessary anywhere in the Church, we know it must be at the centre, and there is life in our central church in Brazil at Rio de Janeiro. This impresses me the more happily, for in the earlier years of my episcopate it was not so. It seemed one of the most impossible problems that there in the largest and most influential English community in Brazil,

situated in the capital, where there ought to be a centre of life and energy, radiating inspiration to all who should come to it, especially visitors from North and South and inland, as a fact there should be the cold tradition of a proprietary chapel, friendship among the few, decent lives, reverent ministrations, but no desire for, or even vision of, wider usefulness and service, hardly indeed any dissatisfaction with things as they were, with, that is to say, the bare minimum of services, and utter absence of all welcome to the stranger within the gates. Added to this there was no possibility of gathering people together to explain the higher point of view, except such opportunities as were afforded by Christmas and Easter, when congregations were on a worthy scale, and then obviously the subject could not be dealt with fully, as in the case of unfamiliar subjects brevity always involves misunderstanding.

Now, however, the position is entirely different, a difference as between light and darkness. The change came a few years before, but was most definitely marked at the celebration of the centenary of the church in 1919. Not only were special Thanksgiving Services held then with real enthusiasm, but a worthy memorial scheme was adopted, and afterwards carried through, namely to build a Church Hall at the back of the church, and the new church of All Saints to meet the needs of the large English community now living across the bay at Nictheroy. And the life which marked that venture of expansion has been abundantly maintained since. With all the drawbacks of tropical climate and great distances and scarcity of clergy, there is now life and enthusiasm. Under the present Archdeacon, Christ Church, Rio, attracts, as does the Pro-Cathedral at Buenos Aires.

It is curious that both churches should have had such exceptional origins. St. John's was built on ground confiscated from a convent by the dictator Rosas and given to the British Government, while there was yet greater difficulty in securing permission at Rio. This came at length through a commercial treaty in 1810, in which, according to Article XII.,

leave was granted to have our own cemeteries, and build our own churches, on the usual conditions that they did not resemble those of the country, and that we did not attempt to make proselytes. But there was opposition from an unexpected quarter. The Papal Nuncio was in Rio at that time, and though he was reputed to be a courtly man of the world, who concerned himself little with serious questions, he sought an audience of the King, and protested vigorously against any such concession, even urging the establishment of the Inquisition (which had never been in Brazil) as a necessary check, should it still be granted. And strangely enough this line of policy was in marked contrast with that of the Bishop of Rio, who actually advocated the measure for the astonishing reasons here given, but which yet have truth enough to sting: "The English have really no religion at all. But they are a proud and obstinate race. If we oppose their wish in the matter, they will not only persist in it more, but make it a question of infinite importance. But if, on the other hand, we give way to them, they will build their chapel, and no one will ever go there." And when an English clergyman named Walsh (who is the authority for this story) visited Brazil in 1828-29 and wrote a book on his travels, he found both the building in poor order, and the congregation small. The original building has long since disappeared, but in view of what I have quoted about slavery in Brazil in former chapters, I may call attention to the fact that old prints of the church, with its plain dignified front and portico surmounted by the Royal Arms, shows slaves in the street chained to each other and under charge of an official with a drawn sword, with other blacks, presumably slaves also.

Much water, however, has flowed under the bridges since then (not perhaps the simile for this continent, where the Amazon discharges 68,650 tons of water a second into the sea and there are no bridges), and we have now a living centre in Christ Church, Rio, with its district church of All Saints, Niteroy, perhaps the most beautiful in the diocese, and

organised Missions to Seamen work also ; while at the flourishing state capital of Sao Paulo, with its population of nearly three-quarters of a million, a night or day's journey into the interior, there is St. Paul's Church, formerly under S.A.M.S. auspices, but for the past twenty years or more independent, and serving another large and important English community of several thousand ; and near at hand, connected by the famous English Sao Paulo Railway, Santos on the coast, a small community with church and Missions to Seamen Institute. Again, a long night's journey from Rio, at Morro Velho in the State of Minas, there is a church built by the St. John del Rey Mining Company for its British employees, now under two hundred in number, but without a chaplain. These three centres, as I have pointed out, are all easily accessible from Rio. And then (again omitting the Amazon chaplaincy for the moment) we have St. George's, Bahia, two or three days to the North by sea, with a small community of about a hundred people unable to maintain a chaplain—and, indeed, he would scarcely have enough to do if they could—and finally, one to two days further North by sea, Holy Trinity, Pernambuco, with a British population of, say, three hundred, which supports a chaplain with difficulty ; at least for financial reasons he has to be a bachelor. The only two strong chaplaincies, it is to be noted, are Rio and Sao Paulo ; the rest are small and struggling.

Is there need, as I have hinted, that this small scattered work should be gathered up as a diocese under its own Bishop ? I will give my reasons. First, the volume of the work in the republics of the Plate, including the remote Chaco Missions of the S.A.M.S. (to be dealt with presently), is so much greater that I am scarcely justified in devoting more than two months of the year to Brazil, and that is not enough. In that time I am not able to see enough of clergy or people. Much more might be done, if there was more time to do it in. Further, it must be remembered that Brazil is an entirely different country from Argentina and the other republics of the

Plate, different in origin, speech and tradition. It is, of course, Portuguese, not Spanish, in origin and language, and there was never any war of independence with the mother country. And when the old rivalry between Brazil and Argentina, which I have dealt with elsewhere, is taken into consideration, there is a distinct inconvenience in our Church finding itself in the position of treating Brazil somewhat as an appanage to Argentina. I do not say that this is a serious factor in the situation, but it does count, for our people unquestionably adopt to some extent the rivalries and prejudices of the countries in which they settle. Residents from Argentina and Brazil, for example, meeting on board ship do not readily fraternise, though there may be other reasons for this. Yet, after all, that is only a side issue. The main facts are that area, opportunity, nationality would seem to justify a new diocese. Even from the point of view of numbers, many existing dioceses of the Anglican Communion are smaller; and if ever the S.A.M.S. justifies its position among the Societies at home and starts the missions which we all desire among aboriginal Indians in Brazil, or even among the West Indian Negroes on the Amazon, these numbers would be at once increased.

My vision of the Bishop needed is an apostolic pioneer, holding no charge or chaplaincy for the sake of income, except temporarily to relieve a man who was overworked, but entirely independent, able to stay for some time in an important centre or make long tours to visit scattered members of the flock. A travelling or "camp" chaplain has long been desired for Brazil, but it has never been found possible on account of lack of funds even to begin to search for such a man. The Bishop would be that travelling chaplain, but with greater authority. And, lastly, those problems North and South which I have so steadily avoided dealing with, the whole Amazon region and our people in the South ministered to by American priests of the *Egreja Brasileira Episcopal* (the Mission of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the U.S.A.), would at

once come into the picture, and receive their share of ministrations through the Bishop. I have not, indeed, yet mentioned that at Manaos, a thousand miles up the Amazon, besides a few English there is a considerable colony of West Indians who would gladly respond to an organised effort on their behalf, and there are urgent invitations also to visit, as the chaplain of Pará has several times done, that most remote railway in the world, the Madera-Mamoré, some seven or eight hundred miles further still, while in the South our people should sometimes see their own Bishop, grateful as I am to the American clergy whose real work is to minister to their Brazilian converts. Naturally also in other parts of Brazil, both in the interior and along the coast, there are small groups of our people whom such a travelling Bishop could reach.

Whatever objections there may be to the scheme, I do not think lack of work will be one of them. For myself, once the scheme is accepted, and granted that such an apostolic man can be found for so comparatively unattractive a work, I see no difficulty except the very substantial one of funds. A sufficient Endowment Fund would have to be raised in Brazil. And that would probably be a work of time. Moreover, not much help could be looked for outside Rio and Sao Paulo, though it is the far-off places which would benefit most. Yet much might be done by a spirited effort when times are good, if people are convinced of the need. For they are not ungenerous, and—though this will hardly be remembered—only some £400 was subscribed towards the original division in 1910, and it will be an opportunity for redeeming that failure.

Meanwhile, in its vastness and variety and charm and need, Brazil remains just a part of the "Anglican Diocese in Argentina and Eastern South America."

CHAPTER XV

PARAGUAY : INLAND REPUBLIC—PROBLEM OF ITS FUTURE— SCENE OF DISASTROUS COLONIAL EXPERIMENTS

IN former days, as the guest of the railway manager at Asuncion, I used to occupy a little room in a tower in his house over the station—it was a usual arrangement in South America that a manager or engineer should thus live above the station—from which there was a wonderful view not merely of the city below, but of the great river and vast forest-covered plains. It suggested, even there in the capital, that man had impressed nature only very slightly. Everywhere the mysterious unknown was about us. Down from the North out of unexplored Brazilian plains and forests the huge river wound its way, out of the unknown and through the unknown, to discharge its waters a thousand miles to the South in the estuary of the Plate. The country was still mostly as God made it ; man had only scratched the surface of it here and there. Here we were in the mysterious heart of the continent where anything might be possible still.

And I think that impression is a true one on the whole. Paraguay weaves a spell about us. With all its obvious disadvantages it still attracts. It has a charm utterly lacking in the more progressive South, perhaps because romance as well as tragedy is so much mingled with its history. It may seem strange that it should be reckoned one of the “ Republics of the Plate,” when it is isolated, inland, at such a vast distance, but the reason no doubt is that it takes its name from the Paraguay River (as before the era of railways it owed all its communications to it), and the Paraguay joins the Paraná and flows into the Plate, just as Uruguay, the second republic of the Plate, takes its name from the Uruguay River, and that together with

the Paraná constitutes the immense sea-like estuary called the River Plate or the "Silver River." It is not necessary, however, to write separately of Uruguay, "*The purple land which England lost*," as Hudson calls it, because it is so like Argentina, or at all events parts of Argentina, but Paraguay is distinctive. It has an individuality of its own, corresponding to its history, and compels the interest of any one who knows it. A chaplain who worked two years only in Paraguay, to ten or more in Argentina, when he was asked to give South American experiences, used to say that his short service in Paraguay gave him far more to describe than all the rest. *Picturesque Paraguay* is the name of a perhaps somewhat ephemeral and certainly commercial book (for it was written to attract settlers) by an extraordinarily adventurous Australian—he had been with King Menelik in Abyssinia and died ultimately in Kenya; hardy pioneer and Empire-builder as he was, this continent could not hold him—who oddly enough left the country on the proceeds of this book written to bring others to it. But whatever the purpose or use of the book, the country is and remains "Picturesque Paraguay."

It is essentially beautiful with its hills and rolling plains, alternating with forests, and abundant rivers and streams. The woods are always on higher ground, and hence settlers' houses, mostly built of wattle and daub and thatched with grass, are planted on clearings at the edges, usually with orange trees round them and a patch for growing mandioca and bananas. If nothing else they are "picturesque," but as a fact, with the living rooms on either side and open space in the centre, they are well suited to the semi-tropical climate. And I know of no prettier sight than a Paraguayan village or small township, laid out in chess-board fashion, it is true, but with a pleasing variety of verandahed red-tiled houses and gardens bright with flowering shrubs, while the streets are green with short lawn-like grass, cropped by tame horses and cows which seem to wander about them at will. Then there is a church in the central *plaza*, with probably a rough wooden bell-tower

separate from it, up which a man climbs and hits, not rings, the bell. And the white-robed, bare-legged women go to and fro doing the work, while the men are only energetic when on horseback, and then indeed they are transformed. Conditions are undeniably primitive, and beneath this fair surface no doubt there are abominations, but the scene is picturesque and pleasing. Paraguay is the healthiest of hot countries, and in the heat of the long summer, outside the cities, it is usually cool at night; and where elsewhere one would be bitten to death with mosquitoes, in the half-dozen centres up-country which I visit, no one even uses a mosquito curtain. I remember once visiting an engineer who was building the dock for the "Ferry Boat" (on which the train crosses) by the Alto Paraná. We sat on boxes in his temporary wooden hut on the bluff, with the grass sprouting through the flooring boards, and he was entertaining us hospitably after the manner of such men with the best he had, and he remarked how he had been on construction work in many regions North and South, but had never found such a climate or absence of noxious insects. It is truly a pleasant land, perhaps really "the healthiest of hot countries," as I have called it.

Let me, however, note a few pertinent facts. There is a distinct Paraguayan type. A foreigner cannot define it, but we must recognise that Paraguayans are racially different, for example, from Argentines, probably on account of their stronger and different blend of Indian blood, and they have a right to their separate nationality. Besides the language of the country is really Guaraní, the *lingua franca* and intertribal medium of intercourse before the Conquest. The Jesuit Fathers reduced this language to writing, but I was told by a friend, who ordered some of these works from Germany, that the language had changed so much meanwhile that they proved useless—so necessary is a literature to fix a language. The men, indeed, speak some Spanish, but the women none, though the names of all modern manufactured articles are necessarily Spanish. The upper classes (the distinction is well

marked in Paraguay) naturally speak Spanish, but most understand Guarani also; and the education of the country is in Spanish, which is probably the reason why the children in the country schools often learn so little. It seems possible for a Paraguayan child to attend school for years and learn nothing at all, not even by accident. The population is given as a million, and owing to infant mortality does not increase much. If we remember the extent of the country, this population is small, but the point to notice is its distribution in the neighbourhood of the railways or along the banks of the great rivers. Hence it is actually confined to quite a limited area, and a vast part of the country remains practically uninhabited. It is still inaccessible swamp and forest. I recall my astonishment on first coming to South America when an Englishman told me he had been to Paraguay to look for some land which he had bought and he could not find it. It is much easier to understand now that I have visited these countries.

But though Paraguay is a separate nation and entitled to be one, racially and historically, still it is in an extraordinarily difficult position, as being both a buffer state between the great rivals Argentina and Brazil, and an inland republic whose connection with the sea is by a thousand miles of river, navigable only by shallow draft river steamers. On both sides it is subject to economic pressure, and it finds it hard to hold its own. In efficiency it falls far below its more powerful neighbours, and without an exceptionally strong and honest Government it is hard to see how it can be otherwise. Other points to notice are that the people deteriorate in the city—that is not unusual in the case of a primitive people—and the best type is still in the country. The social unrest and lawlessness is mostly of the city. A maritime league, for example, a species of political trade union, took out a passenger steamer belonging to an Argentine company and deliberately sank it in mid-river, and no arrests or punishments followed. In the country, though there are a great number of bad characters roaming about who are the product of past revolutions and

strikes, the people are naturally quiet and law-abiding. As to sexual morality, it would be truer to say that they are non-moral rather than immoral, for they seem entirely ignorant of what morality is. In all ways the country is backward and primitive. Motor-cars and lorries can be used very little outside the towns, for there are no roads, only tracks which are constantly washed out by the rains, and only very slowly are minor improvements being made. Where a bridge has been built, often the approach to it is so bad that the position is worse than it was before. The usual vehicle of the country is an ox cart raised on two enormous wheels to clear the mud holes and swamps, and drawn by two to four or more yoke of oxen. A long goad is used, suspended from the corrugated iron roof of the cart and adorned with a bunch of bright parrot feathers. The oxen are yoked by the horns and a man usually walks in front, directing them. The creaking and groaning of the wheels is looked upon as an incentive to the oxen to pull. Often a rough wooden cross by the wayside marks where there has been a death or murder. A red flag or handkerchief hung out in front of a house signifies nothing more serious than that an animal has been killed and meat is to be bought there, while a white flag means that the traveller can buy drink, spirit, that is to say, made of sugar-cane. Such fighting and murdering as there is usually arises from men taking too much of this *caña*, as it is called, at native dances. Hence a law has recently been passed to the effect that these parties must be notified to the police and a policeman must be present, and so far it is said to work well. Spaniards and Germans are the principal traders, and since the war many more of the latter have come to the country and have had the good sense not to stay in the towns, but become genuine colonists. On account of the remoteness of their lands, and lack of means of communication, they suffered considerable hardship at first, but with true Teuton persistence they overcame these difficulties and, I understand, are now doing fairly well.

But what business have Englishmen, with a world Empire

to select from, in such a primitive country as this, with its hard past and unassured future? That is the question we have to face, and it is not an easy one to answer. The truth is that, in spite of its charm and picturesqueness, it is no country for Englishmen, except for a limited number with special employment which does not necessarily involve long residence, as railway engineers, for example, and other officials holding positions of trust on the Paraguayan Central Railway, and managers and employees connected with Liebig's Extract of Meat Company's works and estancias, and banks and other commercial enterprises. These justify their presence in the country and rightly make the best of it, and some few have settled for health's sake and because it suits their means and otherwise life does not hold much opportunity for them. But it is no country for settlers in the ordinary sense to take up land in and build up English homes. The forces of tradition and environment are all against them. The moral atmosphere is as bad as can be and the tendency to deteriorate strong. It is to the credit of many of our younger people that they have realised this and cleared out of the country into the better conditions of Argentina, where they do well. This, however, is anticipating events.

The only real influx of settlers since, I think, the disastrous colony of Lincolnshire farmers, as they were called, though neither farmers nor from Lincolnshire—they mostly died of disease and left no trace behind them—was that of the Australian Socialists at the end of last century. The occasion of this was a shearers' strike in Australia in which the men were thoroughly beaten, and under the inspiration of the Lane brothers' leadership they formed the project of founding a Socialist colony in far-off Paraguay. The Government was hungry for immigrants of so good a type and granted liberal terms, a large concession of land with practical autonomy, and the *Royal Tar* was chartered or purchased and brought them over in hundreds, all money being pooled in a common store and the fraternal life started in earnest. Even at that early stage,

however, all was not what it seemed, for some went on shore at Montevideo and returned in what was described as such an enviable state of hilarity (shall we say?), hardly I think inebriety, as to make it clear that Ananias-like they had kept back part of the price. It was but an incident, but troubles and difficulties of all kinds awaited them upon arrival at their destination, and human weaknesses revealed themselves, and many proved unequal to the strain. Indeed, it soon became apparent that the Socialist "New Australia Colony" in Paraguay would not succeed. A book has been written on this, called *Where Socialism Failed*—a book which has been widely read and translated into other languages—but it is not true. The author, whom I knew well, was honest enough, but not acquainted with the facts; moreover, lawyer-like, he set himself to prove a case, and naturally then events fitted in with his judgments. But it cannot be said that "Socialism failed," for the simple reason that, like Christianity, it was not tried. For my part I believe it would have failed, accepting as I do Mandell Creighton's aphorism that people are not yet good enough Christians to be Socialists, and when they are it will not be wanted. But as a fact it was not tried, because the society was so organised that the votes of absentees were at the discretion of the president, and as a sufficient number were never together at any one time, Mr. Lane, who was more of an idealist than a constructive leader, always had a majority of the votes. Hence in practice he was a dictator. Briefly, what took place was this. The majority of the colonists would not stay, and the terms of the Government concession could not be carried out. Hence that concession was withdrawn, and another, also quite liberal, but on a more modest scale, was substituted for it. This was worked on ordinary individualist lines, and the keener Socialist spirits under Mr. Lane started another really Socialist colony at Cosme in another part of the country.

When I visited these colonies first in 1902, there were a hundred and fifty people at New Australia, and about ninety,

I think, at Cosme, and the latter was then, and continued for some years, to be conducted on Socialist lines. Both colonies have steadily declined, and there appears to be no future before them except on the principle "the fewer the better fare." At New Australia there are now not more than sixty people left, including half-castes, and at Cosme twenty or a few more, but all of them white. Of the rest, some have died, but more have left, including the young folk I have mentioned. Before leaving the history of the movement, however, as these folk have been so much maligned and misrepresented, I should put on record what is not usually recognised, that in their disillusionment or failure they behaved in a thoroughly honourable fashion, like the independent Australians they were. There was never any appeal for funds or assisted passages. They just went to the nearest English works or settlement where work was to be had, and worked and saved money and passed on down river, and ultimately found their way back to Australia.

It was the coming of the Australian colonists, then, which brought up the numbers of the British in Paraguay to a figure which, if not more than a few hundreds, was no longer negligible, and the extension of the railway soon followed and other enterprises which temporarily increased our community. And it was this, with the unconscious claim of the children, which was the occasion of the Church's organisation being started in Paraguay. In due time, as we made friends with the colonists—not a difficult matter with such open-hearted, hospitable folk—schools under faithful workers were established where needed, and ultimately a church built at Asuncion. But this did not happen all at once, and meanwhile let me call attention to this immense difference between our work in Paraguay and the other three republics which are included in the diocese. In them our work is old; in two of them we have kept church centenaries; and in the third, Uruguay, Holy Trinity, Montevideo, has stood on the old Spanish bastion overlooking the Plate for eighty years. But

the tiny little church of St. Andrew's, in early English style, in the fourth capital, Asuncion, was only built in 1913.

The reason of this has been told, but if our Church in Paraguay has so far only had a quarter of a century of life, that quarter century is packed full of incident and adventure ; with floods and revolutions and disasters it has been by no means an easy development: Perhaps the strangest point is that owing to circumstances the chaplaincy began and developed, not from the centre, but from the extreme outside. True, an abortive start had been made before that ; with the help of the S.A.M.S., a first-rate married chaplain, with a school-master, in the hope of local support which never materialised, had been planted in a central position at Villarrica on the railway, but this only lasted two years. The real start was made with the little school-church of New Australia thirty miles from the railway. In due time Mr. Newbould, the school-master reader, received Deacon's Orders and during holiday time especially extended his ministrations to Villarrica and down the line. The inconveniences were obvious ; it was difficult to communicate with him, posts being slow and uncertain, and apart from political disturbances, of which indeed he did not take much heed, for he had the reputation of riding through zones of danger unconcernedly, an engagement might have to be cancelled any time without notice owing to rains and flooded creeks. Or, again, he might be detained by trouble on the colony. I find the following in my notes of twenty years ago : " I was sorry to find Mr. Newbould ill at Villarrica ; however, he soon improved under Dr. Bottrel's kindly care and was able to return with me to New Australia . . . he has had an anxious time of late . . . the colony has been in an unsettled state. First some old settlers were attacked, then a house was burnt down (arson being suspected), and then followed a horrible murder. Some thieves robbed a house where a little boy of six was left alone, and his dead body was found in a pit close by. Nor did trouble end there. A man who had at one time taught in the school,

but latterly acted as caretaker, took the matter so much to heart that he partially lost his reason, and disappeared, having presumably gone in pursuit of the murderers. After ten days his body was found in a wood in a shocking state."

Such tragic happenings were not, of course, frequent, but ugly things do occur at the ends of the earth, and not least in Paraguay. Looking back over the years, I can call to mind far too many accidents and murders. Moreover, there is this Indian-like trait in the Paraguayan that his mind is impenetrable to the foreigner, and he will never give away his own people. An English official was murdered on the railway and a reward offered for information. All knew the culprit, but none would inform, and he escaped unpunished.

But to resume: I referred to services being held down the line. One such instance belonging to this period stands out in my memory. It was in a club, the bar being closed for the occasion, or at any rate conducted silently in the background. Four or five mothers had brought their babies for baptism, and after the administration, I remember, they were laid in a row upon the platform, happily asleep, while we proceeded with Evensong. This was hearty and well attended, and only slightly marred by the singing of one man who was rather the worse for liquor. Fortunately the babies continued sleeping throughout, but it was something of a risk. Now in that place we have a neat little school-church, and such irregularities as I noted in the congregation have entirely disappeared.

In due time, then, with the extension of our schools under devoted Church-workers, men and women, and the chaplain's visits and services further afield, and the increased good-will and friendship which resulted, the railway manager being specially earnest and active, the building scheme was started and carried through, and St. Andrew's, Asuncion, built. This was helped greatly by the gift of a site by a well-known old resident, Dr. W. Stewart. He had actually served through the horrors of the Paraguayan war, and it once happened that in

Buenos Aires I was able to introduce him to an equally well-known member of our British community there, Dr. Kyle, who had been through that far-off war on the Argentine side. Until then they had never met. Those two old men chatting together for a few minutes at a street corner were a memorable sight. The collection of funds and committee meetings involved in church building schemes are usually prosaic enough and matters of ordinary routine, but it was not always so in Paraguay, and I can well remember returning one night to the railway manager's house after such a meeting to find the station, over which it was built, seized by troops, the Government fearing a revolution. And in point of fact, though their fears then were premature, it broke out soon afterwards and was long and disastrous; and in the course of it the manager's life was risked again and again, and his house wrecked with shrapnel.

The story of the building of the church in the capital, then, though recent enough, is not without its interest. Until then, when occasion needed, we used to borrow the German church, where there was an altar-piece of fair-haired Teuton children grouped round our Lord, and then with our own King we used to pray for the Kaiser. Now the group of friends who put the building scheme through and worshipped with us is scattered far and wide—though I could find many of them in Barcelona—such are the vicissitudes to which the work is liable in these lands. It grows and prospers and reaches a certain maturity, and then as likely as not declines and all but vanishes.

Now we have no resident workers in the republic—there would not be enough for them to do if we could afford them—yet the work has not been wasted, for a better spirit survives, and the church in the capital is a lasting witness, and there and in four other centres a visiting chaplain from the South can count on a welcome and gather people round him for worship. No one can tell what the future may hold for this country. Certainly, as I have insisted, it is no home for people of Anglo-

Saxon stock, but it remains a country of charm and mystery. It is perhaps typical of how little it is known that, whereas ninety-nine people out of a hundred have heard of Niagara, scarcely one in a hundred has heard of Iguasu, which is on a still grander scale, and incomparably more beautiful. And however much it is exploited and commercialised, it will still be "Picturesque Paraguay."

For a vivid description of modern Paraguay, the reader is referred to Mr. Newbould's *A Padre in Paraguay* (S.P.C.K., 1929.)

CHAPTER XVI

MISSIONS : (I) PARAGUAYAN CHACO

It is here in the Paraguayan Chaco that the spirit of the heroic Allen Gardiner has become incarnate again. Those old Jesuit Fathers who built up a world-famous kingdom on the basis of their Indian Missions never crossed the Paraguay River. There can be no question of their valour or ability. Even Cunninghame Graham, little disposed as he was to approve the work of Missions, in his delightful book *A Vanished Arcady* could not withhold his tribute of praise from them. They were born leaders of men, scholars, educationalists, artists, craftsmen, and even soldiers ; but the savage country to the west of the river remained a sealed book to them.

It was left for men of our race in a later age to break into that unknown land. That indeed is the title of the book written by the pioneer and founder of the present Mission, and still widely read, as it deserves to be, *An Unknown People in an Unknown Land*. Not that he was actually the first. A. Henricksen was the first, and he lies buried in the cemetery at Asuncion ; and with regard to him, I remember a well-known English doctor in Paraguay telling me of his strange experience. As a young man, when he, the doctor, was discovered to have serious lung trouble, and was consequently condemned to banishment from England, he was dragged off, as sometimes happens, by devout relations to a missionary meeting. The speaker was going off to some country he had never heard of, and he took little interest in it, but could not help being impressed by the man's vigorous health in contrast with his own perhaps fatal malady. And then years afterwards, when thoroughly recovered and in full practice in Paraguay, he was summoned to visit a sick man, knowing

nothing about him, and he recognised that missionary. But now it was he who was the strong man, and the missionary who was dying. Good work as Henricksen did, he can, however, scarcely be said to have penetrated the Chaco, for he had been provided with a launch and did not do more than get into touch with Indians along the banks ; he did not, as indeed he could not, leave the river. Barbrooke Grubb was the actual pioneer who took his life in his hand and went to live among the wild Lengua. His adventures read as a gigantic and amazing game of bluff. Utterly defenceless and at the mercy of these savages, he nevertheless posed as one who possessed authority, and had all kinds of resources at his command and nothing to fear. He adopted that character and maintained it with consistent courage, never revealing how near he must have been again and again to breaking down.

I must try, however, to explain what kind of country the Chaco is, for it is partly because the country is what it is, that the people were what they were, before the Mission came to them. Knowing something of seven republics in South America from the Amazon to the Straits, I give it as my deliberate judgment that it is the worst country I know, and this judgment is confirmed by an American friend who has travelled much in his own continent as well as this. Nothing that I have said in the previous chapter as to the beauty and attractiveness of Paraguay has any application to the Chaco. They might be two different lands, they have so few features in common. It is most curious what a dividing line is made by the River Paraguay. On the one side is Paraguay, varied, beautiful and attractive ; and on the other the Chaco, flat, dreary, monotonous, repellent. In the first place it is as though the whole country was covered with a waterproof sheeting, for the surface is of such a clayey substance that the water lies on it and cannot penetrate except very slowly. Hence after a heavy rainfall, and I have known it rain nine inches in a single night, the country may remain flooded for months, though the rank vegetation may prevent any sheets of water being visible.

At other times, there are long droughts when the track, cut up by ox carts in the rains, sets hard and rough like a rocky road ; and then it may be difficult to obtain any water at all for the cattle, and indeed for oneself, as even the water holes dry up. And, indeed, these extremes are characteristic of the Chaco. It is seldom that there are moderate rains and normal tracks ; the climate always tends either to a feast or a fast, floods or drought. On the whole the drought is the greater enemy of the two, though both are inconvenient. The worst zones are those nearest the " coast," as the bank of the river is called, as it is that which provides contact with the outer world and means of communication. These are covered with monotonous palm forest and great ant-hills, which in time of flood are the only dry spots for the calves, for cattle thrive on the long rank grasses, as they contain some salt, and many leagues are now fenced in with wire. On slightly higher ground, but only by a few inches, there are dense forests of other trees, some of them of valuable hard wood. These are all but impenetrable except by an axe or " machete," the long heavy knife of the country, unless cattle have made tracks through them, not only on account of the thick undergrowth, but because the ground is literally carpeted with thorny cactus. The swamps, as they are called, are in reality slowly moving rivers, long depressions filled with reeds and rushes of incredible height and quite impassable, except possibly in time of severe drought. Further west, as the ground rises slightly, the palm belts disappear, but on the other hand the grasses are inferior and the land is unoccupied. It is a poor game country, and insect pests of all kinds abound. As a witty Irishman described it : " All the insects bite and all the trees have thorns." Horses die off periodically from a disease which attacks the kidneys and for which no remedy has been found as yet, though the microbe is known, and their average life is not more than five years.* Mules resist the disease better, but even they are not immune. The climate is

* An apparently satisfactory remedy has now been discovered and is in use.

hardly unhealthy, though there is much malaria, locally called "chu-chu," but it is certainly hot and enervating, especially during the long summer.

This is the country, then, which formed a natural reserve for the wild Indian tribes, largely because no white man coveted it, and there they roamed at will, living their nomad life, supporting themselves by hunting and fishing from time immemorial. It gives the impression of a raw crude land still in the making. Those low-lying plains have still to be raised and covered with a reasonable layer of soil, for all growth is on so shallow a surface ; the forest trees, as one sees by those which are blown down, all spread their roots over the surface soil ; they penetrate to no depth, and where orange trees are planted in prepared spots, as in the Mission gardens, after thriving a few years, they strike the salt or some unwholesome strata and die. Nor could it ever have supported any great population. The natural density of the Indian population now is reckoned to be one to two square miles. So unattractive and inhospitable a land is this Chaco of Paraguay, which our missionaries have learned to love for the Indians' sake.

When I first came into contact with the Mission in 1902, the worst was long since over, the main battle had been won and the Mission's prestige was assured. But naturally this success was not achieved without a long and painful experience. The really dangerous stage was when it first became evident to the Indians that Mr. Grubb's object was to learn their language, and penetrate the secret of their customs and tribal life. As long as this strange and apparently powerful white man, so different from the Paraguayans whom they knew, was content to live among them as a being aloof and apart, they did not greatly care ; but when he wanted to know them, they at once distrusted him, and when he interfered with their customs, as, for example, the putting of an old woman to death, or the leaving of an infant child to die who was motherless, then they were really angry and dangerous, and his life must have hung on a very narrow thread. But by his consistent attitude of

sheer pluck and assurance, or call it faith and courage, he won through, and in time he was joined by others, sent out by the Society at home, some of whom proved strong men like himself, and who, though growing old, are the backbone of the Mission to this day, but others of lesser value, who had too many ideas of their own and desired quick results, came and went after short and not too helpful careers. Yet poor and struggling and ill-equipped as the Mission was, it made constant brave experiments in planting stations here and there and gathering Indians round; and though these frequently had to be changed for one reason or another, still confidence was won, and progress made on the whole, as their knowledge of the language grew, and finally converts were made and in due time baptised. All this story must be read in the Society's publications. For me, who write after twenty-five years' knowledge, it must be enough to contrast "then" and "now," and make my own notes and comments.

Certainly to grasp the present measure of achievement—success is hardly a word which belongs to the Christian vocabulary—it is necessary to realise what these *Lengua* savages were in their primitive state. They were not without rough arts and skill to make their own hunting weapons and blankets and cooking utensils and ornaments, and, moreover, they presented quite a pleasing appearance, the men in their blankets and feathers, the women in their skin petticoats and beads and bracelets and anklets of ostrich feather; indeed, their coppery red skin and black thatch-like hair seem to give just the right touch of colour to the drab monotonous scenery. But they would put their infants to death if they had more children than could conveniently travel with the parents, and in the same way they would suppress, choke to death, their old folk, when they could no longer keep up when travelling with the tribe. And when a mother died after childbirth, they would bury her living child beside her, not from deliberate cruelty, but reasoning that, if they kept the child, the spirit of the mother would yearn for it and haunt them, whereas if

they killed the child the mother might justly be angry and haunt them for that reason too ; so the best thing to do was just nothing at all. " Let her keep her child as it was, and then she could not complain." Their object was, not to be troubled with these spirits of the dead. For like all primitive people they are animists, and the dominant note in their religion is fear—fear of evil spirits and the spirits of the dead. Thus, if a man died, they would bury him where he was in his rough shelter, burn it over his head, and never willingly come near the place again. After successful hunting they would gorge themselves like wild beasts, and then do nothing until hunger drove them forth again. It is not too much to say that they were mere human animals, children with the passions of men, dangerous, dissolute, idle. And now they are to a great extent self-restraining, hard-working, God-fearing. They are not perfect, very far from it, but they do illustrate St. Paul's great saying : " If any man be in Christ, he is a new creation."

For see what they are now. In the light of what I have just written, the present central Mission Station seems nothing less than a miracle, and indeed always impresses me as such, when I reach it after leagues of weary travel through the desolation of palms and rank grasses. One seems to come across it suddenly at last. It is situated on an island in a swamp, for it is only in such places that good land, suitable for gardens and cultivation, can be found, and the dammed-up waters give the appearance of an ornamental lake, with a cluster of roofs, as of a considerable settlement, beyond among the trees and bushes, for here the palms have all been cleared away long since for fencing and building. Nor are you disappointed when you ride in over the dam and through the gardens. Here is an Industrial Settlement, a Christian village. In the centre is the church, built of imperishable hard wood and roofed with corrugated iron, big and barn-like without, but thoroughly pleasing within, with a sense of being used and having an atmosphere of home. And then there is the school, which is the next best building, with a partition which enables it to be turned



PARAGUAYAN CHACO MISSION.
THE BISHOP, MISSIONARIES AND INDIANS.

facing p 152.

into a hall and meeting-place; the dispensary and hospital; the shop or store; the missionaries' houses, built now with hard wood frames and wire gauze for windows; the carpenters' shops, sheds, and Indian huts of palm log in regular order, but not too near each other, for Indian women, like others, are capable of gossip and quarrels; and then there are the cattle corrals and gardens.

But it is the life of the station which really appeals to you. A bell rings at sunrise, and you see men crossing the open spaces in all directions to the church. They are the workers for the day, and every day begins with something like family prayer in church. There is work for all who want it—fencing, building, gardening, cattle or navvy work—and the different tasks are allotted after the service. They are paid daily with the Mission tokens, which pass as money, and these are cashed at the store, which is opened always after evening service, and apparently at that hour forms a kind of social centre where the young people of the village congregate, just as at up-country stations in many parts they go down to see the train come in and walk up and down on the platform until it goes. The next bell is for the mothers, who gather with their babies at one of the missionaries' houses for a ration of milk and rice. Formerly, they did not know the good qualities of cow's milk and made no use of it; now they appreciate it greatly. And with this distribution go washing of the babies and short morning prayers. Then there follows the bell for school. It is delightful to see the happy and orderly way in which the children muster outside and march into school. They learn there to read and write, both in Spanish and Lengua, and to sing and do simple arithmetic, and their copy-books are often models of neatness. Many of them write letters to the Sunday Schools in Buenos Aires and elsewhere which support them. At midday they are given a meal which makes both for good health and regular attendance. They are always vastly amused when I taste this food. Then there are bells for dispensary and store, for knocking off work at midday, for

resuming work, for evening prayer in church, which of course is voluntary, and so forth. The impression you gain is that of a busy and happy people, and indeed good humour and contentment seem to me marked features of our Mission Stations.

Naturally, however, it is in the church, at one of the great services, perhaps Confirmation or Holy Communion, that the extent of the transformation wrought in these people is driven home. The numbers, the reverent attention, the hearty singing and responding, the happy spirit of worship, the willingness to offer individual prayer (especially remarkable when the reserved Indian nature is considered), all point to the fact that the Christian Faith is the dominant force in their lives. There are some promising native evangelists, and to illustrate the grasp which these men have of the essential facts, I quote these sayings by one of them, an early convert—indeed, one of Mr. Grubb's best converts—a chief in former times and remarkable character, but one who never learned to read or write. One day he drifted into the chaplain's room and said: "I want you to lend me that thing you rub out lines with on paper." "Yes, indiarubber; what do you want it for?" "I want it to show a man how Christ takes away our sins, takes them right away." Once on some evangelistic tour he was appealing to some baptised Indians who were not on the Mission Station then, and who he thought were growing slack. "You know the Mission cattle by their mark, and the Maroma Estancia cattle by theirs, and God knows you by yours, the mark of the Cross on you. The water has dried up, your heads are not wet now, but the mark is still there and God sees it. He has not forgotten." And speaking to some newly baptised converts in church he said something of this sort: "You must not think that all difficulties are over, now that you have been baptised; no, the devil did not care so much about you before, but now he will be angry and tempt you more than ever, and you will have to fight and hit him and drive him away." (I think the poor fellow spoke from real experi-

ence there, for he has had many lapses in his own life.) And speaking by request to some newly confirmed he told them : " God has prepared little houses for each of you up in heaven. He has them all ready for you, there is nothing wanting ; but *you* have to get there." What a quaint and incisive way of putting it, that, however bountifully God does His part, we must do ours too !

If ever the whole Lengua tribe, which still numbers some thousands, is to be evangelised, it must be ultimately through Lenguas themselves, so it is highly important that our evangelists should be of a good reliable type. And that a good trustworthy type of character is turned out by the Mission is, I think, amply proved by the following. All stores, apart from the meat, etc., which the country produces, have to be transported from the river by means of slow ox cart, which, on account of difficulties of track and climate, usually takes several weeks, and it was a very serious tax on the time and energies of the small missionary staff to be burdened with this work. Now, however, it has been found practicable to put an Indian in charge, and the carts, with their complement of " boys," will go off on their journey to the river, camp there, while he crosses the island and goes to the store in the town opposite with his written order, receives and checks the goods, loads them into the carts, and returns to the Mission in due course, without any mishap or misbehaviour. That points to a fairly high standard of capacity and trustworthiness. It is a conspicuous instance, because there is temptation to drink at the river, where both Paraguayans and Indians of all types may congregate, and, besides, contact with the Paraguayan and with the civilisation of the town is always difficult for the Indian ; but on the Mission, Indians are constantly used in positions of trust, and parties are sent off by themselves, for fencing or cattle work, with quite satisfactory results.

The change from a nomad to a settled and comparatively civilised life has been brought about in a wise and gradual way. Once the Indians become accustomed to better houses

and regular food, they appreciate the superior comfort of these and do not seriously desire to go back to the old life; but, nevertheless, they like to leave the station on visits and hunting expeditions for some weeks, and to this no objection is offered. They are free to go, and it is thought to be probably good for them, on the principle of breaking them in slowly. And, again, their native dress was never interfered with; it was of their own free will that the men took to shirts and trousers, handkerchiefs and belt, partly because they saw others use them, but more, I think, because they were so much more convenient to work in than a blanket, even when turned down at the waist. And now on the station they no longer use red paints or beads or feathers. The women, too, have advanced in refinement, and of their own accord have taken to blouses in addition to the rustling skin petticoats which are the distinctive custom of the tribe.

With this advance in civilised life I suppose some falling off in woodcraft and the more instinctive knowledge of the wild man is unavoidable, however much it may be regretted. Some years ago at evening entertainments at the Mission, in the light of a few murky lanterns, popular items of the programme, oddly intermingled with modern gramophone abominations, were native charades, consisting of such scenes as a travelling party bewitched by a wood goblin and made to lose their way, a hawk pouncing on a string of birds, a tiger attacking men in a tree, etc. But even then the older missionaries told me that it was not well done, the actors being young men who had not the woodcraft of their wilder fathers. And about the same time a lady missionary noted an interesting point, that Indians had great regards for their own feelings, and so would disappear just at the moment when they might be expected to be coming to say good-bye to their friends, as a matter of good manners, I suppose, that any display of emotion might be avoided. I do not think that that trait persists now. They gather up as cheerfully as we do to say good-bye, and indeed shake hands also. With the new life, old knowledge

and customs, even those which have a value, tend to pass. Now a second generation of Christians has grown up on the Mission, baptised in infancy and brought up in the school, and entirely without that terrible background of heathenism which I endeavoured to describe. No doubt there is the peril of conventionality and formalism, but the advantage remains great.

The Lengua language must have presented extraordinary difficulty, but fortunately a linguistic genius was at hand in the person of R. J. Hunt, whom we shall be meeting again as the father and mother of the Mataco Mission in the Argentine Chaco. It has no abstract ideas whatever, no degrees of comparison, and nothing to suggest a contract. In terms of life this meant that there was no natural emulation among them, no wholesome spirit of rivalry, as when Indian children were first set to run a race, they all tried to come in together, nobody wanted to win. That has long since been overcome, and they can enter into our type of sports enthusiastically, just as the linguistic difficulties have been overcome, and only the names of God, Christ, and Holy Spirit, and numerals and days of the week have been adopted from the Spanish. Books of Old and New Testament, and all necessary services in the Prayer Book, have now been satisfactorily translated, and a Lengua Hymn Book has been composed. I am told that, to those who know the Lengua Prayer Book, it has a certain rugged beauty and depths of meaning, which at first it seemed impossible for such a language to contain, and which will surely grow and win more and more the affection of those who use it, as the years go by. As to the Scriptures, I confess it always seems to me a thousand pities that our Societies, who represent the Church on its missionary side, do not agree upon a book of authorised "selections," such as is often put into the hands of children—and, indeed, what are primitive people but children? From what a host of possible misunderstandings and explanations such "selections" would save our people! It is strange that it seems never to have been attempted.

Stories and biographies from the Old Testament, together with the record of our Lord's life and teaching, followed by the story of the founding of the Church, would form a connected whole, and surely be far more profitable than the publication of whole selected books, which need so much more explanation. A praiseworthy attempt has also been made to give the *Lengua* some general reading matter, stories and folklore, as it has been felt that familiarity with sacred literature *only* may tend to unreality, as when I see a sturdy young Indian lying at his house door reading the New Testament, I cannot help wondering whether he would do that if he had other books to read. There is not the same virtue in it, if he can read nothing else.

Will the Indians survive in the Chaco, or are they a dying race, as in the far South? That is not an easy question to answer, but there seem to me good hopes that they may survive. For one reason, the attitude of Governments is much more humane and far-sighted—they recognise the possible value of the aboriginal inhabitants of the country for developing its resources; for another, in the Mission at least, they have greatly gained in their power of resistance to the diseases of civilisation. Influenza and measles, for example, used to be fatal scourges, but now they do comparatively little harm. Yet the population of the Chaco as a whole tends to diminish, and even on the Mission, where so much care is exercised, it does not do much more than hold its own. So the future is by no means assured. Much will depend on the further progress of the Missions.

And last, what of the Mission itself? What hope has it of expansion and enlarged influences? The answer to that question rests mostly with the Church at home, or the Society which in this sphere represents that Church, the "South American Missionary Society." For though the Mission aims nobly at being self-supporting with its Industrial Settlement and Cattle Farm, and though the support of the diocese in both money and men tends to grow rather than otherwise,

still the bulk of the support and spiritual driving force must come from home; there is no other possibility. More especially will a constant supply of men be needed to meet the new calls and opportunities which are developing on all sides.

And here would it not help matters if we could get rid of that terribly artificial nomenclature, as it seems to me, of "mission field" and "home base," and of specialised "missionary" meetings and intercessions, as though the Church were not one, and it was not the simplest and most straightforward of duties to propagate the Faith far and near? It is this artificial language, or the atmosphere from which it springs, which is responsible, in my view, for much of the halo of sanctity with which the religious world invests the unfortunate missionary, while the worldly, in and outside the Church, overwhelm him with equally undeserved contempt. But the fact is, as far as I can judge, who have seen missionaries come and go in a constant stream for a quarter of a century, that they are mostly very ordinary men and women, sincere Christians according to their lights, but with their full share of human faults and failings, true saints, but equally real sinners, only some few of outstanding gifts, with a touch of the heroic spirit, daring and giving up all for Christ's sake. And for men who are buried in the wilds a wide outlook and large charity of view seem specially difficult; they seem driven in on self, and tend to develop their limitations and prejudices. Nevertheless, there are the best, and they are of the very salt of the earth, men and women whom indeed it is a privilege to have known.

Should missionaries be married in these Chaco Missions? It is difficult to say "Yes," when the cost of passages is considered and the failure of the wife's health occasions so often the missionary's retirement; and in any case, even if all goes well and children are born and thrive, the time soon comes when, for moral and physical reasons, they must go home for education, and in most cases the parents accompany them, and so a missionary career is cut short, and a valuable couple lost to the work. The system of married missionaries seems

indeed costly and inefficient. And yet it would be more difficult to say "No," for the Mission owes much to its married missionaries, when both are of the best. The example of a Christian home life can do what the best Sisterhood (the only possible alternative) can hardly do. It depends on the man and woman. But I think the cause should always be considered first before the happiness or convenience of the family. In other words, a man must be prepared to be separated from his wife and children. If they are obliged to stay at home, it still may be his duty to stand by the work. And some there are who bear this burden bravely and uncomplainingly for Christ's sake. In the case of others, it almost seems as if the words, "He that loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me," had never been written.

Yet with all the limitations and failures of the staff in later days, the residuum after the sifting has been pure gold, and the hero spirit of Allen Gardiner still lives on, with the result that the achievement of the Paraguayan Chaco Mission is monumental indeed, for it has solved the problem of how to evangelise a nomad tribe. The principle has been discovered, and the thing done beyond possibility of denial or doubt. The achievement is capable of quite indefinite extension and multiplication.

CHAPTER XVII

MISSIONS : (2) ARGENTINE CHACO

HAVING told something of the story of the Paraguayan Chaco Mission as it is, I am obliged to pass on to that of the Argentine Chaco Mission, which sprang from it and lies alongside of it. Not that it is accessible from the Paraguayan side, except by an impossible expenditure of time and resources. And, as a fact, the beginning was made from quite a different direction.

In the North of Argentina, in one of those provinces which geographically and ethnologically, as a German fellow-traveller once put it to me, seem more a part of Bolivia than Argentina, there is an English firm of repute, Leach Brothers, who were pioneers in the sugar industry and who employ a great number of Indians to cut their cane. Many of these they sent their agents to collect in the Chaco and bring them down and arrange for their being fed through the many weeks' journey, most of it on foot, until they arrived at their destination. There it was interesting to see them in their temporary villages, huts made of a framework of sticks covered with cane leaves—it is strange, by the way, to how many uses cane seems to be put, where it is the staple industry: fuel for the factory (after it has been crushed), fodder for the cattle, for roofing (as for these huts), for chewing (every man, woman and child seems to have a stick of it, and it was reckoned that as much as a tenth of the crop was wasted in this way)—and when these villages become too offensively filthy, for wild Indians are not very cleanly in their habits, it was easy to burn them down and thus persuade their tenants to make new ones. It may be imagined that these Indians from the Chaco were not too satisfactory as labourers, especially as they had to be dealt with through their chiefs and also interpreters, usually of a

rascally type. Besides, they were of different tribes, sometimes hostile to each other, and it was impossible to keep them from intoxicating liquor entirely, as the township was not under the control of the firm and the law did not prevent itinerant traders from selling it freely. Ultimately a wonderful improvement was made by means of a counter-attraction—namely, a free cinema in the factory yard. At the end of the crop they were paid in kind, by their own wish, with mares and blankets, cooking pots and guns, etc., and conducted back upon their journey.

And here is an incident which bears on this. The story was brought out by a photo of a burst gun which I came across in a book in a private house, and of which I asked the meaning. The crop was finished and the Indians had been paid, in kind, as I have said, and started off for their homes ; and one came back, evidently in a hurry and brandishing this gun with one hand. The other hand was wrapped up with blood-stained rags. The gun had unfortunately burst (for the firm took some trouble to provide reasonably good guns) and blown off several of the man's fingers, but he was not complaining about that ; all he wanted was a new gun, and when he received it, he went off content, to catch up his companions. So little is the Indian affected by gunshot wounds or stabbing. But this is illustrated even better by an instance the doctor gave me of the times when the drinking and fighting were very bad. One Saturday night an Indian was brought in to him apparently at the point of death from loss of blood, for he was stabbed with knife wounds from head to foot. The doctor was very busy and said it was not worth his while to trouble with him, and ordered him to be carried into the mortuary. Next morning he suddenly remembered him and asked what had happened. " Oh ! he has gone away," was the answer, and it was literally true ; the man had revived, got up of himself, and gone away. On the other hand, Indians' power of resisting ordinary illnesses and epidemics seems much less than ours.

To this temporary Indian centre, then, in connection with

Messrs. Leach's firm, a party of experienced missionaries from the Paraguayan Chaco were welcomed and provided with quarters and every encouragement. And for a starting-point, not more than that, it was excellent. There was a new language to learn, and clearly nothing could be done till that was acquired. So for a long time the work was simply to get into friendly touch with Indians and capture new words, as collectors of insects capture specimens. Of the various tribes represented in the cane fields, it was decided to aim at the Matacos, as they were a large and powerful tribe in the Argentine Chaco and entirely heathen. But for the actual work of evangelisation this was not a suitable base. The conditions under which the Indians were living were too abnormal, nor was it possible for the missionaries to live among them, and influence them in that way. Hence, as soon as possible a move was made to the Chaco itself, and, again through the kindness of Messrs. Leach, a tract of land secured on the Bermejo River. This is now the settled policy of the Mission, to secure an independent status, by acquiring land and attracting Indians to settle on it. And for a base of operations the position, if not the actual site, was extraordinarily well chosen, for it is just off one of the main tracks by which Indian parties pass to and fro on their way to work in the various cane fields, or to the railway, which is less than ten leagues distant. The first site chosen, and indeed the next after that also, was too near the river, which now runs over where the bungalow house stood, and the missionaries say it was a terrifying experience to hear the roar of the flood at night, and as it ate away the banks, the great forest trees crashing into the stream. Now, however, their station is planted finally at a safe distance, though this means that they have to depend upon a well for their water supply, instead of the river, and sinking wells is expensive work. It so happened that water was struck on Michaelmas Day, and hence the name of the church. But the days of the church were not yet.

It is a witness to the influence of the missionaries that they

were at once able to attract a population round them. For the land itself offered no advantages. It is still "Chaco," in the sense of belonging to the vast low-lying plain of the interior, which forms part of the three republics of Paraguay, Bolivia, and Argentina (for each of them has a "Chaco"), and having the same trees and plants and bird and insect life, with no doubt some variation, but here in the extreme West it is all forest with no open "camp," and the station is simply a clearing in the forest. Nor is the land of much use for cultivation on account of its rather poor quality, and the uncertain rainfall, or rather the long dry season which covers the winter months. And unlike the Central Station in the Paraguayan Chaco, the Mission cannot provide much work, except at first building and carpentering, and some clearing and fencing afterwards. Nevertheless, for the sense of safety brought by living on the Mission land, that there they would not be ill-used nor cheated by the worse sort of squatters, and that even if they worked for a lower wage, they would be sure of receiving their money, a population of three hundred soon gathered round, and were allotted land for house and garden—no houses are close together on this station—the only conditions being general good conduct and the prohibition of all intoxicating liquor, for Indians an absolutely necessary provision. So here, then, was the real base and starting-point—Algarrobal, it is called, from the numerous "algarrobo" trees, a hard wood whose beans can be used also for making liquor—a large square clearing in the forest, occupied by church and school, dispensary and store, missionaries' houses and other buildings, with some cleared paddocks round, and the scattered Mataco settlement, whose inhabitants, however, can be very quickly brought together on the station by the ringing of a bell. From long contact with the Argentine settlers, these people are of a more civilised type than their fellow-tribesmen further in the Chaco, and naturally wear European clothing, and have even a certain refinement.

From this base, then, on the extreme Western edge, the plan

is to plant Missions, as men are trained to man them, at Indian centres East, and North and South-East, until there is a chain linking up with the Paraguayan Chaco Mission. And now that the Matacos on the station have been so marvellously won to the Christian Faith (though the story of that has not been told yet), and the Church there is a keen centre of life, the station is an excellent training ground. It must be remembered that all English missionaries to Indians in South America (except the few who are born in the country) have the disadvantage of having to learn two languages: Spanish, the ordinary language of the country, without which they are lost (for we have no Missions in Brazil), and the language of the particular Indian tribe among which they are working; and as their contact with the Indian is naturally more frequent and intimate and of infinitely greater interest to them, Spanish is only too likely to go by default, and outside the Mission they feel strangers in a strange land. This is less apt, however, to happen at Algarrobal than elsewhere, as there is a considerable Spanish-speaking population in the neighbourhood. There practically the whole Mataco settlement has been won to the Faith. And though there is no striking contrast to be drawn of "then and now," as in the Paraguayan Chaco, still the transformation wrought is sufficiently remarkable, and in a comparatively short time, the suggestive time of seven years.

I attribute this, humanly speaking, to two causes: the experience gained by so many years of experiments and mistakes on the other side (for the best learn most by their mistakes), and the personality of R. J. Hunt, whom I have referred to already, not only as our language genius, but as the father and mother of this Mataco Mission. Really I do not consider that description to be exaggeration. What Barbroke Grubb has been in the Paraguayan Chaco, that his comrade and contemporary Richard Hunt has been in the Argentine Chaco Mission. A first-rate capable lay missionary, he was ordained late in life, and never did man more justify his ordination. With no common experience behind him, he formed his plan

and consistently worked it out. His watchword was patient solid teaching, based on a knowledge of the Mataco mentality and character, which grew with his own ever-increasing knowledge of the language, and translational work. Baptism naturally followed upon conversion, and after a further period of teaching and testing, Confirmation. In three Confirmations held in different years, almost the whole adult population has been swept into full Church membership. And at the last celebration of the Holy Communion at which I was present, all the eighty-four confirmees attended except two, who were working far away from the Mission, and one girl who had died. And in order not to miss their Confirmation and Communion, quite a number had returned on purpose from the cane fields or railway construction where they were working, thereby sacrificing several days' pay. That was a fairly satisfactory test of sincerity.

I have said the well where water was struck on Michaelmas Day gave its name to the church. It was also Hunt's plan that standards of worship should be set from as early days as possible, so the church of St. Michael and All Angels had long since been completed. The building of that church was something of a romance, and the Indians themselves felt it to be epoch-making in their history. It was built of hard wood "algarrobo" logs. A hundred and sixty of these were required. All the trees had to be found and felled in the forest (they do not grow all together). Only the axe was used for felling and squaring. So heavy is the wood that six Indians were needed to carry one log. No wonder the building took time. But it was accomplished by Indian labour alone, under English direction. Nor can there be any doubt that the keen and happy spirit which animates Mission staff and native Christians alike, has its home and source in the daily worship of that church. Until the time comes for a native ministry, which seems for these primitive people still very far off, nothing can be more important than to secure trusty lay evangelists, and those already commissioned are as keen and

zealous about their work as they are transformed in their lives. Moreover, a large number have joined an evangelists' training class, so the prospect in this direction is bright indeed.

In one matter this Mission has been at a serious disadvantage compared with the parent Mission in the Paraguayan Chaco. There, according to the law, any Indian who was baptised became at once a citizen of the country and entitled to the right of civil marriage, the only legal marriage ; and as some member of the Mission staff is always appointed civil registrar for the district, there is no difficulty in fulfilling the requirement of the law and marrying Indian couples civilly before they receive the Church's blessing. Here, however, in the Argentine Chaco, whatever the law on the subject might be, the Indians as primitive indigenous people were regarded as outside the pale, and by custom or tacit consent of the Provincial Government—in Argentina there is always risk of friction between the two authorities, Provincial and Federal Governments—the privilege of civil marriage was withheld, and hence it was impossible for the Church to touch the question officially. It was hardly possible to bless that which did not exist, namely, a lawful marriage contract, and if a form of service had been devised to meet the situation, it would infallibly have come to be credited with a validity which as a fact it did not possess, and without which indeed it would be only useless, and ultimately bring the Mission into collision with the law. The difficulty was most real and serious, for quite obviously the lax native marriage required to be lifted on to a higher plane, and anything like a full Christian home life is unthinkable without Christian marriage. The solution of this thorny problem, however, was at length found in this way. The Protector of the Indians at Buenos Aires (I am not sure of the official title) happened to be a sincere and able man quite in earnest about carrying out the duties of his office (for that is not always so in South America ; sometimes official "Protectors of the Indians" exploit them worse than others), and when appealed to on the question, he wrote an official yet

friendly letter to all registrars in Indian territories pointing out that the law was for the benefit of all who lived in the country, whatever their status, and asking them to give all needed facilities to Indians desirous of civil marriage. Thus the cause of the Indians was helped everywhere, the registrars were not antagonised, and on the Mission the way was made clear for holy matrimony. The difficulty of the distance at which the registrar lived remained, as also that of sorting out the right names to be submitted to him from the tangle of adopted and other names which the Indians had acquired, but all this was cheerfully faced for the sake of the solid advantages gained, and now there is Christian marriage on the Mission.

Further, Algarrobal has already in its short history begun to fulfil its purpose of a training ground for missionaries and base for further expansion; for two years ago, after careful preliminary journeys of exploration, and examination into conditions of Indian life, a Mission was started among the Izocenian tribe in the Bolivian Chaco, and one year ago a second Mission among Matacos in the Argentine Chaco on the River Pilcomayo. This Bolivian Mission, consisting of a party of three under Henry Grubb's leadership (he is no relation of the founder, but has his capacity and adventurous spirit), is about a fortnight's journey on mule-back from Algarrobal in country which the prestige of our Chaco Missions has not reached, and in Indian territory, where, though full permission to settle is granted, it does not appear to be possible actually to acquire the land. It is a difficulty that the Bolivian Government does not tend to be a strong one, perhaps on account of the curiously composite nature of the republic, for this consists of three distinct elements: the Andean plateaus, with fruitful valleys inhabited by Indians civilised, as at the time of the conquest; a huge tropical territory, which slopes down to the Amazon basin, where the Indians are wild in the forest and there are few means of communication; and this Bolivian Chaco, where there are both white settlers, some towns and villages, and

Indians of all kinds. Such a country must be extraordinarily unwieldy and difficult to govern, and indeed in the course of its history Bolivia has frequently had two capitals. Hence the Government has little control of its officials in distant places. Again, living is difficult for the Indians on account of the dry climate and irregular rains, which make crops uncertain (it will be remembered that these are common conditions in the Chaco), and hence population tends to diminish; many migrate to where they can obtain work. Nevertheless, a most hopeful beginning has been made. These Izocénian Indians, who are civilised in so far as they speak some Spanish and wear European clothing, respond readily to the missionaries' efforts; the children crowd to school, and most of the adult population to the informal services. So, linked with effective medical work, teaching goes on steadily, while at the same time the language, a dialect of Guaraní, is being acquired. The work goes forward well, but the time for converts is not yet.

The other offshoot, called "Selva San Andrés," on the banks of the Pilcomayo in the Argentine Chaco, is only four or five days distant by mule-back from Algarrobal, or two by Ford tractor in the dry season, for there are numerous tracks out East. The staff here consists of two only, with a native evangelist, and here also, especially as our Missions are well known by report, the openings are marvellous. Indeed, this seems to me the special feature of the new ventures now being made in Paraguayan and Argentine Chacos. They start in such an amazing atmosphere of good-will. It is as though the expression I used of Hunt, "father and mother of the Mataco Mission," was true of the Chaco Missions generally. Wherever one of our Missions is planted, as on the Pilcomayo, the Indians at once regard it as their father and mother and protector and friend, and ascribe to it, or rather the unfortunate (in this respect) missionary in charge, unlimited powers with authorities and inconvenient neighbours and possible enemies. Evidently the Mission is reaping the seed sown by decades

of consistent living, in which, whatever their other failures, they have proved themselves the Indians' friend. The primitive red man's confidence is not easily won, but once it is won, it is a powerful and lasting asset, worth all the sacrifice it has cost to win it. Thus the missionary in charge is able to say, after less than a year: "There is every evidence that we are already firmly established in the Matacos' affection and they regard us, as they often say among themselves, as their father. They look to us for protection and help, always believing that we have unlimited power over the white settlers. A note from the Missions brings back a horse stolen from a neighbour; another saves some families from being turned out of their homes and gardens. Indians travelling away from the Mission invariably come for a letter to save them from being molested on the way, and the letter, like a magic charm, saves the situation."

And there are bigger things than these. Hostile tribes have made peace, laid down their arms, and promised to refer further disputes to the Mission. Toba Indians, from five days' journey South, came to plead that a Mission might be sent to them, and as this was impossible, sent up forty young men to attend school for a month or two—a high compliment, no doubt, but somewhat overwhelming, when the Mission's few buildings and scanty resources are considered. Of course, these primitive men tire like undisciplined children and have no idea of regular work, and the whole village indulges in drunkenness for weeks together; but the witness of school and services goes quietly on, and results will surely follow.

To me the work of the Argentine Chaco Mission is of special interest because I have seen it from the beginning (though I have not yet been able to visit the two offshoots just mentioned), and it has so clearly profited by the experience gained in the past. There have been no breaks or changes of policy; all has gone forward on a consistent plan; the mission is a unity of design and fulfilment. Compared with the Paraguayan Chaco Mission, I should say that it has the advantages of greater accessibility and perhaps less difficult country, for there so

much time is necessarily taken up in the sheer labour of living, as must often happen in the wilds; on the other hand, it has the disadvantage that the country is so much occupied by settlers, and that consequently the Mission has not the field to itself to anything like the same extent. Yet the prospects are as great, if not greater, always granted the supply of a good type of missionary from home. Both Missions, in the nature of the case, are essentially laymen's missions and always arouse the interests of laymen, though the need of chaplains for spiritual leadership is fully recognised, and there seems to be a certain appropriateness in this when we remember that the South American Missionary Society's founder and first heroic missionary was a layman, Captain Allen Gardiner.

CHAPTER XVIII

PATAGONIA TODAY

SCATTERED notices of Patagonia have already appeared in this book, as that our British representatives in Chubut, the Northern Territory, are mainly Welsh, and in Santa Cruz, the Southern Territory, Scotch and Falklanders, and that wedged in between them, so to speak, is a small Boer colony from South Africa, dating from the close of the Boer War, irreconcilables then, but happily of a different temper now ; and that the empty spaces of the South were colonised in the first instance by hardy immigrants from the gallant little colony of the Falklands, a fact for which it was suggested that Argentina might not unreasonably be grateful, instead of persistently demanding the cession of those islands. Yet Patagonia remains so much a world by itself and is so little known—do not most people at home still dimly regard it as a land of giants ?—that it seems worth while to give it some kind of separate treatment and say something further of the prospects of our race in those bleak wilds.

First, what is Patagonia ? The answer is, the whole of the continent South of the Rio Negro (or South of the huge province of Buenos Aires) between the Andes and the ocean. There is Argentine Patagonia, with which I am now concerned, and Chilian Patagonia, including Tierra del Fuego, a country which is neither small in itself nor unimportant, but small as compared with the Argentine part of it, which reaches to the Straits of Magellan, and on the Eastern side beyond them. This whole vast territory of Patagonia is entirely different from the rest of the continent, and consequently has a certain unity of its own. It is dry and arid, with a scanty rainfall, on some sheep farms as little as six inches in the year (and then a fierce

wind may spring up and destroy half the benefit of the refreshing shower), covered with low bushes and thorny scrub, mostly of a sad sage-green colour. In the more Northern areas there is little grass, except in the sheltered hollows, but further South the bushes grow less and the grass more plentiful, until the plains seem all grass. On the other hand, the wind, which is the chief enemy of Patagonia, is worse in the South, affecting the nerves of even hardy Scots. This applies to the sea-board and central regions. Nearer the Andes there is ample rainfall and better land. Darwin condemned the country as useless for man or beast, and you may still be shown the hill at San Julian from which he viewed the land, but then he did not go in far enough; and the great man was mistaken too in the similar judgment he passed upon the Falklands, where Darwin Harbour, named after him, is a flourishing settlement and centre of a prosperous sheep-farming industry. The country in which the Welsh settled is exceptional, as will be told presently. Near the Andes, especially in the region of the various lakes, there is some of the most glorious scenery in the world, and as one travels from West to East, there is still variety and beauty in the barren amphitheatres of hills, as they appear, and vast stretches of desolation, but nearer the coast, which is the main line of travel, the country is on the whole, though with exceptions, flat and monotonous, yet with strange hidden valleys, called cañadones, like gashes in the great plain, invisible until they are actually reached.

And here is another feature of Patagonia, that unlike other countries, where they are usually built on rising ground, the houses are hidden away in hollows to escape from the wind. The coast towns are usually of quite attractive appearance, being pleasantly situated on some creek or river; but there, I am afraid, their charm ends, for the country round them is always more than ordinarily bare and desolate, and especially during the long winter months life is monotonous without much possibility of sport or games. Indeed, a charitably disposed visitor remarked that he was not surprised that people

drank there, but rather that they ever did anything else. Except the Welsh, who are mostly small farmers, from the companies who hold great tracts of land in the North to individual owners great and small in the South (though there are companies there also), our people are all engaged in sheep-farming; and it is this, I suppose, and the conditions under which they live and work, which draws them together and makes them a separate society, holding little communication with our people in Argentina proper. In Buenos Aires and on board ship they naturally tend to associate with each other, as belonging to a world of their own.

Further, I do not think that any part of the country has been revolutionised by the car more than Patagonia, for in spite of the bad tracks the car has been almost universally substituted for the comparatively slow coach and horses, and the distant sheep farms have been brought nearer to each other and to the coast towns, and finally to Buenos Aires, the capital. Indeed, now there is nothing exceptional in making the whole journey from Punta Arenas North to the rail-head by car. We were ever obliged to rearrange the division of the diocese, effected in 1910, on account of the new means of communication. The Argentine Territory of Santa Cruz had been left in the Falkland Islands Diocese, as all business and social movement was naturally with Punta Arenas, though it was a foreign town in another republic; but with the advent of the car, the superior convenience of the connection with Buenos Aires became evident, and not only did trade set in that direction, but prosperous sheep farmers would send their children to be educated there, and themselves go there in increasing numbers to escape the long winter months. Hence it was clearly better to incorporate Santa Cruz in the Eastern Diocese, as was done some years ago. To illustrate the distances, a friend once came as far as eighty leagues to meet me with his car, in order that I might visit the estancia and hold services there. That was exceptional, but I have been frequently sent twenty to fifty leagues on my way. Distances



SHEPHERDS IN PATAGONIA.

facing p. 174.

between settlements in Patagonia are necessarily greater, when the barren nature of the country is remembered. Sometimes a square league will only carry about five hundred sheep ; a thousand, I am told, is the average, and two thousand to the league good.

Further, I have often thought it illustrates what a familiar sight a car must be, that the wild guanaco take no notice of it, unless they are close to the track, in which case they will lop off with their peculiar but very effective gallop. And this is the more remarkable because many travellers empty their Winchesters at them, a cruel pastime, because nothing carries more lead than a guanaco. It is true they eat the scanty grass which is required for the sheep, and hence are regarded as an enemy. Guanaco, ostrich, and Patagonian hares are familiar objects in travel and fit in with strange appropriateness into the landscape. The "hares," never very numerous, are strange creatures, suggestive, as some one has pointed out, of a change of plan as they were being created, and the proposed deer was given the look of a pig. Though wild as hawks in the Andes, the guanaco are comparatively tame in the plains. Here in former days they were the staple food of the Indians, who hunted them on horseback with "boluses," three balls of stone knotted together with cord, which they sent whirling through the air to entangle the animals' legs, and bring them with a crash to earth. The clothing and tents and string and meat of the Indians all came from the guanaco. Now guanaco skins still have a certain value for rugs, though only a small part near the neck of each animal is used, and there is some special use for the very young animal, which in consequence commands a high price, and yet in spite of this there is no sign as yet of their numbers being seriously diminished. It may be they ought to be exterminated, but Patagonia would hardly be Patagonia without them. Speaking of extermination, I may notice a curious result of the modern craze for fur. The foxes have been so much diminished in numbers that in Chubut the crested partridges, on which they used to feed, have in-

creased enormously, and in Santa Cruz the wild geese. The partridges do no harm, but the wild geese, like the guanaco, eat the grass wanted for the sheep, so, beautiful birds as they are, their increase is not regarded with favour.

Having been betrayed by the charms of Patagonia into saying so much of the "hares" and guanaco, I must in common fairness add a word on the ostrich, which roams these wilds little molested. It is a familiar sight with its ungainly run (when in a hurry), helped by its wings, tumbling clumsily through an occasional wire fence, over which the guanaco jumps gracefully in its stride. The South American ostrich, which is the same bird at least from the Chaco to the Straits, has interesting oddities both in its nesting habits and construction. After the female has laid the eggs, she has nothing further to do with the matter; it is the male bird who sits on the huge collection of eggs in the sand, for nest there is none, and takes charge of the chicks when hatched. As to its anatomy, it is peculiar in carrying its meat on its back instead of its breast, like other birds. In the Chaco no one eats ostriches except Indians, who eat anything, nor yet in the Argentine provinces, where on many estancias they are half-tame; but about the Straits, possibly on account of differences of food and climate, they are looked upon as rather a delicacy, the meat being rich like goose.

To return to the Indians who have led me into these digressions. They have almost disappeared. In the past there were ruthless wars, no doubt not without provocation, but the wholesale butchery which followed cannot be excused, and I am afraid the tales of infecting them with gifts of clothing used by smallpox patients are only too true; added to which, in more recent times, was contact with unprincipled traders and the white man's drink, with the usual result of degradation and death, so that now there are only a few reserves in distant places, and on the sheep farms they are seldom seen. They do still exist, but in very small numbers, and some who have been pointed out to me as Indians were obviously half-breeds.

I have mentioned the wind as the chief enemy in Patagonia. This must be experienced to be understood. It rages day after day with battering, shattering force, often bitterly cold even in summer (fortunately there is not nearly so much of it in the winter months), sometimes raising the dust and blotting out the landscape and stinging the face with the pebbles and grit it raises. At other times it takes the form of a short tornado, and for this reason rocks are often put on corrugated iron roofs to prevent their lifting and being hurled dozens of yards away. Gardens can only be secured by cunningly devised screens of open wooden palings and poplar and willow, if water is laid on, and then the shrubs and flowers ; and the effect of this blaze of colour in the midst of the grey-green desolation is extraordinarily beautiful.

With the possible exception of a sheep farm near the coast bearing the historic name of Lochiel, which used to be served with a sailing ship from home once a year, which brought out stores and took away the wool, the Welsh were the first British colonists in Chubut in days when it was really a "No Man's Land," for the Argentine Government was entirely unrepresented, and Argentina did not actually annex Patagonia until the Chilians were busied with their Peruvian-Bolivian war. To this day, moreover, Argentines proper are scarce in Patagonia, outside Government officials and professional men ; Spaniards and other foreigners, including Syrians, are most numerous on the coast, and there are many Chilians, especially on the sheep farms ; indeed, Bariloche, an administrative centre near the Andes on the famous lake of Nahuel Huapí, is a characteristic little Chilian town in appearance and fact, except in its Government officials.

The circumstances under which the Welsh colony was founded seem strange to us today. England had not been very considerate in dealing with Welsh feeling in the matter of primary education, and was insisting on English in the Welsh schools ; and this had the result of alienating a band of Nonconformists, who determined to secure freedom for all

they desired overseas. Hence they were attracted to Patagonia, and a number of families migrated to Chubut and there suffered many privations, as was natural enough under the conditions of such a country. They worked hard, however, and cultivated friendly relations with the Indians who visited them, some of whom learned to speak Welsh and were afterwards very helpful in supplying them with food in time of need. They soon saw, in that land of drought, the opportunity of an irrigation colony which the valley of the Chubut River presented not far from its mouth. Here, in a deep recess among the barren hills, is an alluvial plain of good rich land, about forty miles long by four or five wide, divided into upper and lower valleys by a narrow neck in the middle; and by diverting water from the river and creating a system of smaller ditches, they found they could grow excellent crops, so here they built houses and started farms, and to this day "the Welsh Valley," as it is commonly called, remains a monument to their energy and enterprise.

In course of time the valley was linked up by means of an English railway with Port Madryn, the best harbour on the entire coast, almost land-locked and large enough to float all the navies of the world. When I first knew it, there were but three houses there, and Trelew, the terminal town on the edge of the valley, had only about three hundred inhabitants and was predominantly Welsh. Now Madryn is a small well-laid-out town, and Trelew is the commercial capital of Chubut with a population of as many thousands. But there are no Welsh to speak of in Madryn, and they are only a relatively small element in Trelew. And this is typical of the change throughout the valley. Welsh farms are still numerous, but the valley cannot be said to be predominantly Welsh. Other settlers came in, and the Welsh sold out, as it suited them, and Government and new and increasing population naturally effected the change. And the nationalising process goes steadily on. For example, twenty years ago it was an ordinary sight to see a school in the valley with the national

shield over it, and horses and coaches or carts tethered round it in the enclosure for those who came from far and near; but the children inside the school were just as if they had come fresh from Wales, and the schoolmaster was a Welshman who probably taught very little, if at all, in Spanish. Now all that is changed. The masters are certificated Argentine teachers, and the curriculum is in Spanish according to the regulations of the National Board, and the scholars of various races. On the other hand, the chapels with which the Welsh have equipped the valley in quite unnecessary numbers, apart from their genuine religious purpose, are a force on the side of preserving Welsh nationality. Whether it is an effective force is another question. It is now more than sixty years since the original colonists came out, and several generations have been born, in the country. The older people speak Welsh and English as a rule, with very little Spanish; the next generation Welsh and Spanish, with very little English; and the tendency of the children at the present time is towards Spanish only. Keen interest is taken in the Sunday schools, and they are taught entirely in Welsh, and national singing, with its periodic competitions, is enthusiastically maintained, yet it may be doubted if this influence is strong enough to counteract the trend towards absorption.

I render, however, my tribute of admiration to these Welshmen, who faithfully keep up their religion in an alien land, where most other British seize the opportunity of neglecting it. All honour to them for their loyalty. Visiting the Welsh valley from the North, after the verdure and bountiful growth in the provinces, perhaps one is not particularly impressed, but coming up from the bleak South, where alfalfa can only be grown in sheltered nooks and corners, it is quite another story; it strikes one as a veritable revelation of achievement, a lovely oasis in the desert, with its tall green poplars and homesteads and growing crops and sweet-smelling hay. But the Welsh are not limited to this valley. The romance of the "16th of October Colony" has yet to be told.

I think it really is something of a romance that a hundred and twenty leagues away, hidden among the giant Andes, another fruitful valley, needing no irrigation, should have been discovered and colonised by Welshmen, and now be more Welsh than the original settlement and the truest centre of Welsh nationality. The discovery of this valley points back to days of Indian warfare and tragedy. Four Welshmen had been out prospecting in the interior; they knew the Indians were dangerous on account of the war being waged against them by the Argentines, and they had been exercising every care, never going without their arms, but when they were almost back in safety, having seen nothing of the enemy, they relaxed their vigilance, and the keen-sighted Indians swooped down upon them, and only one escaped, thanks to his good horse. That man was one of the discoverers of this valley and now has a flourishing farm there, and I have been hospitably entertained in his house and seen on the walls the photo of the horse that saved his life. This valley is now mostly occupied by flourishing Welsh farmers, and is certainly a strong force on the side of retaining nationality. The chief difficulty is remoteness and the lack of the best education, though neither religion nor education are neglected. On the whole, it is impossible to resist the conclusion that, in spite of their many good points, the Welsh in Chubut have suffered from their isolation and struggles, and the rift between them and the mother country has so far widened that fresh stock from Wales can no longer be expected; those who come do not find themselves quite at home or contented, and do not stay. Also, while fully admitting all the achievement which lies to the credit of the Welsh, unfortunately there has been failure to seize opportunities and move with the times, the result of which has been disastrous. They had a Co-operative Society which once held the field commercially, but which for lack of expert management when competition came has now fallen hopelessly behind, and become a source of weakness rather than strength. That again does not improve the racial outlook. Yet, when all is said, they

remain a patriotic and lovable people, and through their churches they keep up a wholesome connection with home. They are very far from being merged as yet in the Spanish-speaking majority round them.

Of Comodoro Rivadavia and its wonderful development in recent years as the centre of the Argentine oil fields, it is hardly the place to tell here. It is surrounded by such a network of wells and roads that it is positively difficult to find one's way out of it overland, and at the same time it is the worst port on the coast, being an open roadstead where steamers may lie off for a week, unable to discharge passengers or cargo. The hills leave no room for the town, which is consequently huddled together on a narrow strip of land. Fires have been numerous on account of explosions of the natural gas which is laid on from the wells; there is a subsidence in the soil, which creates leaks in the pipes, and once a fire starts, there is little chance of putting it out, if the wind is blowing. The Boers are on farms in the surrounding country, and as the conditions there are not unlike those of South Africa (with the important exception that there is nothing corresponding to Kaffir labour), they do fairly well. There is now a Dutch Reformed Church in the town, and this is kindly placed at my disposal when I make my annual visit, and a few Boers sometimes attend with the English congregation. On one of these visits I remember I held almost every service possible, celebrated both Sacraments, including an adult baptism, administered Confirmation, gave the Church's benediction on civil marriage, held Mattins and preached. There is a large foreign population at the oil wells, Russians, I am told, being particularly numerous.

Passing on to Santa Cruz Territory—it is just to the South of Comodoro—we come to the sheep-farming districts where Scotch and Falklanders are so numerous. Indeed, a large proportion of the land is in British hands, but the conditions vary greatly and all are not equally prosperous. Generally speaking, the land is much poorer in the North, with a more meagre rainfall, with the result, as one farmer told me, that the

sheep had to feed on every bush there was, even the poison bushes, to which they grew accustomed. Further, it may be well to explain that the more recently established stations—established, that is to say, since the war, when the price of wool was high—found themselves in a hopeless position when the price fell to normal, and are now mostly in the hands of the banks, with apparently no prospect of ever clearing themselves, and this applies specially to the Northern part of the territory. In the South, on the old-established farms, the position is sound and the prospects much better.

Yet in the opinion of those qualified to judge, Patagonia is over-populated already, especially in the coast towns. It is no country for small settlers, except perhaps in the more remote regions near the Andes, whose time is not yet; it is only suitable for sheep farming on a large scale, and that only requires a small population. But what about the future when success is achieved? Is this British occupation of Patagonia likely to continue? Judging from what happens in other parts of South America, I should say not. In much more attractive districts in Argentina and Uruguay, those who have prospered have sold out when a favourable opportunity has occurred, and for their families' sake, or the superior attractions life offers them, retired home, and they are seldom replaced by their own countrymen. In Patagonia, then, where few who have had taste of better things would wish to live out their lives, and where the disadvantages for families are much more marked, the same thing seems likely to happen. The successful will retire and their places will not be taken by other British. Not many, however, have succeeded as yet, and that day may be far off, while it is certain that many, however much they may be buoyed up with the hope of it, will never be able to go home.

But what I have said as to the successful retiring home, obviously applies to individuals rather than companies. With the companies there is constant change of personnel, and there seems no reason why they should not continue indefinitely

unless legislative injustice or lawlessness makes their withdrawal advisable. And it must be confessed these are not imaginary risks. Governments not unnaturally dislike the power of large companies, and while they rightly desire to break up great estates and settle more people on the land, they are apt to forget that countries like Patagonia are suitable for big concerns and nothing else. And where politics are corrupt, special Commissions for examining the conditions of land tenure, etc., are capable of committing grave injustices. While as to lawlessness, there have been abundant instances of recent years. I am not thinking so much of individual robberies and murders. With such a population and so long and difficult a frontier, they are bound to be unduly frequent. Chilian criminals, for example, are numerous and of a very bad type, and they drift across the frontier and commit barbarities and retire again. And, oddly enough, some years ago an American gang of cattle thieves made its appearance. No one suspected their character, for they were courteous and well-behaved and on friendly terms with some British neighbours, and, indeed, some think they intended to reform, until they were joined by a woman, apparently an old confederate, who upset them all again, for they became the terror of the countryside, holding up banks and robbing sheep, until an expert military expedition from Buenos Aires had to be organised to hunt them down. But I am thinking rather of lawlessness as permitted and even encouraged by Government, as in the case of a strike a few years ago which grew into a class war.

The strike began with the peons on a large sheep farm (almost certainly the political engineers of the movement could be pointed out today), led by an able Chilian of Bolshevik tendencies, and this band of strikers, having commandeered horses, went round to other sheep farms commandeering more horses, and persuaded or intimidated all other peons to join, until the band grew and assumed the proportions of an army, and not without discipline either. It is true that stores were robbed and fences broken and an incalculable

amount of mischief done, but women and children were not interfered with, and there was no general looting. One of their last escapades was to penetrate to distant sheep farms near the Andes, take the managers and English staff prisoners, including the visiting chaplain, gather the peons into their ranks, and march a week's journey down to the coast, with a view of capturing the coast towns. But by this time the supine Government was thoroughly alarmed, and a cavalry regiment was sent down from Buenos Aires, together with a specially recruited corps of police. The cavalry behaved admirably in every way, but the police proved worse than the bandits, as the strikers were now called, and the unfortunate store-keepers and others found themselves robbed twice over. Before this force, however, the strike melted away and there were ruthless reprisals, many of the misguided peons being shot and the leaders escaping, as usually happens in such outbreaks. One sad sequel was that the Argentine Colonel, who had done his duty so ably, was murdered on his return to Buenos Aires by Bolshevist sympathisers there. Peace was restored, but there was no compensation. Another incident of that same period was that an old-established English sheep farm in another part of the country was forcibly invaded by corrupt Government officials, the manager arrested, and a deliberate attempt made to confiscate the company's property, with the usual accompaniment of robbing horses and breaking fences, causing infinite trouble and loss. Here too the Government reasserted itself, and restored the rightful owners, but there was no compensation for damage. These were but incidents, it is true, but they were grave incidents and actually occurred, and where such lawlessness is possible, the outlook for British commercial companies does not seem to be of the best. However, the troubles blow over, and the results apparently are considered worth the risk.

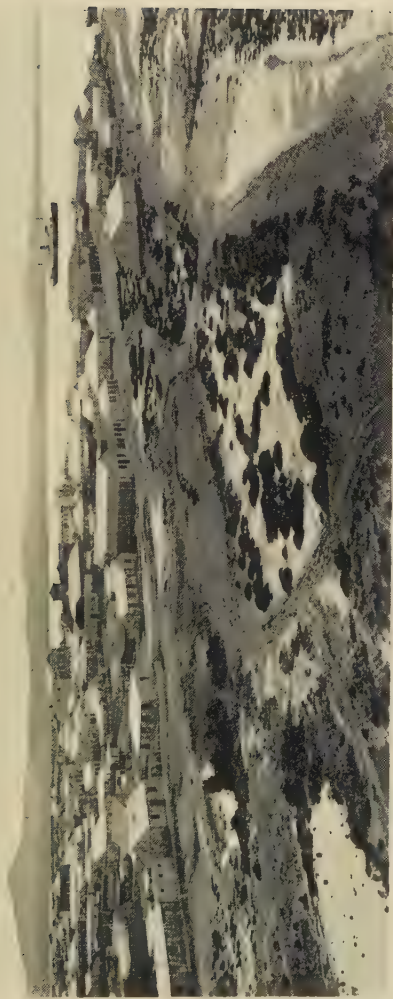
And how does the Anglican Church touch all these British settlers in Patagonia? What can we do for them? Not very much, I am afraid. And in any case our responsibility is

limited. The Welsh in Chubut are mostly Presbyterian and Baptist, federated together; they have their own ministers, and their parent Churches in Wales keep in helpful touch with them. Yet their attitude is thoroughly friendly; they have, I think, a sincere respect for the Church, and recognise that we are able to supply elements which they lack, so that, should any general movement towards reunion begin, we are in a favourable position for taking the lead. There is the right spirit and atmosphere, and it seems well worth while to keep in close touch with them, visiting them and on occasion accepting the hospitality of their chapels. The Boers, too, have their own minister at Comodoro, and the Scotch should have theirs in the Territory of Santa Cruz, for their numbers, which include many large families, demand it. At one time they had a minister from home, and it is to be hoped that they will soon have another. Meanwhile they welcome our ministrations.

But it must not be thought that Anglicans are non-existent in Patagonia, though the English are in a decided minority. We have our people scattered down the coast everywhere, some among the Welsh in Chubut and at "the 16th of October Colony," some on sheep farms in the South, and most perhaps in the coast towns, and it is an obvious duty to minister to them. Hence on a small scale we have our institutions. For many years the South American Missionary Society maintained a chaplaincy in Chubut, but scarcity of funds (together with lack of the right Welshman) caused it to be closed. Besides, it was evident that what the Welsh appreciated most was a good English education. Hence, now we maintain a school, which may fairly claim to be the best British school in Patagonia, and the schoolmaster has a Lay Reader's licence and serves two churches, one in Trelew alongside of the school, and the other among the Welsh in the Upper Valley. So he is fully occupied. Our other institution is much more recent and does not depend upon the Society's help. It is a small English school under a lady worker at San Julian, in Santa Cruz. This is on the whole the best British centre in the territory,

as there are more British residents in the settlement than in other coast towns, and also more in the neighbouring "camps," and it is welcomed by the people and supported to some extent by the principal sheep farmers. The difficulty is that so many for whom it is intended, shepherds' children, for example, up country, find it impossible to attend, but some few come as boarders or stay with friends in the settlement for the sake of the school, so that in a limited way it fulfils its purpose. And with its Sunday school and other work which gathers round it, thanks to its devoted teacher, it is a real and powerful influence for good, at present the only institution which definitely witnesses for the Christian Faith among our people in a region greater than all England.

No doubt a travelling chaplain is needed also to visit all the country I have been speaking of during the summer months, when travelling is comparatively easy. The difficulties are two, the expense and the man. The first might be got over, as a chaplain would always be conveyed free from place to place, if he had time to wait until some friend was travelling, and though few would subscribe, the offerings at the services, especially on the *estancias*, would be generous. The other, the man himself, when he is found, should come down from the staff of camp chaplains attached to St. John's Pro-Cathedral, but this does not exist at present. This experiment was tried once, when we were not so short of staff, and I am confident it would work admirably. The heat in the provinces in the early months of the year is trying, and it is difficult to do much then. On the other hand, in Patagonia people are at their best, alert and alive, and the climate, unpleasant as it may be at times, is as bracing as at home.



SAN JULIAN. A TYPICAL PATAGONIAN COAST TOWN.

facing p. 186.

CHAPTER XIX

SPORT AND TRAVEL—INCIDENTS AND STORIES

It would hardly be fair on the unfortunate reader who has followed me so far to leave him with the impression that life in South America was all problems and difficulties. Travel is by no means all hardship even in the strange byways of the interior, and there are opportunities of sport for those who desire them, and for my part I think they help fellowship and friendship, and certainly are a factor for keeping strong and well. I shall, however, only speak shortly of those which come within my own experience, which, if varied, is still very limited, as I only indulge in a little fishing and shooting. I have found these fit in with graver duties without the least difficulty. It is my custom to take a gun with me when I visit the Missions, and though the actual sport may be very little, it relieves the monotony of travel and sometimes provides for the pot.

South America is no country for big-game shooting, nor have I had the time to attempt it. Indeed, the animals themselves are poor copies of their representatives on other continents: the puma, the South American lion, for example, is an inferior cowardly brute; the tiger, or jaguar, really a leopard; the tapir, who has a trunk, is very far below the elephant. Besides, there is no sure way of finding your big game. A man might go after tiger for two months and never see one.

On the other hand, it is an excellent country for small game, not so much in Brazil, though the game is there, for the cover is too dense, but certainly in the more open republics of the Plate. Duck, partridge, and snipe are the best sport. The partridge are really *tinamous*, with no hind toe and no tail; I have killed seven different kinds of them and know eight,

but some are rare, and others not widely distributed. The best bird is the *perdix monterax*, namely, the partridge of the wood; it answers to this last description, for it is only found in the wooded hill country or near it. It is about twice the size of our home partridge and dodges among the trees like a woodcock; in the open it is no more difficult than any other bird. A common bird, and one which is greatly valued for the table, is the *martinetta*, a large partridge about the size of a hen-pheasant, sometimes called "redwing" by the English on account of the chestnut-red of its wings. These birds are attracted to maize fields, and sometimes found in considerable numbers there, but their true home is in the low ground where there are big bunches of pampa grass. They rise high when flushed and are often missed on that account, but they are not difficult shooting. Some years ago, before the days of cars, a friend drove me out in a high four-wheeled trap, and when we saw any birds, we got down with the pointer and went after them, and the afternoon's bag was over forty. But such shooting is apt to be monotonous, and the best sport is with the small birds, not much larger than a quail, with some *martinetta* for variety. A favourite way of shooting on the Argentine estancia is over a wire. Two peons on horseback sweep the level ground with a hundred yards of fence wire between them, and the guns follow behind it. This puts up everything and gives a variety of shots. The small partridge is widely distributed, but belongs to the natural camps and tends to be killed out by cultivation. Besides, it has not much notion of taking care of itself and is easily poached, a common device being a wire noose at the end of a pole. It is, however, usually plentiful and good shooting over a dog. Indeed, it is the principal charm of shooting in South America, to my mind, that it is entirely natural and unartificial. It is seldom birds can be driven, and with flying duck or pigeon one has to find the line of flight and post oneself accordingly; sometimes it is down the line of a river, sometimes between maize fields and a lagoon. I once had a day's shooting with

two friends at small fast-flying, flighting pigeons and the bag was a hundred and eleven, which was the number of our car. Another day which stands out in my memory, was a bitter cold day in some swamps in Uruguay when the bag was over two hundred snipe, besides small partridge. They were mostly shot flying back overhead. They are very like the snipe at home, but not quite so difficult, as they twist less. On the other hand, they usually rise at a greater distance. There are two kinds of partridges in Patagonia, a crested bird, speckled and with short legs, reminding one of a guinea fowl, called *Copetona*; and another red-winged variety, more handsome but without crest, in the colder regions in the South. Both behave disgracefully in constantly running. It is most difficult to make them fly. The usual way of shooting in Patagonia is to drive about in a car towards evening till some are spied, and then run after them, which is hard on a man when he is old. The partridges in Patagonia are found in large covies, but the other kinds in the provinces go about singly or in pairs. They have a peculiar whistle by which they may be recognised, as they move about, when there is no dog, and a good dog is seldom to be had. In some parts, as in the Welsh Valley, there are duck also, and *chorlo*, a kind of golden plover.

Almost everywhere, but not in Paraguay or the North, there are hares, as at home. They were imported from Europe and bid fair to become a pest, but I notice they soon die down again when they become very numerous. They are not valued either for sport or food, except by poor colonists from Italy and elsewhere. At present they seem most troublesome in Patagonia, where they gather to the alfalfa paddocks and have learned to jump the rabbit wire put up to keep them out.

In the Chaco there is a bird called a *chorata*, which is a base imitation of the pheasant, and does indeed correspond to it, as the *tinamou* corresponds to the partridge. But not so efficiently. It is of the same shape, with comb and long tail, but its body is not much bigger than that of a pigeon, and it usually hides in the tree tops. Hence sporting shots are

difficult to obtain unless one can intercept them flying back to shelter from their feeding ground. At the same time the Chaco is a country of surprises, and while it may happen sometimes that one carries a gun forty miles on horseback for nothing, at other times one may have wholly unexpected good luck. I have occasionally struck big pigeons fighting, and then the only trouble is lack of cartridges. At other times I have found excellent sport with snipe. Or big black duck may be passing down the swamp across the dam at evening, or the Indians' gardens may be fairly stocked with small partridge. I remember one strange incident. I was shooting in the swamp close to the Mission just before the daily evening service when the boys were knocking off work; I had just shot a duck, when I perceived a stork overhead, and almost without thinking, for I had only small shot in the gun, remembering that Indians ate stork, fired at it without apparent result, so promptly fired again, and this time thought I had killed it, for it began to crumple up in the air. But no! it recovered and ejected a snake about two feet long, which fell splashing into the water. It was, however, hit really, for the Indians who were watching marked it drop dead and brought it to me, and I gave it to them before service.

The best fishing in the country is undoubtedly "*dorado*," which corresponds to salmon at home. They are a powerful fish, growing to a great size, and leap out of the water when hooked, like a bar of gold (*dorado* means "gilded"). I have had few opportunities of fishing for them myself and never had any luck with them. My best chance was when I had a day with two expert friends on a river among the wooded hills of Northern Argentina, but something was wrong with the water—discoloration from some source—and no one touched a fish; my reason for mentioning this blank day is that we called at the cane fields and took with us an Indian whose business it was to dive into the water and release our spinning baits when hung up on snags, of which the river seemed full! Such a gillie was a novelty to me. He failed,

however, to find a cast of mine, probably because he did not see me break it, and so did not believe it was really there, just as a dog often has no heart in looking for a bird, if he does not see it drop. But plenty has been written at home about dorado fishing.

My sport is trout fishing, and mostly in Patagonia, though I have had delightful days in the Cordoba Hills and also in Sierra Ventana, north of Bahia Blanca, where there are magnificent rainbow trout. All these trout were imported by the Government quite twenty years ago. The fishing in Patagonia, however, fits in best with my travels, and I think I like it best, too, on account of the nature of the streams, so like those at home, and the attractive scenery and hospitable estancias. The trout there are American Eastern brook trout, handsome, heavily spotted fish with red on their under fins, whose tendency, as it appears to me, is to bore, when hooked, rather than rush. They are not the only fish in the streams; there are also the native *trucha*, which means "trout," but it is really a perch. Sometimes the native fish predominate, sometimes the imported, according to the nature of the water, but both are found in the deep pools. The rivers I speak of are the Upper Chubut, which under the Andes is clear and rapid, with shallow and pool like a North Country stream, together with others which flow into it; and the Pichelefu, which is a tributary of the Limay, and ultimately finds its way into the Rio Negro. Here I usually manage to have four or five days in the year when I visit and hold services in the estancias. The streams are well stocked and little fished, nevertheless the fish will not always take (on a still, hot day it is impossible to move them), and there is an element of luck, as at home, and one has to work for one's fish. They are seldom seen to rise and only sometimes will take fly. As always, the larger fish, and they frequently reach 3 lbs., take minnow or spoon best. On one stream or another, however, sport can usually be had with the fly. One fly is best, as one is apt to have two fish on together otherwise, which is a nuisance. A small Jock Scot is as good

as anything. I took sixteen fish consecutively on that one fly once, before it was destroyed. I use a small split cane Hardy rod specially strengthened, and carry no landing net, though it is difficult sometimes to beach one's fish. I remember a recent day on the Teka River when a bitter cold wind was blowing down-stream, and the water was barely normal after heavy rain, and the fish were too well fed to be in earnest about taking; yet so plentiful were they, that I staggered back at night carrying seventy of them, from 3 lbs. to $\frac{1}{4}$ lb., perhaps caught with fly, minnow and spoon. I could only keep the fly on the water, in sheltered places, and sometimes the minnow with difficulty. And if all that rose had been in earnest, I suppose I should have had twice the number. But these large bags are not in the least necessary to enjoy the sport. A dozen is a satisfactory catch if one fairly works for them and earns them.

To turn to incidents of travel, these crowd into the mind thick and fast. And Patagonia is fruitful of them. I think of a bitter cold night out in the pampa, as drunken Chilians were occupying the wretched inn, when we spread rugs on the ground and the chaplain and his wife took the middle, with myself on his other side, and our lady teacher beside his wife, all four in a row. But there was no margin of rug on the edges to keep out the wind, and I could stand it no longer, so turned out to tramp under the stars, when I discovered that the poor teacher on the other side was in equally evil case, so tucked her away into the car with the babies to spend the rest of the night. How we smiled next morning when those in the middle said how comfortable they had been! Or, again, coming back from the Andes with another married chaplain, we travelled two cars together with a returning Welshman, for it is safer and pleasanter to have company on a hundred and twenty leagues journey in the wilds, and we camped together, and then became separated accidentally and broke down, to find that one car had the bread and forks and the other the knives and butter, and the one the tea and the other the sugar, and so

forth, so that our breakfast next morning was the unusual one of a slice of fruit cake and some juice out of a peach tin, for we had no water. Or that same journey another year with a casual Welshman who started with no more preparation than if he had been crossing the street. We had barely started before a wheel came off, and a few leagues further a breakage occurred which he had no means of repairing, and he had to borrow a horse, and ride off leagues to the nearest shop where the parts could be had; that was a twelve hours' delay, but fortunately it was by a stream where I could take out my rod and fish. At the next breakdown we were left so long that birds came and perched upon the car, having come to regard it as part of the landscape, but there we were able to obtain some water from a house on a hill in the distance. It was a mercy we did not break down in the waterless desert further on, but the journey took a week instead of three days and was the worst I ever had. On another occasion in another part of Patagonia, a friend took me a day's journey in his car, well equipped and with a plentiful food supply; but there had been heavy rain, and we had to leave the track, and there were long delays, and he missed his way in the dark, and instead of arriving at 6 p.m., we ran into a creek at 3 a.m. to the sound of the sea waves, and he feared the tide was coming in and he would lose his car. Fortunately, however, the tide was going out, and when daylight came, horses were sent for and soon extricated us. But it was an oversight that the food basket should be inaccessible under the baggage.

There are different kinds of happenings in Paraguay. The chaplain and I once hired horses at Villarrica to visit New Australia colony. They were poor animals and broke down badly on the return journey. Mine was just able to reach the town, but he was only able to lead his at a snail's pace, so I went on, promising to send out a coach to meet him. He arrived soon afterwards, however, on foot, alone, not having seen the coach. It seems he had found two small boys in a field and told them to bring the horse on to the hotel. In the

early afternoon we had to catch a train. We heard later that the coach drove about till dusk, and the boys and horse never appeared at all. So that was an expensive journey, as horse and saddle and coach hire had to be paid for, the horse and saddle having been stolen.

Tales from New Australia are interesting. An Irishman held the post of police officer, with one or two soldiers under him. On one occasion he had a prisoner whom he wished to send to the gaol in the nearest town, so he sent him in under charge of a soldier with strict injunctions that he was to shoot him if he tried to escape. Shortly afterwards the soldier returned without the prisoner. "Where was he?" he was asked. "He escaped!" was the answer. "But why did you not shoot him?" "Oh! he told me I could not shoot him without a written order!" Amusing as it is, there might really be something in that, for in Mr. Grubb's early days in the Chaco, somewhere opposite Concepción, he tells how they were all perturbed and uneasy there at the presence in the neighbourhood of a well-known murderer, a really dangerous character, so he went over to the town to ask the magistrate to send a policeman to arrest him. The magistrate received the request quite sympathetically, but protested: "How can I? I have only two men, and I need them here. I cannot spare a man to send across the river. But [as a happy thought seized him] I will tell you what I will do. I will give you an order, and you shoot him!" Hardly the job for a missionary. The schoolmaster at New Australia was greatly annoyed once to find that the children had been bathing in the spring which furnished his drinking water, but their answer was distinctly disarming: "Please, sir, we didn't think it mattered, as we used no soap!" Service used to be held in this same little school-church on Sundays (as indeed it still is on occasion), and the behaviour of the congregation left nothing to be desired as a rule, so the chaplain or reader was all the more surprised and vexed once, when he came in to begin service, to find more or less suppressed talking and laughter. He

felt bound to excuse this, however, when he heard the reason of it, namely the organist's difficulties. He was a somewhat irascible old man (Peace be with him! for he now lies dead under the orange trees; he came of good stock at home), and it was hard enough work in any case to get any music out of the baby harmonium, but when hornets or mosquitoes, I forget which, were flying round his head, *and* savage ants biting his bare feet, it was altogether too much for his temper and the congregation's self-control. I do not think these were the kind called "travelling ants."

My first experience of them was as follows. I was visiting the Chaco Mission, and camping out on the journey with one of the senior missionaries. After supper and prayers and a talk and smoke by the fire, he made the beds on the ground and put up the mosquito nets, each with four sticks, and we turned in, taking off our coats and boots. But before I went to sleep I became aware of a constant and unpleasant biting, so I cautiously lit a match and examined, to find myself covered with ants. Not knowing how to meet the situation, I reluctantly woke up my companion and asked what I ought to do. He came over and examined, and at once said: "They are travelling ants; we shall have to clear." And clear we promptly did. Slipping on our boots, we ran to the ox corral close by and sat on the rails, pulling off our clothes and shaking the ants out of them. These ants advance in crowds, and nothing will deflect them from their course; they are small and black, and bite hard, and turn out everything that opposes them. There was nothing for it but to sit and wait till they had gone. From time to time my companion would go down and examine the ground, and when he reported "All clear," we turned in again. On another occasion, at the Mission itself, travelling ants took the chaplain's house, where I was staying, in their line of march, but fortunately they elected to go over it and not through it. Nothing could have been better, for the thatch roof was infested with bats, and these fell out dead or dazed, and I remember how the Indian girls

laughingly gathered them up in buckets and carried them away. Travelling ants will always clear a house of vermin.

Another Chaco story which illustrates an old Paraguayan custom. It had rained torrentially as I was returning to the river, and a small creek, usually only a few inches deep, was now quite a quarter of a mile wide. At the *estancia* which happened to be near, a Paraguayan was in charge. There was no boat, he said, but he would lend us a hide. "What was the use of that?" you would ask. The answer is, that you turn up and tie the edges, making it something like a sponge-bath, and put your clothes and watch upon it, and anything else that you want to keep dry, and push it before you as you swim. And this my companion or one of the Indian boys did, coming back for me and the horses after carefully prospecting the ground. Apparently it is not well to sit too long on a horse's back when he is swimming; it is better to slip off and either swim beside him or hang on to his tail, guiding him by splashing water on one side or the other. But I have little experience of that, as I never had to swim except then.

I have only once passed a night in an Indian *toldo*, and that was to escape from a storm. We had camped at a little distance off, and I remember being struck by the good manners of the Indian, who did not come and disturb us until we had finished our meal. When, however, the storm came up we were glad to take refuge inside, where they willingly made room for us among the pots and animals and babies. There was an impressive dignity about the half naked red figures of men and women in the dim firelight. Morning revealed the *toldo* itself to be fairly clean, but the ground outside was filthy. And this lent point to the missionary's remark that either you should go right inside an Indian *toldo*, or keep a long way off from it. Travelling on another occasion, some heathen Indians out West gathered round us while we were camping at midday, and when it began thundering in the distance they started saying "Pouff! Pouff!" in the direction of the storm, with the idea of driving away the thunder. They think it

is spirits who make the thunder, and that they can really drive them away by making that noise at them.

To go back to Paraguay, one of our English boys was guiding me once to the colony, and we stopped to have lunch under some orange trees in a wood. As the oranges were not ripe, I asked him if he would pick me some white limes, which ripen earlier, so he climbed up the tree and gave me one, and then gathered some for himself, and put them in his handkerchief on the ground. And then, I suppose, we began to talk or he started to saddle up. But when he turned round for the limes, a cow standing by had eaten them! How well I remember his look of disgust! But cows eat oranges in Paraguay, and other strange things too. I was taking a baptism once in a house on the colony, in Spanish, as the mother was a native, and the print was small and the light dim, and it did not help my equanimity, glancing out of the window, to see a cow chewing my horse's bridle. The reason was that it was of raw hide and therefore to some extent salt. And this is also the reason why in Paraguay cattle may be seen eating the ashes of a wood fire. There is salt in the wood ashes, and as there is none in the grasses, the animals crave for it.

On the coast of Brazil, travelling used to be very difficult north of Pernambuco, as the only steamers were the Brazilian Lloyd, and crowded and unpunctual as they were, it was hard to secure a passage at all. Now there is another line running, often with English captains, and conditions are much better. Returning from Pará, however, I secured a passage for better or worse, but I am afraid it was mostly worse. It was a large cabin, but hot, being below the water line. I did not know how many companions I should have, and turned in early. And then five others came, mostly black, and filled up the other berths, and, as though that was not enough, another dusky native came and slept on the top of two cabin trunks which were on the floor in the middle of the cabin. I did not dare face that cabin again, but the difficulty was to find a spare bench, or even some deck space where no one would spit.

A few years after it was possible, by paying a fare and a half, to secure a berth in a two-berth cabin with a large port-hole or window, but, of course, one could not tell who one's companion would be. On one occasion when I was travelling thus, there was an American on board who had taken a berth in the same way, and when he turned in he found his companion was a coal-black negro. But when he protested furiously to both purser and captain, he was only met with a shrug of the shoulders: "He has paid his fare the same as you have"—which, after all, was just.

I once travelled on the West Coast from Valparaiso to Callao with an interesting man who afterwards wrote two books well worth reading: *Adventures in Bolivia* and *Adventures in Perú*. His name was Proegers and he was taking race-horses to Lima. There was little he had not seen, but his special gift seems to have been handling wild tribes and winning their confidence. He would go among them unarmed, and was high-principled and utterly fearless. And this was what he did in Perú. For the sake, I believe, of obtaining some trading concession, he disappeared into the interior and visited some wild tribe reputed to be cannibal, and was believed to have been killed and eaten by them, and notices of his death were reported in the West Coast papers of the day. But nothing of the kind. After some months he reappeared alive and well, and our sorrow and sympathy proved misplaced. Something similar happened in the case of another Englishman who went up the coast on business. He was not heard of for a long time, and a white man's body, which corresponded to his description, had been washed up in the North, and in the town where he lived it was generally believed that he was dead, and it was a matter of current talk. Probably his wife, who then lived on a hulk in the bay, was the only person who had not heard the rumour. So when in the course of time he turned up alive and well, as he did, there were no heart-burnings.

At this distance of time, it can hurt no one's feelings, I think, if I publish this story of the Valparaiso earthquake of

1906. In time of earthquake, the most desirable shelter is a wooden house, for it cannot be crumpled up like brick or stone, and if it is one-storied with open verandahs, making escape easy (for earthquakes make people very nervy), so much the better. There was a house, then, on the English Hill which corresponded to these conditions, and as its owner was well known and hospitable and popular, no less than sixty people, if I remember right, took refuge there. But living was difficult in that terrible time. Neither food nor water was to be had from the ordinary sources of supply. Shops were destroyed or looted, and water mains broken. So parties had to be organised to procure food from English ships in the bay, and to bring water from springs in the hills. Obviously, with sixty people to keep alive, the question of water was specially important. So the big bath was cleaned, and after many journeys with cans and pails it was at last filled. Then a young bank clerk, newly arrived from home, who had overslept himself, being weary and dirty and wretched, arose and wandered down the passage, and seeing the bath filled with cool, refreshing water, and never dreaming what its real purpose there was, got into it! And so all the work had to be done again; and understanding the circumstances, no one said a word to that young man. I wonder where he is now.

The following story, and it strikes me as one of the best, was told me by the chaplain of Valparaiso, in whose time the incident occurred. The missionary referred to has been home for some years, but vigorous and in full work. At that time he was a missionary of the South American Missionary Society among the Yahgan Indians in the far south of Tierra del Fuego, and a very capable and excellent missionary he was, but he suffered from the impediment of being almost stone deaf. Later, when he worked with Dean Brandon, who was also deaf, the children of the Falkland Islands, generalising, as their seniors so often do, from their personal experience, imagined that all clergy were by their nature deaf! In the critical times, however, through which the Mission was then passing,

this good man conceived the idea, possibly a very good one, of taking a number of Indians with him and settling on a certain island; but it was essential for his purposes that he should be undisturbed there, and the wisest course would be, if possible, to obtain a grant of that island. So, knowing nothing of the language or people, he made the long journey of something like a thousand miles, to interview the Government officials at Santiago. How he got into touch with them I do not know, nor yet how the communication, when established, was maintained, but he got his island. According to my informant, the officials were immensely amused at this foreigner from their own wilds turning up with such a request, but they took a good-natured view of the situation. "Civilise the Indians? Well, we should have thought the better way was with a rifle, but if this man wants to try an island, why not? There are plenty of islands there which are of no use to anybody, so let us give him what he wants."

Consider the splendid audacity of it. Without any recommendations or qualifications whatever, an Englishman and a deaf man at that, goes up on his own account to the distant capital to petition a foreign Government for an island, and gets it. It is true, nothing came of the concession, the Mission plans had been changed meanwhile and his effort proved to be fruitless; but none the less he got his island.

CHAPTER XX

RETROSPECT—CONCLUSION

I HOPE it will not have seemed to my readers as if a book beginning with considerations of high continental problems has drifted and dwindled finally into mere travellers' tales. Really my aim has been so to sketch the background and setting of our race in South America that the importance of the Anglican Church as an institution may be better understood. And this has involved history and criticism—the history, to my mind, of more than ordinary interest, and the criticism, of ourselves and others, valuable or not, according to people's knowledge and judgment. But I do claim to have said some things which ought to be said, yet which most writers from ignorance or fear of giving offence shrink from saying. Having, however, put my heart into the building up of the Church's work for a quarter of a century, and naturally made this my main subject, as it is my chief object of interest, I do not feel I have done altogether well in making only passing allusion to the work of our daughter or sister Church, the Protestant Episcopal Church of the U.S.A. Before it is too late, then, I propose to make good this omission or neglect, not with any formal history, but noting its special points and excellences, and I feel this to be still more a duty as Bishop Kinsolving, its first Bishop and founder, and my friend and colleague, has now retired through ill-health. He was consecrated three years before me, and nineteen years ago had as many as twenty clergy, most of them Brazilians, and a thousand communicants. But this is assuming, perhaps unwarrantably, that the facts of the Mission are known.

The American Church, to call it by its colloquial name, has planted this offshoot, now the Brazilian Episcopal Church,

Egreja Brasileira Episcopal, in Southern Brazil, regarding this nominally Christian country, on account of its backwardness and superstition, as an open field for missionary effort. And whatever be thought of the principle of this, the Brazilian Episcopal Church has thriven and grown amazingly and meets a real need. Indeed, it seems as if the Anglican *via media* was understood and appreciated in Brazil. Most of its work lies in regions which are off my beat, and which I do not visit because there are no English centres there ; but I have always found that both American and Brazilian priests of that Church, wherever I meet them, in Rio or Sao Paulo or elsewhere, have a warm sense of fellowship with us and set a high value on their historical position of Reformed Catholicism, whether they call it that or not. Two points I think specially worth noting, apart from their efficient organisation and admirable zeal : first, that this is the only Mission in the Latin population of South America which has never met with any open opposition. Protestant Missions in Roman Catholic countries often bring upon themselves the harsh treatment they complain of. I knew a good man who posed as a Protestant martyr because he made a disturbance outside one of their churches and was sent to prison for it, but his wife smilingly used to say she was the martyr, because she had all the trouble of bringing him meals to the prison, where, as he admitted himself, he was quite well treated. But these American Episcopalians avoid aggressive action, and habitually treat their opponents (if we are to call them that) with courtesy. They behave like gentlemen. The second point is that, like the mother Church in the U.S.A., it exercises an influence altogether out of proportion to its numbers. Numerically and from the point of view of organisation, Presbyterian, Methodist, and Baptist Churches are far stronger, but in all joint action of these "Evangelical" Churches the Brazilian Episcopal Church counts for much, and is a moderating influence upon extremist counsels. Where, for example, many habitually rebaptise their converts, the Brazilian Episcopal Church insists on recognising Roman

Catholic baptism. In practice, then, this Church, in communion with our own, appears to be fulfilling a thoroughly useful rôle, and may really be a force on the side of unity. And it is, perhaps, from this point of view that the leaders insist upon their Church buildings being of a worthy, dignified type, however plainly furnished within.

This reminds me of another omission (like Pharaoh's butler, "I do remember my faults this day"). After reading the foregoing it will naturally be asked: "Have we of the English Church domiciled in South America nothing corresponding to this work of the American Church? Are we doing nothing to supplement the volume of Free Church evangelistic effort among the Latin races, interpreting to them in their own language the *via media* of Anglicanism?" The answer is "Yes" and "No," and any sketch of our Church's work in Buenos Aires would be incomplete indeed without this story.

Many years ago an apparently ordinary young Englishman, of godly parents, but no special training or advantages, but rather the reverse, came out to this city and became a clerk in a business house, like scores of others. However, he soon showed himself to be anything but ordinary, for he so put his heart into his work and developed it, that when he resigned his post to enter the ministry of the American Methodist Church, as he did later, it was found necessary to engage two men to succeed him instead of one. One man could not possibly do the work he had been doing. And this has been typical of his career ever since. For some years he served faithfully in a poor immigrant quarter of the great city, and won golden opinions everywhere. But he was not entirely satisfied with his position ecclesiastically, and was attracted by the larger and more comprehensive outlook of the Church of England, with the result that he was ultimately ordained by Bishop Stirling in 1898. And then began an amazing and unique work which continues to this day. Really it seems as if Captain Allen Gardiner's heroic spirit still brooded over this continent and reincarnated itself in first one and then another,

under conditions which are alike only in being of heart-breaking difficulty—first Barbrooke Grubb in the desolate wilds of the Chaco among savage aboriginal Indians, and now William Morris in the poverty-stricken districts of the great city into which Southern Europe steadily pours in its surplus population. For full thirty years his work has been colossal. With never a holiday—magnificent, but not war—he has toiled unceasingly, even through the enervating heat of the Argentine summers, maintaining the institutions which his genius has created, namely, day schools which educate seven thousand children, continuation trade schools and classes, a large and well-equipped orphanage, institutions for teachers, and generally a network of interdependent organisations ; and in addition to this, and in a sense superimposed upon it, because it supplies the living material upon which he works, a great Church Mission work. There is no actual church, but a church hall and various mission rooms and Sunday school centres, and for this work he has an assistant priest and a band of young lay workers. Except that the South American Missionary Society provides his personal stipend, and both National Government and Municipality make fairly liberal grants towards the schools, practically the whole of the vast sum required for the upkeep of these institutions has to be raised from voluntary sources by his own personal efforts.

He is a familiar figure known and trusted in Government and business circles, among both British and Argentine alike. He also edits a monthly magazine and is steadily engaged in translational work. There is naturally a dearth of English theological works in Spanish, and he has set himself personally to supply this want, and already a number of books, by Bishop Moule and others, have been published. He is at once, then, educationalist, financier, organiser, pastor and evangelist, and perhaps most of all children's friend, the former largely of necessity, the latter by love and choice. But the "yes" and "no" of my reply to the question "Does our Church do anything in the way of building up an Anglican Mission among

Spanish-speaking people?" will now perhaps be understood. "Yes" in the sense that his is a well-worked Spanish chaplaincy, upon Evangelical lines, absolutely loyal to authority, all being done in his own large-hearted and non-controversial spirit. "No" in the sense that a man who is so largely immersed in finance and organisation, however much he longs to be free to preach the Gospel, is not in a position to lay the necessary foundations or build up a self-supporting Spanish-speaking branch of the Anglican Communion—which, it must be remembered, is quite possible without any proselytising. Admirable as is the work, with elements of truth about it which cannot but be eternal, still in its present form, according to its actual organisation, it does not suggest permanence. Like so many things English, it has sprung up and flourished without premeditation, as circumstances seemed to direct, and certainly cannot be fairly compared with the deliberately thought out effort of the American Church, the *Egreja Brasileira Episcopal*. For my part I cannot foresee its future. The work commands my respect and admiration, and it is inconceivable that it can be wasted, but it is exceptional and unique, like its heroic founder, than whom no more Christlike man I have been privileged to meet.

I have yet another omission to make good. Throughout this book I have constantly referred to the South American Missionary Society, explaining its work in the past, notably the foundation of the original bishopric, and dwelling with gratitude on the expanding story of its Indian Missions. Nor do I wish to withdraw a word of this. Diocesan relations with the Society are good. We should indeed be poorer as a Church without the stimulus of this active missionary work which we help so gladly. The Committee is scrupulously loyal to the Bishop. There is no cause of complaint. Yet, in frankly stating the difficulties and drawbacks and even anomalies of our Church's work in South America, it does not seem fair to omit all mention of this standing difficulty, from which there seems no escape, the fact that in Church circles at home the South

American Missionary Society is popularly supposed to represent, and even to some extent control, the Church in South America. It is natural that the average man should think so, for he knows nothing of South America, and practically all that he hears of it is through this Society, which bears the name of the continent, S.P.G. interest in us being only recent and still small. Nevertheless, the inconvenience of this is great, for the assumption is that the Church principles of the diocese are those of the Society. And that is not the case. The Church in South America is of a non-party character; it aims at being central and comprehensive, in so far as it has any common mind or voice, whereas the Society at home, however excellent, is representative of one party only. And clearly a party Society cannot represent a non-party diocese. The consequence is perpetual misunderstanding. Our position is not grasped. It makes it more difficult for us to secure men, and we stand to lose a certain amount of sympathy and practical help. Nor do I see any way out of it, for though Church Societies may and do grow more charitable and broader in outlook, still they do not change their party allegiance or forsake their principles. This is not a complaint, but a statement of fact, and an appeal for a better understanding of the circumstances.

Returning to my own proper subject, though I believe in the necessity of the Church as an institution and have consistently thrown my strength into building it up as such in these alien lands, I still fully recognise from my long experience that much of our work must be of a mere transitory character. The duty that is nearest has to be done, though it leaves nothing behind it; the opportunity has to be seized for its own sake, not for any visible results which may follow. If ever I had forgotten this, or for some reason had required to be convinced of it, the reading of my own records would have been quite enough. For there it is so abundantly evident that occasions arise and have to be met and pass, and in that form or place, never occur again. At the time there is perhaps nothing to suggest that

they are so transitory, the conditions seem lasting and solid, but then something happens which makes all the difference. At Campana, near Buenos Aires, for example, chaplains reported excellently attended services and a responsive community, but then the Freezing Works shut down and all melted away. At Villarrica, in Paraguay, there are delightful services in the German school, where thirty of our people come together to worship in a friendly atmosphere and surroundings as picturesque as can well be imagined, but then comes the thunderbolt of the Great War and in any case our people have scattered and disappeared. At Ceará in Northern Brazil, there was railway construction in progress, also a revolution up country which drove the engineers down to the port (these were exceptional conditions, I confess), and I landed late, after the hour of service arranged, for steamers are never in time in Brazil, to find a crowd of a hundred people in a club, most of them quite unaccustomed to worshipping, who had somehow to be transformed into a congregation in a few minutes' time, seats found, books distributed, room arranged, etc.—fortunately there were tried and proved friends among them—but what an opportunity it was ! How well worth holding that service, though in a few days those people were scattered to the ends of the earth, and now it is scarcely possible to collect a dozen ! And so I could multiply instances.

It is most true that while we plant the Church as an institution to live and witness among our people long after we ourselves have passed away, we know that much of our work must be of an apparently ephemeral character, and we are thrown back upon the eternal values, the things invisible underlying all visible things. And granted that the institution of the Church includes not merely buildings, important as they are as witnesses, but the living agent, our Church in the River Plate, when it celebrated its centenary, was indeed right in securing for the Bishop, as the chief person concerned, a living wage through the additional Endowment Fund of a hundred thousand dollars Argentine raised only by direct gifts. Nothing could have

been more apparently material but truly spiritual. For it is impossible to think of the Bishop alone. His very existence implies clergy and laity. By himself, in isolation, he is as impossible as a head without a body, or a father without a family. And, looking back, it is a happiness and a necessity to have to acknowledge the extraordinary loyalty and kindness, both on the part of clergy and laity, which have both kept the diocese in peace throughout troublous times and given me a circle of trusty personal friends who have really accomplished whatever has been done. After twenty-five years there was, as it were, an outburst of affection manifesting this, for which I cannot be too grateful. And I feel that it does mean something, it is a significant fact, in the providence of God, that in the strange alien surroundings of our English Church in Latin America, the first Bishop of our communion should have held office for thirty years, and myself as second Bishop for more than twenty-five. His were the heroic days, but the subsequent work, if more prosaic, was not less necessary. A second chapter has to follow the first, and consolidation pioneering, if indeed one dare use such a word of our frail spiritual fabric in these lands.

In some sense this book has been an attempt to give an account of my stewardship. Having been granted exceptional opportunities, I have tried to show how I have used them. As the work has been for others, so others have the right to know what I can tell them. Indeed, as I said at first, I have written under a sense of obligation. If I have failed to be helpful to those interested, I can honestly say that it is my ability, not my will, that has been lacking. One apology I must make, and that is, that the greater part of what I have written has been written in trains and steamers and at friends' houses and wherever I happened to be, without much chance of referring to records or consulting authorities, and that therefore there may easily be lack of arrangement and continuity, and some needless repetition. On the other hand, as this is not a history or work of reference on any one subject,

but mainly a record of personal impressions and judgments and considered opinions, I have hopes that it has not suffered so greatly, especially as travel is part of my life, and I often find more leisure to read and think when away from my headquarters than when resident there, so that personally I do not feel I have much reason to complain, however it may strike my critics.

“My desire is that mine adversary had written a book.” I cannot say that I desire that with the patriarch, but if I have any adversaries—and I imagine we all ought to have them who stand for Christ and His Church against the world—well, they have their chance, while I at least comfort myself with the thought that I have tried to do my duty, in thankfulness for having been privileged to serve for twenty-five years and more in South America.

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